April 25c

1938

Scribner's

MAGAZINE

DOUBLE-DEALERS IN ART

BY THOMAS CRAVEN

SUSQUEHANNA UNIVERSITY
SELINSGROVE, PA.

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER ★ PAGE 4

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Acres of Sugar Cane in the Territory of Hawaii, U. S. A.

This is AMERICAN *Agriculture*

Good land and good farming...foodstuffs thriving on the stalk...that's always a stirring sight. *And this farming* ...typical of American agriculture at its best...is in the Territory of Hawaii.

It is easy to visualize what produced this result. Giant plows turned up the soil and giant harrows smoothed it out. Plows and harrows, American made, drawn by American tractors. Careful planting and eighteen to twenty-four months of skillful cultivation—until the juice-laden cane is ready to cut.

Only the most modern equipment, advanced methods and scientific control could produce this kind of American agriculture—and makes possible—

◆ employment security for approximately 50,000 people the year-round. ◆ the highest average annual farm wages in the American sugar industry. ◆ an American standard of working and living for its employes. ◆ one sixth of the nation's sugar requirements. ◆ more income taxes for the Federal Treasury than any one of eighteen states. ◆ the major part of $100,000,000 each year, spent by the people of Hawaii for other products of American industry.

Good farm land and good farming in the Territory of Hawaii. Yes, a prime asset, not only for the Territory but for the nation as a whole.

That beautiful field of sugar cane has more than beauty. It means money for you, your neighbors, the entire nation—it helps make our land a better place in which to live, work and progress.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

INFORMED PUBLIC OPINION—The most effective conduct of public affairs derives from an *informed public opinion*. That is the reason for this series of advertisements. It enables you to know the facts about the Territory of Hawaii and her industries—facts of importance to every citizen because every citizen is interested in encouraging industrial progress in every part of the United States.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING

◆

Every year, the people of the Territory of Hawaii spend on the mainland enough money to pay *all* the wages in *all* the factories in any one of 36 *different states!* Their expenditure equals up to twenty times the factory payroll of some states. Chiefly responsible for making the Territory of Hawaii such an excellent customer is the cane sugar industry, an important branch of American business.

HAWAIIAN SUGAR PLANTERS' ASSOCIATION

HONOLULU, TERRITORY OF HAWAII, U.S.A.

A VOLUNTARY ASSOCIATION OF PRODUCERS, PROVIDING YEAR-ROUND EMPLOYMENT FOR 50,000 PEOPLE IN THE PRODUCTION OF CANE SUGAR, PAYING THE HIGHEST AVERAGE ANNUAL FARM WAGES IN THE AMERICAN SUGAR INDUSTRY

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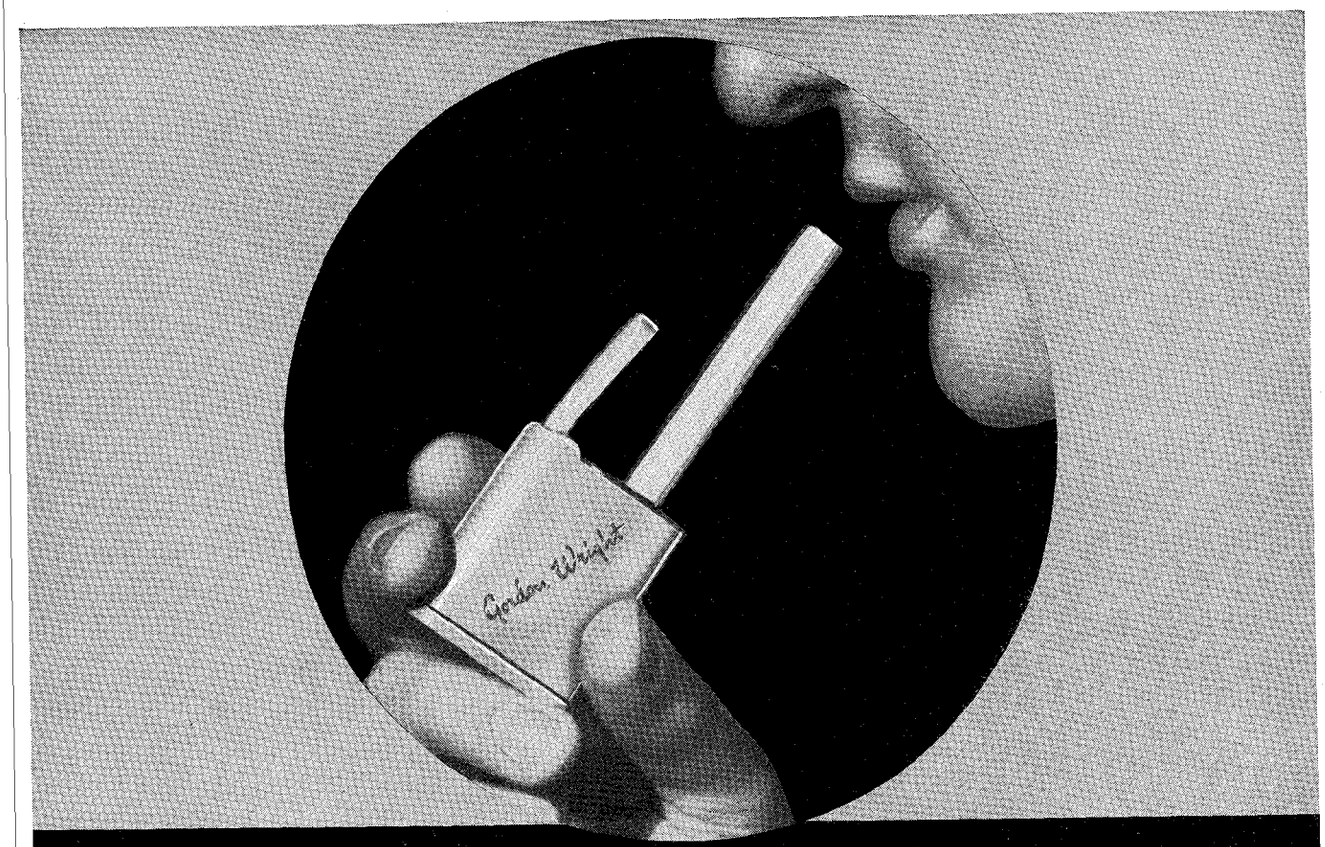
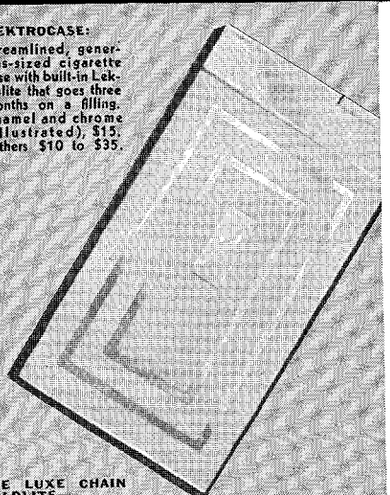


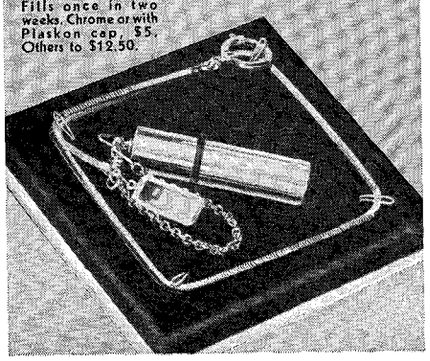
LEKTROLITE

WIND-PROOF, FLAMELESS CIGARETTE LIGHTERS

LEKTROCASE:
Streamlined, generous-sized cigarette case with built-in Lektrolite that goes three months on a filling. Enamel and chrome (illustrated), $15. Others $10 to $35.



DE LUXE CHAIN GLOLITE—
handy pocket lighter with snake chain and monogram plate and fine link key-holder. Fills once in two weeks. Chrome or with Plaskon cap, $5. Others to $12.50.

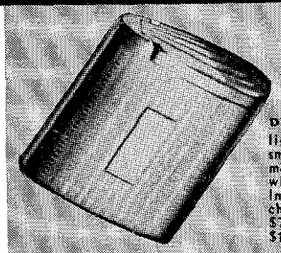


Give Plastique Lektrolite Cigarette Lighters with the autographs of the lucky recipients reproduced in silver inlay. They go six months on a single filling; are unconditionally guaranteed for three years. More than a hundred colors to choose from. Autographed, $5; unautographed, $3.50.

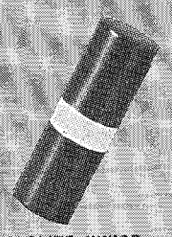
★

All Lektrolites operate on the same astonishing *flameless* principle. You hold cigarette tip to tiny platinum grill. You puff; it glows, you're smoking. No wicks, wheels or moving parts; no odor, no taste and, naturally, no wind can snuff your light. Most important, Lektrolites light your cigarettes *cooler*—1200° cooler than a flame (at toasting instead of frying temperature). You don't inhale hot, acrid gases, you eliminate bite and prevent distasteful tobacco tars from yellowing teeth and fingers. Lektrolite Lighters have discarded the tradition that lighters are *hardware; these* are made like *jewelry!* Beautifully finished, smartly designed, 100% efficient—they're the best and latest in gift ideas.

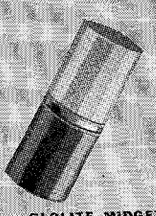
PROGRESS CORPORATION
521 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
London: Platinum Products Limited, Astor House, 26 Aldych Street, London W. 2



DYNAMIQUE—
light, streamlined, smaller than a book of matches. Six months without refueling. In engine-turned chrome, illustrated, $7.50. Others, $5 to $15.



GLOLITE JUNIOR
—in Plaskon. Varied color range. With fluid, $1.75.



GLOLITE MIDGET
—in Plaskon. Wide selection of colors. With fluid, $1.25.

IF DEALER CAN'T SUPPLY YOU, USE THIS

PROGRESS CORPORATION
521 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send Lektrolite Cigarette Lighters and Packard Lektro-Shavers, as follows:

_____

_____

_____

☐ Remittance Enclosed ☐ Send C.O.D.
☐ Send Catalogue

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

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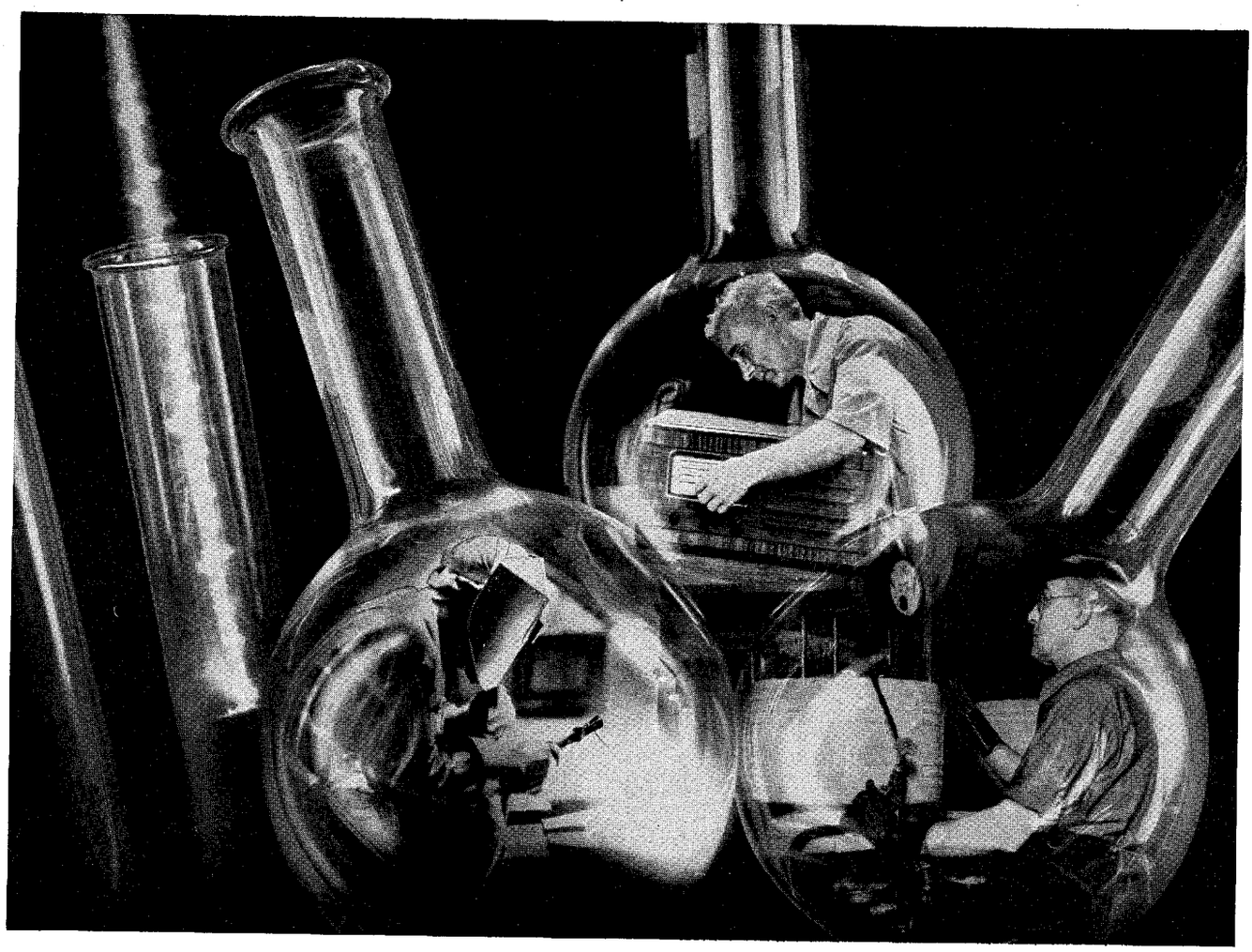

TEST-TUBE BABIES

FROM the test tubes of industry have come many of the jobs that keep America busy. Fifteen million American men and women are at work today in jobs that did not exist in 1900. These jobs do exist today because, through research, industry has been able to develop hundreds of new products. And it has been able to make them so inexpensive that millions of people have been able to buy them.

These jobs are "test-tube babies," created in the modern research laboratories of industry. As a result, millions of people are employed today in welding, in making and selling radios, electric refrigerators, lamp bulbs, automobiles, and hundreds of other manufactured products invented within the memory of many now living.

General Electric engineers and research scientists have contributed greatly to this progress. From the G-E Research Laboratory, in Schenectady, has come the modern electric lamp, which uses less electricity and gives more light, thereby saving the public $5,000,000 a night. From it have come the modern x-ray tube which is helping the physician save lives, and conquer disease and suffering; the high-vacuum tube which makes radiobroadcasting possible; and many other developments which have created new jobs.

G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric

GENERAL ELECTRIC

90-24H5

1938 — OUR SIXTIETH YEAR OF ELECTRICAL PROGRESS — 1938

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Scribner's

MAGAZINE

April, 1938
Vol. 103, No. 4

Our May issue will carry the first installment of "Murder Is a Fact," a serial in four parts, written expressly for *Scribner's* readers by Kurt Steel. "Murder Is a Fact" is a mystery novel that bites through the pretenses of magazine publishing. Its background is a conflict as old as Lilith and as contemporary as the counter of your newsstand. Its story is of the death of one publisher and the undoing of another, of the clash of human beings, male and female:

" 'Hugh Flint and Phil Norton,' Henderson went on, 'are on their way to becoming molders of destiny. Hugh knows it, thinks of nothing else. Norton doesn't give a damn for destiny. He wants a hundred million dollars. . . .'

"She stared at him, one level eyebrow cocked. 'And what is your place in the—destiny-factory?' "

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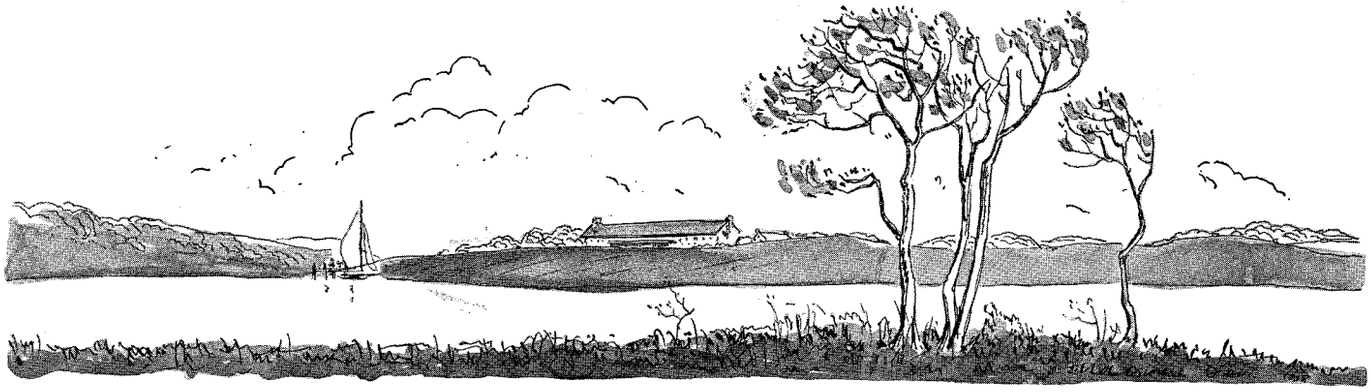
STRAWS IN THE WIND



Television Announcer (*See Cover*)

There are three good reasons why Betty Goodwin is NBC's regular television announcer: she has a good radio voice, she knows a great deal about fashions—important in visual broadcasting—and, well, glance at Miss Goodwin's face.

It was more or less by accident that Miss Goodwin got into radio work. She had been fashion editor of the Seattle *Times* and had taken a long vacation abroad. On her return, a Seattle radio station invited her to broadcast her impressions of Europe. She wrote a script and read it over the air. The resulting fan mail was enormous and unanimous —nobody liked the program. Slightly bewildered, Miss Goodwin got permission to broadcast again. Without a script, she got down to facts and told the people what she really thought of Europe, Seattle, and radio listeners. Again the letters came in, and this time the people decided they liked Miss Goodwin a great deal. She got a job handling and announcing a regular daily commercial program from Seattle.

Eighteen months later she was in New York writing news scripts for NBC. While writing these, she was also writing memos to the department heads. The theme song of the memos was: Why don't we do something about fashions? As a result Miss Goodwin was made director of fashion publicity and was doing nicely when television came along. At first television was a rumor; next it was something happening in closed laboratories; then, suddenly, it was something going on the air.

Memos fluttered all over NBC. First came a note asking if Miss Goodwin would arrange a fashion show for the première telecast. Miss Goodwin arranged it. Then, would Miss Goodwin announce the entire show? She would and she did. And so it was that in August, 1936, Miss Goodwin announced the first NBC telecast. She has been the regular announcer for television shows ever since.

Betty Goodwin is not yet thirty, young enough to have rather violent enthusiasms. She is married to Bernard Goodwin, who is a lawyer for Paramount Pictures, and the two live in a mustily respectable apartment hotel near Washington Square. Besides working with television she still handles fashion publicity, and bustles efficiently all over the several square miles that house NBC at Radio City. So accustomed is Miss Goodwin to doing interviews that, when she happens to be on the receiving end, she still conducts the questioning—playing Charlie McCarthy to her own questions. She has a very definite charm, which she seems to focus at you—as if you were a television camera.

She seems tiny in the television studio, which is a huge high room in Radio City.

As the telecast begins, a voice from nowhere calls, "Make ready." Miss Goodwin clears her throat. A green eye on the camera blinks on: one more minute. A red eye glows on the air. Miss Goodwin begins to talk. The goggle-eyed camera creeps nearer for a close-up—she keeps talking calmly and glancing easily about at an imaginary audience.

Without warning, the red eye dies out and a second camera blinks on—which means that Miss Goodwin is being shot from a surprising new angle. Television is a new field, but Miss Goodwin feels very much at home in it. When she switched from broadcasting to telecasting, doing without a script didn't bother her. Even in radio she didn't use one. And never, since the day of her first broadcast, has she used a script.

Palindrome

A dozen readers, including a member of the National Puzzle League, have pointed out an error in our February Quiz. It seems that Mr. Tressler gave as an example of a palindrome: "Joe hates Mabel because Mabel hates Joe." Such a sentence is no more a palindrome than the one you're reading now. A real palindrome must read the same backwards and forwards, letter by letter, not merely word by word. The classic example is "Able was I ere I saw Elba." Incidentally, the day Mr. Tressler came in to admit his error he brought word that MGM had bought the movie rights to his best-seller, *How to Lose Friends and Alienate People.*

Connoisseur

G. Selmer Fougner began his wine-drinking at the age of six. Since then he has probably been offered more free drinks than any other man in the world. Mr. Fougner, a strong-willed man, never accepts the free liquor. He believes that a wine expert should buy his own drinks —to assure unprejudiced judgment.

Born in Chicago, Mr. Fougner was educated in French schools, where wine is an indispensable part of the menu. His vacations were spent with his three sisters who were married to winegrowers and cognac producers, and so he learned a great deal about vineyards and of the technical side of distilling. By the time he was twenty he was already an amateur expert on foods and liquors, but he saw no way to make a living out of his knowledge and so he turned to newspaper work. He came to New York and worked on the *Herald* and the *Press.* Then he moved to the *Sun* and was given an assignment as roving European correspondent. He continued in newspaper and publicity work until re-

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CANCER CAN BE CURED

But treatments must be started in time

Cancer now costs America 140,000 lives a year. You may save one of these lives in 1938 by helping to spread the information that cancer can be cured, but treatments must be started in time. First, inform yourself thoroughly. Call at The Red Door of the New York City Cancer Committee. Or mail this coupon.

NEW YORK CITY CANCER COMMITTEE, 130 EAST 66TH STREET, NEW YORK

For the $1 enclosed, send me a year's subscription to the Committee's new publication of information, "The Quarterly Review." Also send a supply of labels for my packages.

If you are not a resident of New York City, write for information to the American Society for the Control of Cancer, 1250 Sixth Avenue, New York.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

_____

THE NEW YORK CITY CANCER COMMITTEE

of the AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE CONTROL OF CANCER

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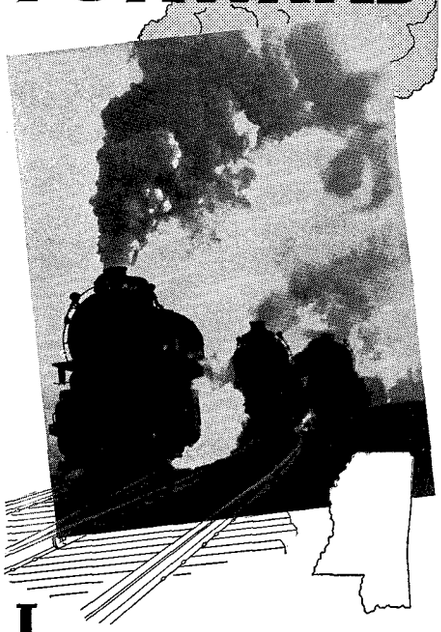
MISSISSIPPI MOVES FORWARD



INDUSTRIALLY

AFTER two years of substantial and encouraging industrial progress, Mississippi now moves forward to greater accomplishments in 1938.

The recent favorable decision by the state supreme court on its "Industrial Act" and the granting of an increased appropriation by the 1938 Legislature to the Industrial Commission, constitute the "full steam ahead" signal for Mississippi.

Rich in basic resources, blessed with an ideal climate, populated by a friendly people, and located in the geographic center of the New South market, Mississippi offers manufacturers every requisite for profitable operation and distribution, including laws favorable to sound industrial development.

Those interested in plant expansion or who seek new locations are invited to investigate the New Mississippi—. Your inquiry will be considered confidential. Address—

MISSISSIPPI INDUSTRIAL COMMISSION

A Department of the State of Mississippi

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI

peal came along and enabled him to cash in on his extensive knowledge of wines and liquors. About the time that Kansas voted wet, Mr. Fougner inaugurated a column on drinking for the *Sun*. Last year he began writing our department called "Wines, Spirits, and Good Living."

Mr. Fougner makes an annual tour of the wine centers of Europe and frequently visits the leading distilleries and breweries here in America. No dilettante, he is a proficient cook, a practical distiller and winegrower. Although his tongue is trained to identify a wine by vintage and chateau, he has a weakness for beer and good Manhattan cocktails.

He is the founder and head of the well-known epicurean society, The Friends of Escoffier. Each year this group has two dinners as nearly perfect as New York's best chefs can make them. Beforehand, Mr. Fougner and three other committeemen eat a rehearsal meal—just to guard against an unsatisfactory sauce or salad. And, of course, The Friends of Escoffier dine with their napkins tucked securely under their chins.

Mr. Fougner is the moving spirit of more than a dozen other epicurean societies. Recently he was appointed to the important post of Advisory Councilor on wines and spirits for the American Hotel Association.

Mr. Fougner is probably the most widely circulated dinner guest in New York. He presides over innumerable banquets, is called on to attend many restaurant openings. And on an infrequent evening when he stays home, his wife is likely to ply him with a double helping of Poularde Rose-de-Mai.

What amazes us most about him is that he weighs only two hundred pounds.

Lifers

During one of the hot spells of 1937, a letter came in from a New York reader who wanted a life subscription. Our circulation department went into a huddle, set the price at twenty-five dollars, and filled Life Order No. 1. This department now informs us that it has put five such subscriptions on the books, which seems to mean that .0039 per cent of our readers are readers for life.

Readers

The foregoing calculation is based on the sale of our December, 1937, issue, the last on which the circulation department has figures. The total sale that month was 128,424 as against 89,086 for December, 1936, and 50,513 for December, 1935. We are not seeking a mass circulation, but it is interesting to find that one out of every thousand Americans is now buying *Scribner's.*

Going Up

Scribner's circulation increases are more than matched by some of its advertising gains. For example, the advertising department tells us that the travel business during the first quarter of 1938 exceeds the 1937 figure by 33 per cent, the 1936 figure by 368 per cent.

Man of Art

While Thomas Craven was completing his fourth article for *Scribner's,* we were piecing out our knowledge of him.

His story is as good as any he ever told and it helps explain why he writes so convincingly of men of art. Craven was born in Kansas, entered at the University of Kansas, and graduated from Kansas Wesleyan. Then, in his twenty-first year, he reversed the westward trek of his ancestors, went to Paris, and "embarked seriously into the business of transforming myself into a Frenchman." How seriously may be judged by the stories he later told on himself of getting a garret, of buying a stick and sash, of finding a girl by the name of Hélène. He wrote poetry, he tried painting, and he left Paris for New York. He lived at the old Arcade on Lincoln Square, became a friend and roommate of Thomas Benton, and began discovering America. "One year he'd be down South," Benton tells us in his autobiography, "another in Porto Rico, another on the West Coast. After earning a year's salary hammering Greek and Latin into small-town skulls he'd return to the big city and lie around in an old bathrobe, reading stacks of books."

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This kept up until the War, which found neither Craven nor Benton attracted by the idea of stopping bullets. They weighed the advantages of going pacifist and of fleeing to Mexico, and they both ended up in the navy, Benton as a prize fighter at Norfolk and Craven as a seaman 2nd class. He spent the War on neutral ships, watching for spies, smugglers, and sabotage. After the Armistice he wrote a novel, but it wasn't about war. It was a hard-boiled novel about a hard-boiled painter and it came out before hard-boiled authors were in style. It was titled *Paint* and it has been read by too few of the people who enjoyed his major works, *Modern Art* and *Men of Art*.

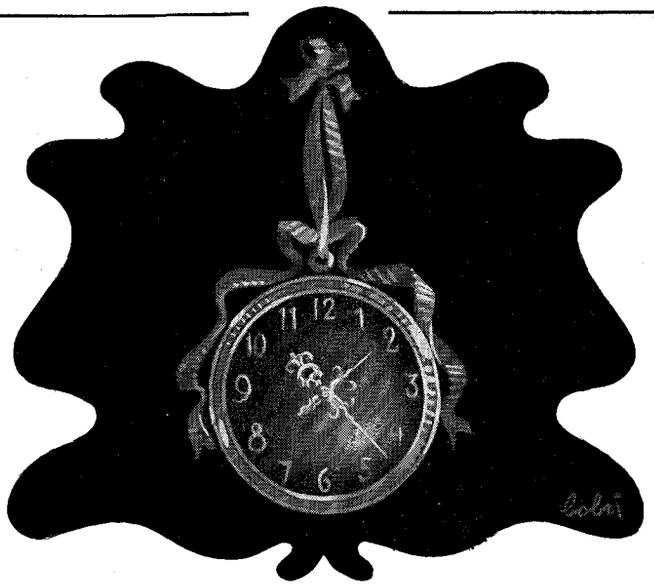
Thomas Craven lives in a comfortable house at Great Neck, Long Island. He has a red-headed wife, a red-headed son, and a house full of good paintings. He rises early and he serves the best fried chicken to be had north of the Potomac or east of the Missouri.

Referendum

At the end of the year we expect to ask our readers to name their *Scribner* favorites of 1938. We shall probably call for : (1) favorite article, (2) favorite short story, (3) favorite photograph, and (4) favorite department. We are making this announcement eight months before going to the polls, but we shall be glad to hear nominations at any time.

Notes

Thomas Uzzell wrote one of the most popular articles published in *Scribner's* in 1937—"The Decline of the Male." . . . Helena Pringle usually writes under her maiden name, Helena Huntington Smith. . . . C. M. Black is a pseudonym. . . . Charles Morrow Wilson lives in Vermont, where he recently acquired a second farm. . . . Richard B. Sale's home is on Long Island Sound; his first novel, *Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep,* is being made into one of those super-movies; his second, *Is A Ship Burning?,* has just been released. . . . Gordon Grant, who did the illustrations for Mr. Sale's "Seven Waves Away," is one of America's leading marine painters; his clipper ships are celebrated. . . . Willoughby Johnson teaches English at the University of Missouri. . . . Gerald Chittenden is another teacher; he has been at St. Paul's School, in New Hampshire, for twenty-seven years. . . . G. Hilton Butler is a Mississippi newspaperman who, evidently, tired of the law. . . . Arthur E. Patterson, who writes our dog department, is on the sports staff of the New York *Herald Tribune*.

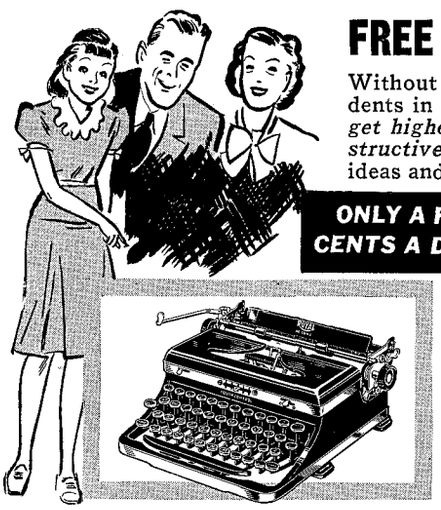


YOU ARE PART OF SMART NEW YORK . . . AT THE ST. REGIS

Live pleasantly during your New York visit. Stay at The St. Regis . . . in charming, restful rooms or suites . . . with your choice of three uniquely beautiful restaurants where you may dine in The St. Regis manner. The better shops and the theatres you prefer are very near The St. Regis. Do you know how much less the cost of living at this really distinguished New York address is than you might expect?

Fifth Avenue at 55th Street · New York THE St. Regis

OWN A ROYAL PORTABLE ON YOUR OWN TERMS!



FREE HOME TRIAL for every member of the family!

Without risking a single penny—prove that the students in your family can write faster, think faster, *get higher marks;* that a Royal Portable aids *constructive thinking!* Prove that Dad can get his ideas and reports down on paper in a modern, intelligent manner—make more money! Prove that Mother can handle her social correspondence easier — help all the family!

ONLY A FEW CENTS A DAY!

SEE what a latest model, factory-new Royal Portable can do for your family. Then own it on your own terms — cash or only a few cents a day. *Mail the coupon today!*

READ WHAT ROYAL GIVES YOU: These great features explain who so many thousands of families are Royal owners. Built by the world's largest company devoted exclusively to typewriters—with standard, full-sized keyboard and easy, effortless action; Touch Control, Finger Comfort Keys, Complete Dust Protection, Genuine Tabulator and numerous other office typewriter features.

FREE! No extra cost! Handsome, durable, all-weather triple-convertible Carrying Case.

FREE! Latest Invention—Royal's Instant Typing Chart shows you how to type right.

ACT NOW!

Royal Typewriter Co., Inc.
Department RB-601, 2 Park Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how I can own—for only a few cents a day—a latest model Royal Portable—complete with Free Carrying Case and Instant Typing Chart.

SEND NO MONEY

I now own a_____Typewriter, Serial No._____ Tell me how much you will allow on it as CASH allowance on a Royal Portable.

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

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Sleep SOUNDLY, LITTLE LADY

"Mother and Daddy are near and the telephone is always close by. It doesn't go to sleep. All through the night it stands guard over you and millions of other little girls and boys."

EACH NIGHT about 11,000,000 telephone calls are made over the Bell System. Many are caused by sudden, urgent needs.

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Double-Dealers in Art

THOMAS CRAVEN

A PROMINENT picture merchant said to me, "There are approximately a hundred art dealers in New York; there is only one honest dealer in the lot—*and I'm not the man!*" He spoke casually, without shame or professional conceit, and I make him a present of the italics in appreciation of his astounding candor. I asked him if he intended his statement to be taken literally, and he replied that he did; but when pressed for specific proof, he refused to descend to embarrassing particulars and began cautiously to weigh his remarks. He said that he did not wish to charge himself and his associates with the punishable crimes of larceny and embezzlement, but only with the unavoidable sins of the trade such as the demanding of exorbitant commissions, market rigging, the ring system of manipulating prices, polite misrepresentations, promotion of nondescript artists, and the maintenance of fantastic valuations placed upon worthless or inferior paintings, which gullible collectors had been led to believe were masterpieces.

"We have our faults," he concluded, "but without us the museums would be empty and the artists would starve in solitary confinement."

That was enough for me, and the present situation in the exploitation and merchandising of pictures is corrupt enough to arouse the attention of everyone concerned with the preservation of art as a healthy human activity and not as the property of traders. It is difficult, of course, to assess works of the imagination in terms of money. Keats once mused on what he called the utter incompatibility between a sonnet to his lady love and his publisher's material valuation amounting to a pound sterling which he applied against his butcher's bill. Van Gogh, with the idealism of the simple-minded, prayed that his paintings might touch the hearts of peasant mothers rocking cradles and of lonely sailors on the high seas; and by the cruelty of fate and modern commerce, his canvases passed into the hands of collectors and wealthy esthetes. But given pictures and the nature of the medium in which they are composed, some means of distribution is essential, and no one has devised a practicable substitute for the intermediary known as the dealer. The marketing of pictures is now a highly organized business, and the enormous increase last year in the number of galleries—fifty per cent in New York, for instance—would indicate that it is a profitable business.

Art dealers may be divided into two classes: those who traffic in the dead—the fabulous dead—and those who traffic in the living as if the living too were dead and remote and sanctified by time and the sales sheet. There is little to choose between them. To both, art is an investment, a negotiable object, and by the etiquette of display, a precious object. Both deal in scarcity values; the first in Old Masters, the second in modern things enshrouded in the mysteries of genius. For example, Cézanne, one of the homeliest and earthiest of painters, was the most despised of men during his lifetime, a worthless artist and a creature of contempt in the refined circles of Paris. But he is a valuable painter today, a rare Old Master. Largely by the connivance of dealers and collectors, he has become a canonized artist, extraordinarily high-priced and an object of adoration in the society that once howled him down. Today the dealers' standard of appraisal is so disingenuous that the value of contemporary painting is gauged by its similarity to old things, which, being rare and precious, are coveted by people of sudden wealth and more sudden refinement.

The old-line dealers, the undertakers of the immortal dead, operate in international houses incorporated long ago in European capitals by merchants with the manners of aristocrats. In New York, as in Europe, they ply their ghoulish trade in galleries from which the common realities of art and life are rigorously excluded—palatial morgues calculated to impress parvenu collectors. They deal in anything that lends itself to antiquarian values: Chinese gewgaws, Italian primitives, Renaissance masters, Rembrandts, eighteenth-century Englishmen, and such nineteenth-century Frenchmen as they have succeeded in elevating to the lists of the Old Masters. They seldom touch an American, save, perhaps, a demi-Britisher like Gilbert Stuart or the expatriates, Whistler and Sargent.

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These antiquarian dealers are men of the world, versed in the technique of cosmopolitan culture and trained to take advantage of aspiring new collectors as well as of disintegrating families forced to part with inherited treasures. They have records of sales and conveyances running back to the first dispersals of ancient accumulations; they employ specialists to track down sources and to exhume forgotten sanctuaries; they act as pawnbrokers for the heirlooms of indigent dukes, and as agents for millionaire picture sportsmen, keeping a vigilant gaze on the fluctuations of plutocratic tastes; and in provincial cities of America—particularly cities with endowed infant museums—they have been known to engage, as agents, socially prominent women who may be counted on to influence local purchasers. When, by mischance, an important collection suffers the vulgarity of the public auction, they ring together and bid it in at high figures in order to preserve the extortionate price level of their commodities. The galleries of these intermediaries, though nominally public, are actually private establishments operated for a select clientele. Unsolicited visitors are infrequent and ill at ease in the atmosphere of bleak magnificence, and hurry out into the open air to escape the condescending formalities of lackeys who have the stiffness, and usually the accent, of butlers in British plays. Genuine art lovers and artists are as welcome as a Japanese airman in a Vassar dormitory.

AN ECCLESIASTIC — BY JEAN FOUCQUET

10,200 gns.

Occasionally, an old-line dealer departs from the traditional policy of handling only established names, and devotes the resources and prestige of his gallery to the creation of new masters culled from the contemporary field. An outstanding illustration is the house of Durand-Ruel, a French firm of honorable lineage with a branch gallery in New York. This firm was the original underwriter of impressionism. About 1870, when impressionism was popularly and critically denounced as the very antithesis of art, Durand-Ruel had the wit to foresee that its products, with time and proper exploitation, might become high-toned garniture for the drawing rooms of the rich. As representative of the leaders of the movement—including Monet, Sisley, Pissarro, and Renoir who, in their salad days, lived on the dealer's bounty—Durand-Ruel acquired for trifling sums an enormous stock of impressionist pictures which were released in driblets. By sagacious trading, the firm raised the prices of Monets from 50 to 100,000 francs, sold impressionism to America, and made Renoir a great artist; for no painter, whatever critical esteem he may have arrived at, is accepted as great until his pictures are sold in terms of Old Masters.

The Durand-Ruel company has husbanded its pictures, aging them in dark storerooms as vintners lay down wines and brandies. At the worst moment of the depression, having need to reproduce a Renoir, I went into their Fifty-seventh Street gallery to obtain a print. I had in mind an earlier nude and mentioned as first choice a canvas painted in 1885. Did they have a photograph?

The flunkey looked at me with the sodden disgust which dealers reserve for non-paying guests.

"A photograwph!" he exclaimed. "We have the original. Come and see."

We went upstairs, and from a long rack labeled, no doubt, "Vintage 1885," he pulled out the Renoir. There it was, nearly fifty years old, aging beautifully and worth a fortune in the market—but compared with a Rubens worth about $100. For fun, I asked the price, and the flunkey, mortified at such impertinence, stared me out of the room.

"Of course," I said, "you reduce your prices in these hard times."

"Certainly not! Durand-Ruel deals only in masterpieces. We always get our price."

That, I told myself, was good business and entirely within the law: a picture was worth as much as one could get for it, and there were always collectors with more money than brains. Then I thought of the art of impressionism—a photostatic method of reproducing in paint the colors and tones of nature, a pleasant pastime that left the imagination unemployed; how easy it was to learn and how thousands of mindless painters had practiced it successfully, but only a handful, thanks to Durand-Ruel, had been accepted as masters; and how insignificant and low-priced the canvases of Monet & Co. would have been without the protection of a dealer.

I thought also of a less savory business that had just come to light in Paris. According to French law, whenever and as often as the paintings of a deceased artist change hands, his heirs, for a term of years, are entitled to a commission. There was a painter named Rousseau, a man of arrested development whose work once had the mild idiotic charm of the demented girl described by Huckleberry Finn, and whom the dealers, after his death,

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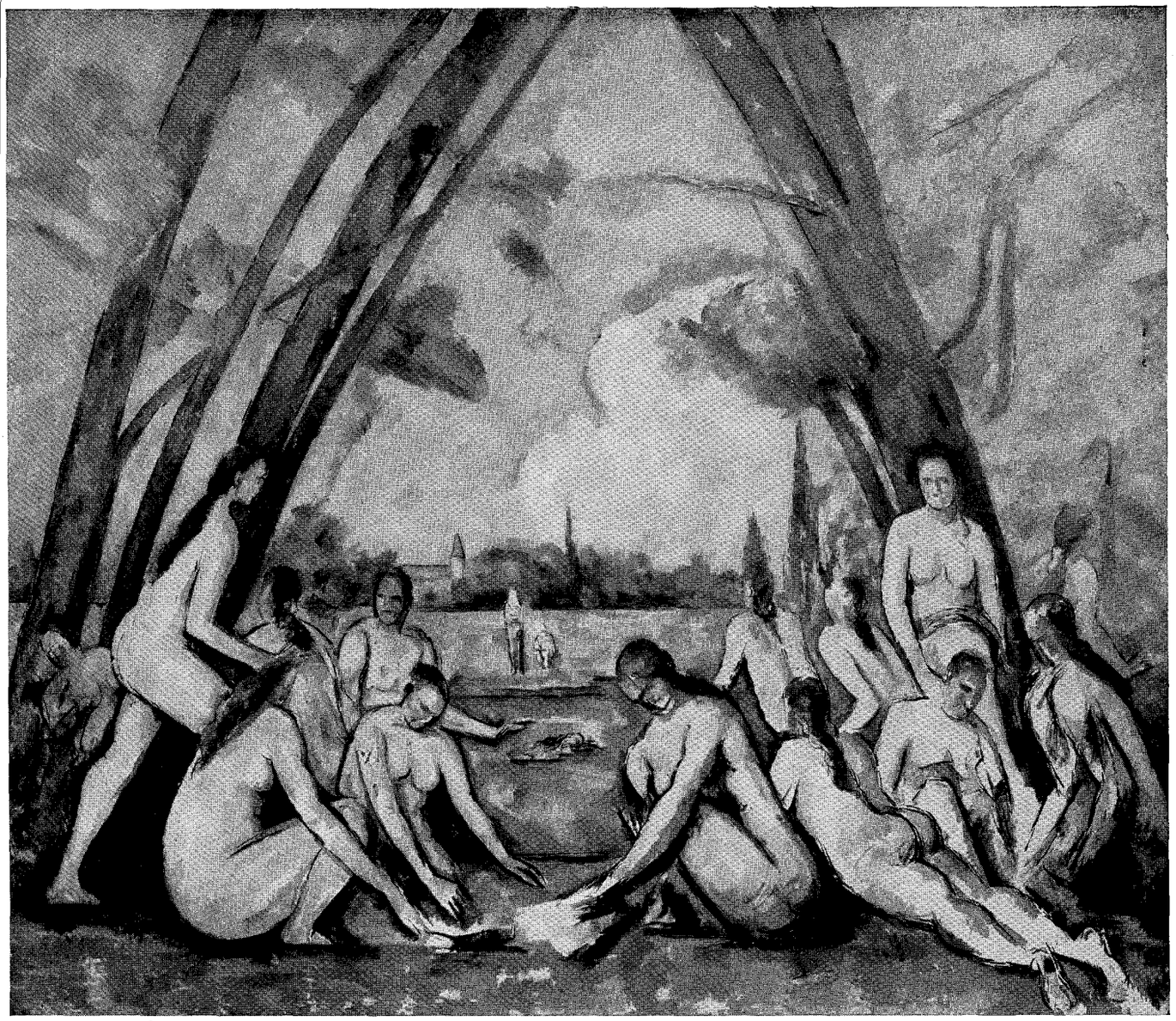

THE BATHERS, BY PAUL CÉZANNE

COURTESY OF THE PENNSYLVANIA MUSEUM OF ART, PHILADELPHIA

$110,000

had been pluming into a sort of modern primitive to set against sophisticated failures who had tried to become children by changing their minds. In the campaign to manufacture Rousseau's reputation, the dealers reported a brisk trading among themselves in his canvases, the prices of which had suddenly mounted to extraordinary figures. The published reports were brought to the attention of Rousseau's heirs, who promptly engaged a lawyer to take action; and the dealers, without batting an eye, paid commissions on phony sales rather than face the courts.

Before an alleged masterpiece can be sold at a fancy price, it must be pedigreed and certified, and for this dubious business the dealers retain what are known as experts. In the olive-covered slopes above Florence experts abound, the most illustrious being Bernhard Berenson, whose villa and affluence testify to his exalted position. Few would deny that Berenson, in his own department of Italian painting, is an outstanding authority and a champion authenticator, but he is nonetheless vulnerable. In the first and second editions of his *Florentine Painters,* he listed as a bona fide Leonardo da Vinci a painting which rival experts satisfactorily proved had been painted less than one hundred years ago!

The temptations besetting experts are almost too much for human frailties. Suppose a dealer's client is ready to pay $200,000 for a newly discovered Giorgione—provided attribution can be substantiated. An "expertizer" is called in; his doubts are honest—he really doesn't know—but an affirmative opinion means a commission of at least ten per cent. In such predicaments, the conscience of the expertizer has been known to be guided by the commission.

The business of authenticating pictures is so precariously founded that self-respecting authorities are loath to certify paintings for money. Two years ago, a New York dealer sold a small canvas to a Western client for the sum of $40,000. Though a shoddy thing, it was

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THE THREE WYNDAM SISTERS, BY JOHN SARGENT — FROM THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

$90,000

passed off as a genuine Van Dyck, with appended certifications by specialists. The client, ill-informed on such matters, was pleased with his purchase until an artist cast suspicions upon it. A trustworthy critic was asked to examine it, not a professional expertizer, but a man with a far-seeing eye for frauds. The critic issued a sworn statement to the effect that "the canvas, if genuine, was the poorest Van Dyck he had ever encountered; that it was artistically worthless; and that it bore a suspicious resemblance to cheap British portraits in the Van Dyck style." The dealer found it expedient to come to terms at once, the client paying a certain amount for his folly. Later, the purchaser sent a sizable check to the critic, who returned the money with these words: "I may be entitled to a fee, as a lawyer is entitled to payment for his services, but the practice of selling opinions on art is so notoriously crooked that I prefer to have no part of it."

Perhaps the most scandalous example of the incompetence of experts was revealed, in 1935, by the Millet forgeries. This is what happened:

Jean Charles Millet, grandson of the famous artist, having inherited a quantity of canvases painted by pupils of his grandfather, forged his grandfather's name to the pictures and sold them, with the greatest of ease, as genuine Millets. In partnership with a man named Cazot, a house painter of uncanny technical proficiency, he set up shop as a dealer in "masterpieces." At first, Cazot merely signed the famous Millet's name to his own unmarketable pictures, but as business increased, he concocted scores of canvases which were indistinguishable from authentic Millets and which were sold as such. Emboldened by his success, and by the incredible ignorance of collectors, he enlarged the scope of his factory, producing forgeries of Corot, Manet, Sisley, and all the members of the Barbizon school.

These paintings were sold to dealers for sums ranging from $6000 to $10,000, and the dealers passed them on to their customers at vastly increased prices—in one case, $60,000. A British museum paid $97,000 for a guaranteed Millet which the grandson subsequently boasted was a fake, proving his assertion before experts who had attested its authenticity. The experts, ridiculed and discredited in the courts, were obliged to admit that they could not tell an imitation from an original, and that nobody would ever know how many spurious paintings had been sold. The defendants, self-confessed crooks, received short sentences because they had disposed of most of their counterfeit goods to foreigners—French law taking no cognizance of such offenses when outsiders are involved.

"The Americans have made me rich," Millet remarked in his cell. "You can sell anything to them, if you make the price high enough."

It might be contended, on behalf of the merchants, that if people are willing and able to pay fabulous prices for paintings, genuine or spurious, it is not the public's business; and that if Corot painted 3000 pictures, 18,000 of which are in America, only the credulous buyers are affected. But the double-dealing is not confined to speculative weaknesses and cultural pretensions; it corrupts, thwarts, and controls the dissemination of all works of art. The dealers in the art of the past have set the standards followed by the dealers in modern or contemporary things. They have made art inaccessible to those who really love it and for whom it is created; they have made it the plaything of the rich and the spoil of collectors, debasing one of the noblest refinements of civilization to the level of rank snobbery and stockjobbing.

The aim of dealers in contemporary or recent art to sell their wares according to the scale of prices governing sanctified commodities, generally speaking, has made

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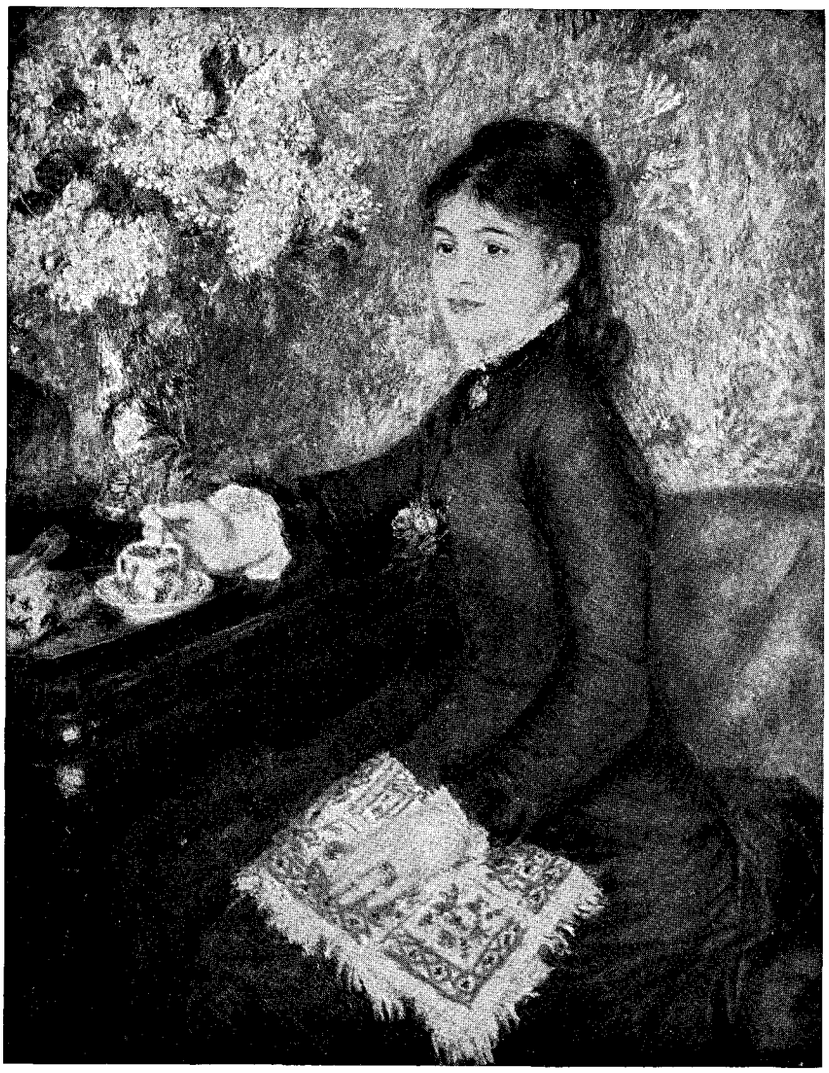
neither themselves nor their painters rich. It is difficult to sanctify the living, or the freshly dead, and it is impossible to raise Americans to the snobbish eminence enjoyed by certain Europeans. By sympathetic exploitation, the canvases of Van Gogh, an extraordinary personality and a dealers' saint, but a relative failure as an artist, have passed the $50,000 mark. Without the machinery of constant inflation, Matisse and Picasso, now luxuriantly prosperous and the twin idols of esthetes and collectors, would have remained in obscurity. Matisse is a spectacular modiste and interior decorator: at one time, in New York, print cloths stamped with his designs were on sale, at reasonable prices, at Macy's, while uptown, in the fashionable art lanes, similar utilitarian patterns, painted by hand on linen and framed in gold, were on sale at prices which only a foolhardy millionaire could afford. Picasso is a gadget-maker; denied puffery and the imaginary values projected into his contrivances by dealers and their henchmen, he might have been usefully employed in some branch of playful mechanics.

To compete with the old-line merchants, the modern dealer is compelled to maintain a gallery in the most expensive quarter of New York. This helps to explain his price lists and the commission rate of 33 1-3 per cent imposed on his artists. In net returns, the pompous display room, with a few exceptions, is poor business. The head of the Rehn Galleries, a shrewd salesman with an admirable group of painters whom he manages to hold year after year—the highest tribute I can pay him, for no artist loves a dealer—told me, in connection with complaints brought by the artists' union against usurious commissions, that he would gladly turn his gallery over to any organization willing to assume overhead expenses and to act as salesman on a commission of five per cent.

It is customary at present for dealers to sell their galleries, that is to say, to hold exhibitions for which the artist pays a fee of several hundred dollars in addition to the regular commission on works sold. Dealers in reputable artists seldom stoop to this questionable practice, but in a pinch almost any one of them will sell his place. You may have wondered how so many execrable showings get before the public—exhibitions by titled Italians, dilettantes, wealthy she-painters, and poor, deluded amateurs. The answer is the purchasable dealer.

To my knowledge, no dealer in New York offers his artists a written contract, or is bound in writing to account for any of his transactions. Thus it happens that few artists have any clear understanding of their relationship with their agents. They do not know who buys their pictures unless the dealer feels like telling them, and they have only his oral assurance that the selling prices are as represented; they are always grumbling about unexpected deductions from their earnings—charges for reframing, photographs, stamps, catalogues and distant publicity, vague expenses for traveling exhibitions, and commissions exacted on sales made independently from their studios. A man of my acquaintance, an astute fellow who has acquired a few pictures because he likes them, now buys on one condition only—that the purchase money be accepted in two checks, one payable to the artist and one to the dealer.

Owing to the traditional irregularities of the trade and the helplessness of artists, dealers are seldom brought to book; and libel laws being what they are, the principals in the following exhibits will have to be nameless. One of the richest dealers in New York was caught red-handed in the act of smuggling, paid his fine on bended knees, and managed to keep the affair out of the papers. A tactless Fifth Avenue broker attempted to raise the commission rate to forty per cent and lost two famous painters. Another inveigled a distant artist into paying $100



THE CUP OF CHOCOLATE — BY AUGUSTE RENOIR

$110,000

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for advance publicity—and not a line of publicity appeared. A fourth exhibited, and allowed to be sold as originals, "seconds" or copies of etchings, and let the collectors worry about the difference. A fifth covertly displayed to susceptible parvenus a photostat of a check in five figures which one of his painters, a sleek importation, had received from a highborn heiress in payment for a portrait. A sixth sends artists on tour, like performing confidence men, to paint movie stars and the families of oil producers. A seventh willingly lends pictures to friendly competitors on a split-commission basis, but when sales are reported, retains a lawyer to investigate prices and make collections. This same dealer, threatened with the loss of one of his valuable men, made the mistake of sending the artist a statement of his earnings during the current year. It was a glowing record, and the artist felt comforted—until he discovered that he had been paid slightly more than half the amount specified.

Concentrated on high prices and big commissions, the dealer seeks his clientele among those who can afford to be fooled or flattered. His prices for the works of a given artist are not based on merit or economic conditions, but on the exorbitant returns from pictures sold through social connections. As a consequence, he limits the artist's audience—and his income. Furthermore, he endeavors, often successfully, to dictate the nature of the artist's product by persuading him to paint only the type of picture for which he has found a market. To gain publicity for his gallery, he adopts a critical pose, supplying overworked hacks with meaningless copy, and the pictorial gazettes with anything that looks important. If he trades in gadget-makers, or in surrealists who paint subconscious drivel—erotic symbols and silly mixtures of weeds, germs, and entrails—he affects an appropriate background for exhibitionism, a modernist gallery with the latest pipe-line furniture. In such places you will hear French spoken or attempted. You will see curious people who cannot decide what sex they belong to, and European showmen playing on the vanities of impossible women.

The average dealer handles anything he thinks he can sell, but there are a few who try to confine their exhibitions to the works of artists in whom they honestly believe. I may cite as examples: Macbeth, one of the first to give young and unknown Americans a hand; Rehn, an excellent businessman with a growing list of first-rate native painters; Kraushaar, whose integrity no artist would dispute, dealer in the best of the modern Frenchmen and several sterling Americans; Neumann, with his religious faith in the more dismal modernists; Maynard Walker, for years the serious champion of the leaders of the new American school; Ferargil and Alfred Stieglitz. The Ferargil Gallery is the most informal, if not the most popular, in New York. The president, Frederic Price, indulges in no esthetic hocus-pocus, and does not object to the presence of women with dogs. I should like to see a misbehaving dog in Durand-Ruel's or Knoedler's—that would be a sight for a Rowlandson, or John Sloan in humorous mood. Stieglitz plugs inveterately for the victims of his hierophantic zeal. He has wangled extravagant prices for his co-stars, Marin and O'Keeffe, but the sales have been few and far between. Marin is an old man now and only a step ahead of the game, and O'Keeffe, Stieglitz's wife, lives ascetically.

Deprived of collectors, both private and those officially attached to museums, the dealers would be forced to reduce their prices to a more seemly scale. Collectors, as a class, are rich parvenus who buy pictures to decorate their vanity, and the most effective symbol of vanity is a gilt-edged security that no one else possesses. Scratch a collector and you find a dealer, or a would-be royalist who, to glorify his self-esteem, gobbles up works of art rightfully belonging to the public. And how these collectors, the old and the new, love each other! Recently, in Philadelphia, a laughable comedy was enacted when Joseph Widener, collector of the dead and administrator of a special fund, surprisingly purchased, for the Pennsylvania Museum of Art, a large Cézanne for the staggering sum of $110,000. Whereupon Dr. Albert Barnes, collector of modern French paintings and not celebrated for amiability or mildness of address, cried out that the picture was fifth-rate, that it had been offered to him for $80,000, and that the great and valuable version of the same subject reposed in his own private stock. Vindictive spats of this sort are usually examples of the Cézanne crackpots calling the antique kettles black. They also emphasize the egregious sums squandered by art addicts to enhance their own prestige.

Collectors, as a rule, look upon the big dealers with deference and admiration. Last year, when Vollard came to New York—Vollard, the wily Frenchman who trailed Cézanne to his Provençal lair, begged the old hermit's paintings for a song, and afterwards sold them at the prices of flawless emeralds—collectors flocked around him, fawned on him, and put him on the air so that his golden words and unselfish promotion of art might reach the ears of every American.

The late Andrew Mellon, however, looked at dealers with a cold, hard eye. When asked how he acquired his paintings, he answered: "I was buying my pictures from a little dealer (I think his name was Duveen, but it might have been Knoedler or somebody else—like the great Jay Gould, my memory often fails me) and I discovered that the little dealer was borrowing money from a bank to secure pictures to sell to me. *And so I bought the bank!* Most of the paintings from Russian sources were obtained by telephone—I ordered my broker to buy when the exchange was favorable."

Nor did Mellon have any illusions of magnanimity in the final disposition of his masterpieces. To the infinite relief of his heirs—who beheld the paintings, not with emotional exhilaration, but in fear and trembling, thinking, always thinking of the greatest Secretary's uncertain health, and a confiscatory inheritance tax of seventy per cent—Mellon signed his collection over to the Federal Government.

Museum directors, in command of large endowments and eager to make a showing on paper, play into the

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THE OLD MUSICIAN, BY EDOUARD MANET — FROM THE CHESTER DALE COLLECTION

$250,000

hands of the merchants. In one year, a Middle Western museum was responsible for sixty per cent of the total sales made by Lord Duveen. The directors, in many cases weaklings incubated in the Fogg factory, build up departments in which they pretend to be specialists, some ignoring contemporary art for expensive Old Masters, others attracted by the eccentricities of modernism. The exemplar of the newfangled establishments is the Museum of Modern Art, of New York, which, despite an occasional and superbly mounted exhibition of real painting, is dedicated to the fads and outmoded aberrations of yesterday. No matter what this museum may present, the effect is one of glittering artiness in an atmosphere supercharged with pernicious anemia. Incidentally, Lord Duveen is one of the trustees. Recently one of the founders said to me: "The Museum has become the rendezvous of morbid painters and patronesses out of the *Social Register*." Bad enough in its present abode, Lord knows what it will be in its new architectural setting of chain-store modernism.

In striking contrast, there is the Whitney Museum which, without fuss or gloating, has been willing to gamble on promising talent, subsidizing numbers of young painters, and buying liberally without regard to reputations.

There are signs of a better order of things. The inheritance tax, if it continues in force, will disperse private collections, eventually put an end to the trafficking in scarcity values, and make it easier for legitimate merchants to sell pictures for what they are worth. The rapidly increasing popularity of fine prints has warned the dealer that he must be prepared to compete with reproductions or close his gallery. Within the last year, a number of distinguished painters have severed relations with their New York dealers and are now disposing of pictures independently, or through provincial agents as yet uncontaminated by the metropolitan system. The disgust of artists everywhere with the New York racket, and the nationwide tendency to decentralize the marketing of art, have given rise to small local galleries where pictures may be displayed and sold at a nominal cost to the artist. The boom in mural decoration, though artificially stimulated, has brought painting down to earth again and destroyed the market of many a precious dabbler. These factors, together with the disposition of the intelligent public to discuss art in a civilized language, may yet make honest men of the double-dealers.

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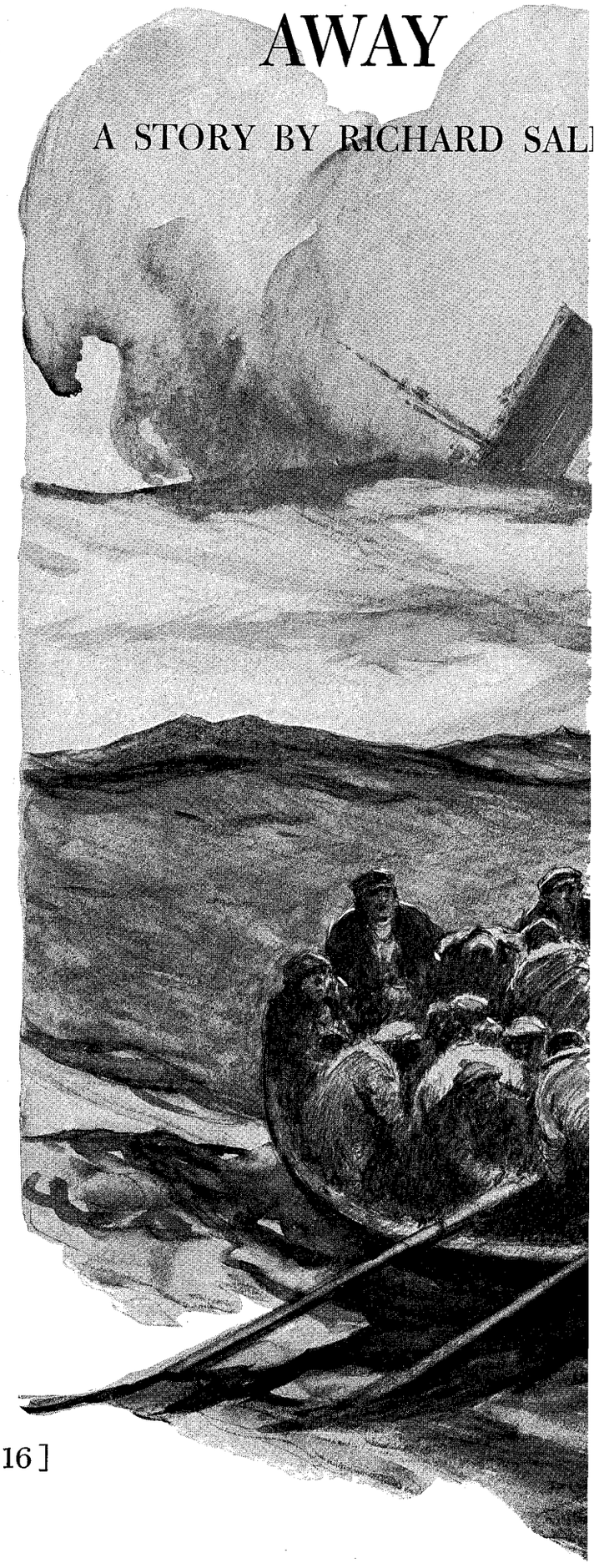
SEVEN WAVES AWAY

A STORY BY RICHARD SALL



IT WAS COLD, the sea was gray, and there were fresh northwesterly winds roiling the surface. Mr. Holmes could not look back, not even for an instant, because the long swells, unbroken as yet but running fast and high with glassy bubbles breaking at the peaks now and then, held his frightened eyes. He became aware of the cook, close to him, as the lifeboat wallowed, panicked by the heavy seas; their knees were braced against each other. With all his strength Mr. Holmes held to the tiller which might at any second be wrenched from his grasp by the pressure of the rushing waters against its rudder blade. The cook was cradling the captain's head in his lap and trying to save the man from the buffeting of the boat. The captain's jaw was broken; his mouth bled slightly, and he was only half-conscious; with each lunge of the lifeboat the captain would moan loudly. "Easy does it, sir," the cook said now and then. "Easy does it."

The sound of the cook's voice made Mr. Holmes stir. He said, "Cookie, can you see her? Can you see her, Cookie?"

The cook turned his head and peered into the settling dusk astern. He stared there a long time. "Aye, sir, I can see 'er, sir," he said finally. "She makes a lovely sight against the sky."

"Is she going?"

"Aye, she is that. She's standin' on her stern like a turnin' spout. She'll slide in quick any minute."

Mr. Holmes wanted to turn and have a look, but he could not. He kept his eyes on the lumbering swells and pushed hard against the tiller to hold the lifeboat's head just off the wind so that the seas were shouldered under the starboard bow. Still, he had the mirror of the faces before him in the boat. By catching their expressions, he could almost see the *Andorra Star* go down. The mouths hung open, the eyes staring openly and hard at the picture astern, the eyeballs very white against the purple darkness of the flesh which the cold wind painted. Even the rowers held their heads up, straining at the oars and grunting while they watched their ship sink. Mr. Holmes could see a lot that way. He could see the expressions of impatience when they dropped into the glassy hollow of a trough where the water lay green and still for a few seconds, white bubbles spitting noisily. It was impatience born of the fact that the swell which had just passed beneath them rose up astern to hide the ship from sight. Then, when they mounted the next rolling crest, to poise atop it briefly, the light of horrid fascination returned to the faces.

There were too many people in the boat. Mr. Holmes had known that when they broke away from the *Andorra Star's* lee side. It carried a normal complement of sixteen persons. There were thirty-three in it now. Twenty-two of them were crew. The rest were passengers. They crowded the thwarts from stem to stern.

"There are too many in the boat," Mr. Holmes said aloud. But they were all watching the ship astern and they paid no attention to him at all.

He watched the gunwale. It hung low in the sea. At the crests, the waves would rush alongside perilously close to

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them, so close that there was no freeboard at all. He could touch the sea by putting his hand out. Her head hung heavy, and she would not respond to the tiller. It was a frightening thing to brace your tiller over and get no response from the boat.

"The sky is yellow," said the cook.

"Rain and wind," said Mr. Holmes. "The sea is rising; I've had the feel of it in my own hands here. The boat don't handle close at all. Her head hangs off too hard."

"Aye," said the cook.

Mr. Holmes, his lips tight and blue from the cold, said, "There's too many people in the boat."

"Ye can't do nothin' about that, sir," the cook said.

"Can you still see her, Cookie?"

"There was some of 'er, sir, still blowin' on th' surface. Wait and I'll take a look——"

But a voice broke from the black mass of heads in the middle of the boat. "She gone! Oh, she gone!" Mr. Holmes recognized Big Joe, the Portugee stoker. Big Joe was waving his arms.

The cook stared astern, then nodded, "She's slid in, sir. She done it neat as a cockroach, she did. Between th' swells, sir. One swell, and she was still there, another and she weren't. She's gone for sure now."

"Then we're really alone," Mr. Holmes said hollowly.

"For a while maybe," the cook said. "I guess Sparks got a call out all right. They'll be here. We don't have to worry none."

The cook is a fool, thought Mr. Holmes. We have plenty to worry about. We can worry about this rising wind and these seas. If the seas start breaking with the load in this boat, we'll take them over the gunwale and swamp. There are too many in the boat. She'll sink if one of them loses his nerve and jumps around. She'll sink if she fills a bit with the rain to come. There's a cask of water and some hardtack aboard and a short way that'll go past these thirty-three mouths when they get hungry and thirsty. The cook says there's nothing to worry about. Nothing except dying, which is not as simple as it sounds.

The captain stirred and made guttural sounds deep in his throat. "Mate!" he called hoarsely between his teeth. "Mate!"

Mr. Holmes leaned over toward him. "Captain?"

"I'm not well," the captain groaned. "Hear me, Mate? I'm not well."

"I'm right here, sir," said Mr. Holmes. "Have you any orders, sir?"

"I'm sick," said the captain. "I'm sick to my stomach with pain." The words were a slur coming out from his throat through his tight teeth without a movement of his fractured jaw. "I cannot take command, Mr. Holmes. The ship is yours. Do you hear me? She's yours, Mate."

"She's mine," said Mr. Holmes in a shaking voice.

The captain said, "You've got our lives in your brain, Mister. It's a thousand miles to land, and you've got to see her through. She's your command. The cook's a witness. Keep her safe." The captain closed his eyes.

"I'm a witness, sir," the cook said. "You're in charge."

"Thank you, Cookie," Mr. Holmes replied. His voice was unsteady, and his hands shook on the tiller while his eyes held straight ahead, never leaving the line of oncoming swells which were running faster with the freshening winds.

Soon it began to rain. They could see the slanting sheets of it come across the horizon far off the port bow, and sweep across the boil-backed ocean like a misty white curtain, pushed with stinging force by the wind. The raindrops were large as grapes when they first struck, and they splashed upon the sea and boat noisily. But after the first wild flurry, the rain changed into a fine mizzling drizzle which laid a dampness on the already cold wind and soon had all hands sodden to the skin. The twilight died, and night came down quickly in the half-light. Mr. Holmes did not want the

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night so soon; in the dark he'd have to steer by the feel of her. One mistake, one broadside battering of a rising sea, and the lifeboat would instantly turn turtle. He pictured it in his heart, saw one gunwale rise, the other dip into the water, saw the flying arms and legs, heard the screams of terror, saw the lifeboat on its belly, its keel upturned like a gray-backed whale, and then one passing swell to wipe it all away and leave it forgotten. "Jesus," Mr. Holmes said huskily. "Jesus Christ."

"Are you all right, sir?" the cook asked suddenly.

"I was thinking," said Mr. Holmes. "I was just thinking, that's all. Thank you, Cookie, but I'm all right." He shivered.

The cook nodded, holding hard to the captain's head, and said, "Aye," as the wind bent the rain into his face.

II

In the dark, the time sense faltered, and the length of minutes lost themselves within the depth of hours. There was sheet lightning intermittently. Sometimes Mr. Holmes would let his eyes be tricked into following the flight of the white scud as it blew out before the stiffening wind. Other times he would watch for the faces of those in the lifeboat before him. He would see them in a white flash, their skins ghostly in the flat, strange light. He would see the male passengers forward in the bow, all huddled close around the three women passengers. He could hear the cries of the boy now and then, weak and shrill above the rush of wind and slop of sea. The child was afraid of everything but the showing of fear.

Mr. Holmes could not repress a shudder. Everyone was afraid. He knew that. They all knew it. But it was the showing of fear that decided a man. The flare of lightning once more, and coming aft with his eyes he saw them all—the tired rowers gaining respite now while others in the crew took over the oars; the quartermaster with a nasty gash across his cheek; Big Joe, his head in his hands; the bosun staring astern; the oilers, close together, peering around the black night for the pencil-like beam of a searchlight; the steward, tense and tired, cupping his hands to say something to the second officer beside him; McCruddy, the engineer, wiping the white salt from his windblown mustache—all disappearing instantly as the darkness, tangible and articulate, filled the gaps the flare had left.

In this pitch where you tossed and rolled and wallowed helplessly, unable to gauge an oncoming sea, unable to hold your boat as you wished, your right arm aching with the pain of the constant pressure of the tiller, the helm needed a seaman. Mr. Holmes wished vaguely that he had served under sail at one time or another. He had heard of men who could hold a vessel close-hauled to the wind by sheer instinct, their eyes closed, standing the wheel by the very feel of the ship and knowing quite without thinking when to ease her off or hold her on. Such instinct would have been a blessing in this darkness when the lifeboat tossed her head to and fro, sometimes taking huge pieces of black water over the gunwales and setting the crew to bailing frantically. When such waves shook the boat, Mr. Holmes' heart would stand still with his breath for a moment and he would wait, all cold inside, to see if she would lift her head and float again for the next comber.

After a while, there arose from the seas a muttering roar, sullen and terrifying. In the black, they could not see the cause, but presently there was white in the darkness, white pocks all over the ocean's lumpy back. Mr. Holmes, his eyes starkly wide from staring at darkness, beat the cook with his left hand. "Do you see them, Cookie?" he cried, above the wind.

"Aye, sir," the cook replied grimly. "White caps. We'll be that lucky to finish this night alive."

The cook knew then. The cook knew the chances. He knew that the end might be but seven waves away. Mr. Holmes, though, could not acclimate himself to this prospect of death. It was here all right, in every gust, every squall, every raindrop to fill the bilge. It rose on every crest and dropped down with him breath-takingly into the trough. It balanced on the crests with them, rode up at eighty-degree angles, and hung there with them in that split-second interim, that moment when hands clutched for a grasp, and breaths paused, and minds wondered, in blinding flashes of reason through the abject terror, whether or not she would trim herself or go toppling over onto her spine.

If the boat were lighter, thought Mr. Holmes. Yes, if she were lighter she could weather it. If she carried her normal load, she could weather the force of a whole gale. Her gunwale would not lie so precariously close to the water; her head would raise itself quickly to meet the wind and swell; and the rowing would be decently easy and not so dangerous. It was a task to row an oar in a sea that was already up almost to your oarlock. Mr. Holmes could see each sweating, toiling rower move in horror of catching a crab and pulling the gunwale under. It was a terrible thing to watch white faces which never pulled themselves out of the distortion which the suck of fear created.

A voice came out of the boat, carried off to starboard by the moan of the rising wind, at once distinct and tangible. The cook tapped the mate on the shoulder and said, "It's the quartermaster, sir. It's Jano."

"One of the women has died," Jano called between his clenched teeth, not taking his eyes from the muttering waves. "They say one of them is dead."

"Sit still," Mr. Holmes called sharply. "Which one?"

"Mrs. Willis," Jano replied. "The one we picked from the sea a while back."

"Sit still, sit still," shouted Mr. Holmes. "I warn you to sit still, Jano. Do you want to drown us?" He shuddered violently as the cook, cupping a hand to his mouth, said, "One of the women has died, sir. Did you hear?"

Mr. Holmes did not answer. He saw the comber curling ahead and he braced himself against the tiller and gritted his teeth together. The lifeboat just made it, riding up the wall of water at an angle which threw the men in

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the boat together. A slop rose up and poured into the boat, but she finally came about and righted. Mr. Holmes' face was never whiter. When he spoke, his voice was shrill and firm, the voice of a captain in fear. "Jano!"

"Sir?"

"You will have her body passed over the side."

"A nasty sort of a job right now, sir," Jano said.

"Over the side," said Mr. Holmes. "Put her over close to the bow so that we'll not ship a sea. Look alive, sir!"

There was a moan, presently, from the fore of the boat, the moan of Mr. Willis as he buried his face in his hands. Other hands gripped the corpse of his wife, cruelly, familiarly. The splash of her body made no audible sound above the wind and breaking seas. Mr. Holmes did not know she had gone until Jano reported the fact to him.

Now then, he thought, now then. The boat did not seem much different. It still hung in the trough with its gunwales nearly awash. Yet there must have been a difference. She must have felt that loss of weight on her ribs, must have raised her head a little. One woman wasn't enough though. That left thirty-two. Thirty-two when there should have been, at most, sixteen.

"You've no choice," said Mr. Holmes. "I've ordered you."

Mr. Holmes began to wonder. The boat barely held her own in the seas. Breaking seas were dangerous. Bad enough on a peaked swell, but if those crests should really begin to curl and break as surf breaks against a shore, they'd be done for. One curling bulk of water to crash over the bow of the lifeboat, and they'd swamp.

"It was the only thing to do, sir," the cook called.

Mr. Holmes stared at him. "What is it, Cookie?"

"The woman, sir. Ye couldn't do nothin' else."

Mr. Holmes had not thought of the woman. It had not occurred to him that he should have felt regret at ridding his craft of her body. His cheeks dropped in below his cheekbones as his face tightened. "I could do something else," he said. But he didn't say it loud enough for the cook or anyone else to hear him. It would take nerve to do that, and his nerve wasn't up yet. But he sensed somehow he was going to do it. He became aware of the loaded pistol in his jacket. To do it, he would need the pistol. That was why he was sure he would do it as soon as his nerve came up, because he was aware of the pistol, at least, and aware of the power it lent him.

Lightning burst across the black sky, but the mate did not look up. His hand felt the hard shape of the gun, and he thought: I should have done it earlier. Now I'll have to wait for morning.

The wind and the sea were not willing to wait, but there was the gamble. It was, perhaps, the fair thing to do: to wait until morning and give some souls a chance. A ship, missing them in the dark, might find them in daylight. *I'll give them until morning,* he thought, just until morning.

On the portside of the lifeboat, one of the rowers stopped stroking with his oar. He crossed himself fervently and silently prayed forgiveness for the *sacrilegio.* He had struck something in the sea with his oar, and a lightning flare showed it to be the floating body of the woman. She clung there off the port beam for a few minutes, rising and falling with the roaring combers like the lifeboat, but then she drifted astern and vanished in the darkness.

The cook said, "A wet night this. Lesser air than water and makes for brackish breathin'. How does she go, Mister?"

"She goes heavy," Mr. Holmes said, his cold lips barely moving.

"She has the feel of a water-soaked log," said the cook, and then after a raging sea had shook them in its white hair and he could relax for a few seconds again, "She don't recover none at all."

"She'll last this night," Mr. Holmes said. "I'll make her last this night if it cracks her ribs in half. The morning may bring a ship."

"Th' mornin' may bring a blow." The cook was less cheerful now.

"In that case," Mr. Holmes replied grimly, "something will be done."

"What can ye do that ye ain't already done?"

The cook was tired now and not the tender man who had cradled the captain's broken head. He let the captain's head loll to and fro on his lap and wished quietly that the captain were lying in the bilge where the weight of his skull would not be so heavy.

"Something will be done," said Mr. Holmes again.

"What can ye do, in truth?" the cook persisted. "I ain't no O.S. shippin' out the first time. I can read th' signs as good as any man. Ye can't do nothin' but pray and that don't cut no ice in the face o' death, Mister."

"You heard my words, Cookie," the mate said evenly. "Something will be done."

The cook stopped talking. Mr. Holmes did not look at him, but kept his eyes dead ahead, searching out the white rumbling water which signified a breaking sea. He had the impression, throughout the rest of the night, that the cook was staring at the side of his head.

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III

THE dawn came up before they recognized it as such, with a sea that gained in fury all the time. There was no perceptible change in the darkness at first, except for a faint leaden touch. It was only when Mr. Holmes realized he could see the fearful faces on the thwarts forward again, that daybreak had arrived. The portable compass, dipping wildly to and fro on its gimbals, told him east; the dawn did not. It rose up sunless, dirty, pock-marked, and it stayed that way.

No ship. Mr. Holmes waited a long time before he would admit that the morning had come fruitlessly. He tried to think briefly of other things for a few minutes, while his hand instinctively felt for the pistol once more. He was amazed that he could hear the slop of the black and filthy water in the bilge above the thundering tones of the storm. The lifeboat was strangely silent; the child in the bow had stopped wailing, that was it. He peered forward, saw the boy asleep. It looked odd; his own eyes felt coarse and grainy as though they could not ever close in sleep again. "There's water in the bilge," he called. "Keep her clean of it. Bail till she's dry."

The men bailed. They were weary, their backs ached, their bodies were sore from the constant motion, their hands held giant blisters in the palms, but they obeyed. They were bailing in dread now because it was a losing fight and they all knew it.

Mr. Holmes knew they were empty; it was the kind of sea to break the heart of a man; and the need for constant weigh to hold her head on would have tired a crew twice as large in number and brawn. Mr. Holmes, his face haggard with worry, took a look around the broken horizon and saw nothing but the torn and angry clouds racing close to the maddening sea.

"The wind has shifted," said the cook. "It goes stiffer."

Mr. Holmes turned once and glanced at the man, then turned back and pushed hard on the tiller and called for more weigh. He said, "For a cook, Mister, you have uncommon good sense as a sailor."

"That's not surprisin'," said the cook. He regarded the mate with eyes that were filled with wonder and awe. The cook was not a stupid man. He sat there, all taut inside, waiting for the something that was to be done. He was quite sure it had never been done before and he was trying to determine within his own soul just how to like or hate it. Tradition could not make his decision, nor could precedence.

Mr. Holmes said, "You've been under sail then."

"Aye," the cook said. "Three years a hand fishin' the Banks outa Gloucester."

"And how do I hold her, Cookie?"

"Ye hold 'er well, sir, well and good for one who's learned on steam. I've no doubt ye could take us to land from this very spot." He spat overboard. "If ye craft could stay afloat, that is."

A blast of wind snatched his words away. The lifeboat put her head down, held it down too long. Delayed on the rise, she caught a sheet of green water over the bow, almost lost her head to go off with the gusts. Mr. Holmes, pallid green with the sight of water over the gunwale, fought hard against the tiller and brought her up again and into the blow. His right arm ached painfully from the pressure. It was like fighting the omnipresent torque of a power screw; a man could stand only so much; an arm grew numb and insensitive. He jerked his mouth closed tightly, then spoke. "I've marked my time," he said, suddenly cool. "I can't hold off any longer. I've responsibility, do you hear me, Cookie? I gave them until this morning to find a ship to pick them up, but it's daylight now and no ship."

"I hear you," the cook said, his breath coming faster now with the strange excitement inside him.

"I've got to follow my mind," Mr. Holmes said evenly. He spoke slowly and quietly, without much emphasis on his words. "I believe in it, I think it is right. A life against lives. It's the honest thing to do. I'm to save my ship and men as best I know how. And this is all I know."

"I hear you, sir," the cook said. "I hear you."

"If the boat were lighter, we could weather this sea."

The cook said nothing, but crouched as the lifeboat blindly felt its way past a boiling white pinnacle of rushing sea, and he noticed in that fleeting second that McCruddy's mustache was dead white with salt from the spray and jiggling like a grasshopper while McCruddy silently twitched his lips in prayer.

"There's a way to lighten this boat," Mr. Holmes said. "We'd best see it through while we've got the wood afloat under our heels." He raised his voice to the others forward. "Keep your eyes here!"

The eyes watched him reluctantly; they preferred the vaulting suspense of wind-whipped combers; tired, frightened, sleepy, glassy eyes, all wondrous now at the peculiar expression on the mate's dirty-green face. Mr. Holmes had never seen such a variety of eyes. The bodies and heads before him looked much the same. But the eyes were different, all different. He tried to sound calm, restrained, assured. "Now then," he called, "is there a soul aboard who disputes my command?"

"You're master, sir," the cook said. "The captain is down and out, we're all witnesses to that."

"You're master, sir," Jano, the quartermaster, said. "There's none here to dispute it."

The mouths tightened, fell silent, compressed, as Mr. Holmes laid his weight against the helm and watched the bow break through a crest which lopped over as if to curl upon them. They made it, shipping water as the comber passed under them. When it had passed, Mr. Holmes slipped the pistol out of his pocket and held it loosely in his hand. He said loudly, as if reading a regulation from the Statutes, "I'll shoot the first man who disobeys me. That is understood."

There were mutters of alarm through the lifeboat which were quickly silenced as the boat climbed a roller. In the trough again, Jano said, "Put the gun away, Holmes! Are you out of your head?"

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"I'll keep the pistol close," Mr. Holmes replied, talking even and fast before the next swell reached them. "You've not heard me yet, so I'll keep it close. We must face the situation. We must accept the fact that we got out no distress signal, there is no proof we did."

Again, an interval of silence while a sea reached for them, and then, when it passed, "There will be no rescue ship. We are nearly a thousand miles due-east of land. I warn you now, this craft is doomed if she stays loaded as she is. The next sea or the next or the next, and we will all be drowned quick enough. If she were lighter——"

They rose and fell and then breathed again.

"—if she were lighter she could endure it, she could endure anything, a row for land or a passing ship. The craft must be lightened."

He sounds, thought the cook, just like I use to when I'd read the newspaper aloud, just like he was reading type.

"You're daffed!" Jano shouted over the wind. "You can't lighten this boat without sending someone over the side!"

"Then it's over the side with some of you," Mr. Holmes replied as though that were fairly obvious. "What else——"

"Low, low," cried the cook in terror. "A big one!"

It came with a violent breaking of the crest, and for a second Mr. Holmes felt icy around his throat and stiffened to throw himself clear of the craft when she turned turtle. She made the crest barely upright, then rode down the wall on the other side while Jano fought to get words through his constricted throat: "I'll be no party to it!"

"The weaklings must go," said Mr. Holmes, trying to steady his tones. "The ones who are no use. We want the men who'll live to row a thousand miles to land, who'll not fall faint when the food gives out."

When the next swell had passed, Jano shouted against the roar of white sea, "It's wrong! It's murder!"

"No," said Mr. Holmes. "That is not murder. This is murder, the weight of a pair of weeping women, the weight of three seasick men. This weight, so useless, so completely useless, is murder. It will swamp this ship and kill others who have a right to live."

Atop the swell which boiled around them, the cook wondered at the way the mate's quiet tones carried so clearly. You could have imagined he'd use a tone like that in a forecastle, and it was strange to hear it faintly but clearly through the veil of wind.

"There are living in this boat who want to keep on living," Mr. Holmes said. "It is the right of self-preservation, and I believe in it. It is murder not to believe in it. Murder to keep this super-cargo aboard and kill the chances of every soul here."

"You can't do it!" screamed Jano. "You can't throw a woman to the sea."

"Will you volunteer to go in her place?" called the mate.

Jano did not answer.

"All right then," Mr. Holmes said sharply as they hung low in a slick-green valley between the walls of sea fore and aft. "The wind is freshening and the seas are rising. It goes worse. We've little time enough before she swings around and takes one on the beam to capsize us. I'll not have all hands die to save the few unfitting. These are orders. Slide the women over the side when we drop in the next trough, and mind you're careful not to ship a sea in the doing. Look alive!"

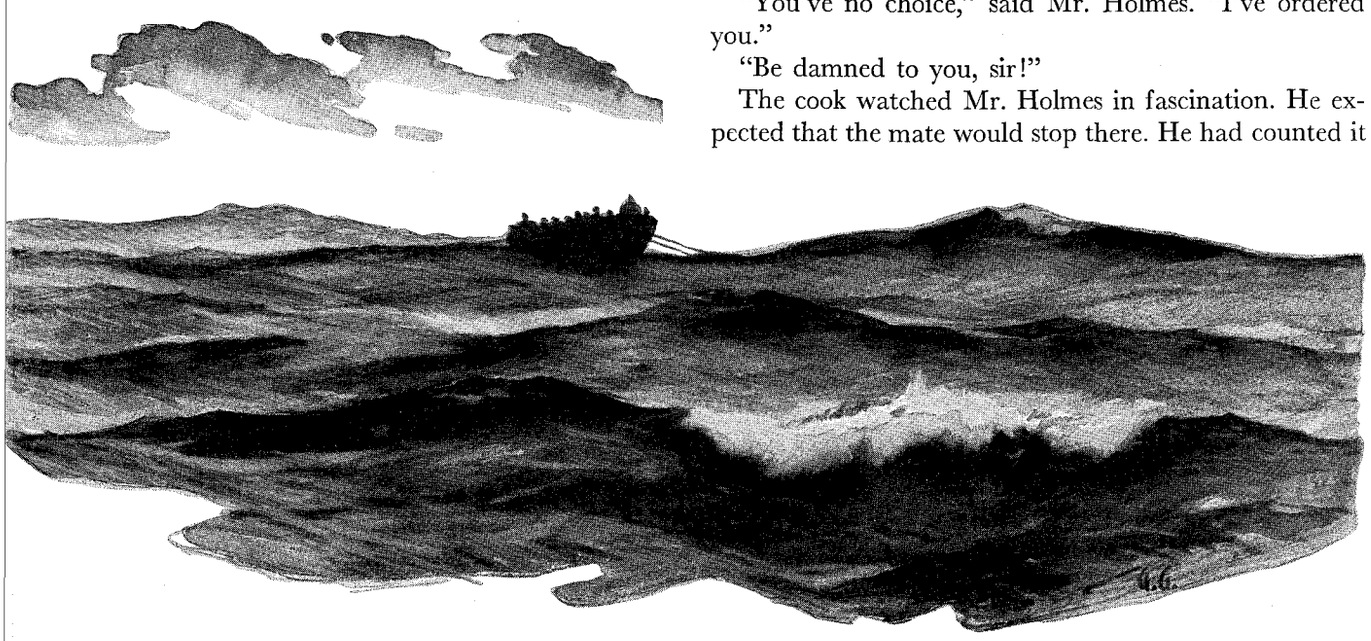
One woman was asleep; the other was awake, too coldly terrified to have spoken before. Now she began to scream at the top of her lungs, and the sound of it was ghastly. Mr. Holmes cracked his jaws together hard and waved the gun at her. "Quartermaster!" he snapped. "You have your orders."

"Be damned to them!" Jano raged. "I'll have no part of them! I'll take my chances on dying with the weak aboard. It's women and children first to be saved. That's always been the law of the sea!"

"You've no choice," said Mr. Holmes. "I've ordered you."

"Be damned to you, sir!"

The cook watched Mr. Holmes in fascination. He expected that the mate would stop there. He had counted it



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as a bluff, for the most part—something the mate would have liked to do with the support of the crew. But with Jano objecting, surely the idea was finished now, and they would perish, just as surely, sometime in the day.

But the cook saw that he had underestimated the mate. Mr. Holmes had never fired the pistol in his hand, had never had occasion to fire it. But he raised it fairly steadily now, aimed at Jano, and pulled the trigger. The report was loud and sharp and it made the cook's ears ring. Somehow, in the moment, he was not afraid. He watched the quartermaster topple over backwards onto the women. The other woman awoke, and they both screamed then, and the child awoke, too, and started crying shrilly. The men stared in silent fascination. And then all voices hushed as a monstrous, thundering wave shot them high into the air and a ragged geyser of white spray flew across the stern. Mr. Holmes' face had the expression of a man who has picked the short straw. There was no life in his eyes at all. He wiped the wet from him; his mouth jerked and he said, "Torano, Smith, Harris, slide the quartermaster over the side."

The cook could see that the mate had won. The fear of dying was even greater than the will to live. There was something in the cool, calm voice that compelled, and the hands obeyed. The quartermaster did not splash much, and his white wake vanished as he was drawn swiftly astern by the current.

Still, there has been no test, thought Mr. Holmes, aware that he was calm enough. There has been no crime yet. There has been only mutiny and its punishment. Aloud he said, "Torano, Smith, Harris, slide that woman over the side."

Harris was a big sailor with blond hair and much imagination. He shouted wildly, "I can't do it, sir! I'll slide the dead off the beam anytime, but I can't drop a living body overboard that way!"

Mr. Holmes did not waste time. He raised the pistol again and took careful aim. But before he fired, he said, "Harris, you're a strong lad, and we'll need you in the boat. I ask you again to assist. I am ordering you, and the responsibility is mine."

Harris nodded his head rapidly, his tongue half out of his mouth. "Very well," he gasped, "very—" A roar drowned his voice. A mountain of swirling water descended on the boat. No one moved or breathed. The sea struck, and the craft leapt crazily upward. It careened wildly, then plummeted down into the trough where water poured in rapaciously.

"She'll not last another like that!" the cook yelled.

Mr. Holmes shouted, "Get that woman over! Then bail. Harris!"

They grabbed one of the women—Mrs. Jackson—who was slight and small and deathly seasick. She kicked her legs, but her strength was gone with her retchings, and she was handled fairly easily. She screamed until she struck the sea. Once she bobbed up, screaming and clutching out wildly, then she went down. The cook felt that he was rigid, every bone, every muscle, every nerve in his being was rigid; he saw the crew, rigid on the thwarts, unable to slump or pant, or find a relaxation from the scene.

The boat settled sickeningly into the trough. The men bailed.

"The other woman!" shouted Mr. Holmes. "You on the portside, Big Joe, McCruddy, Dannemore! Quick! Quick! Before the crest comes."

There was no protest. The three men grabbed the woman. She was big and she fought, and the lifeboat rocked. Big Joe jerked suddenly at her lolling head. There was a loud *pop* and she went limp as they shoved her into the churning water. The swells pushed her astern and lost her in the milky scud and gray rain. "Bail!" cried Mr. Holmes. "You, Torano. Slide the lad over now, and fast."

"He's light," said Torano, an oiler with tattooed arms. "He don't weigh not'in' at all. I kno'. I gotta kid like dat t'home."

"Over the side," said Mr. Holmes.

One of the men, Mr. Jackson, tried to rise up out of the bilge where he had lain, semiconscious, green with seasickness for a day and a night. Mr. Jackson had shipped on a freighter with his wife and child because the travel folder had told him how pleasant and inexpensive a way it was to the Indies ports of call. He was too sick to feel the terrible thing, too miserable to let the tragedy penetrate beyond his eyes. He saw his son go, and while he moved his bloodless mouth, hands gripped him and he quickly followed, offering no resistance. His companions did not have the strength to fight, either. Mr. Deltzer was sixty-five and spidery; he weighed little to the men who slipped him off the gunwale. Mr. Morrow remembered only the gaunt man at the tiller, far away on the other end of the boat, who called names and pointed the gun. He heard his own name, "Morrow," called and then he was gone.

"It makes a difference," the cook said, close-mouthed, so that only Mr. Holmes could hear. "Her head's lifting a little."

"Miguel Certa," said Mr. Holmes, and he saw the Brazilian deckhand stare at him. "Your arm is broken, Miguel. You wouldn't last."

"I'd like a chance in the sea," Miguel replied quietly. "I'd like a life preserver, please."

"Give him one," said Mr. Holmes. And then, for a moment, he pleaded: "You understand, Miguel, don't you? You know what I'm doing?"

Miguel smiled coldly. "I know what you're doing. God damn you, I say. I hope you live through this. They'll hang you for it." He crawled to the bow, tightened the life belt around him, and slid off. A swell caught him up and for a moment he rode on a hill of green water high above the boat, then he slid wallowing into a trough and disappeared. A few minutes later they had a glimpse of him floating far astern.

The boat slid heavily up the steep side of a swell, poised for a second on the peak, then (*continued on page* 92)

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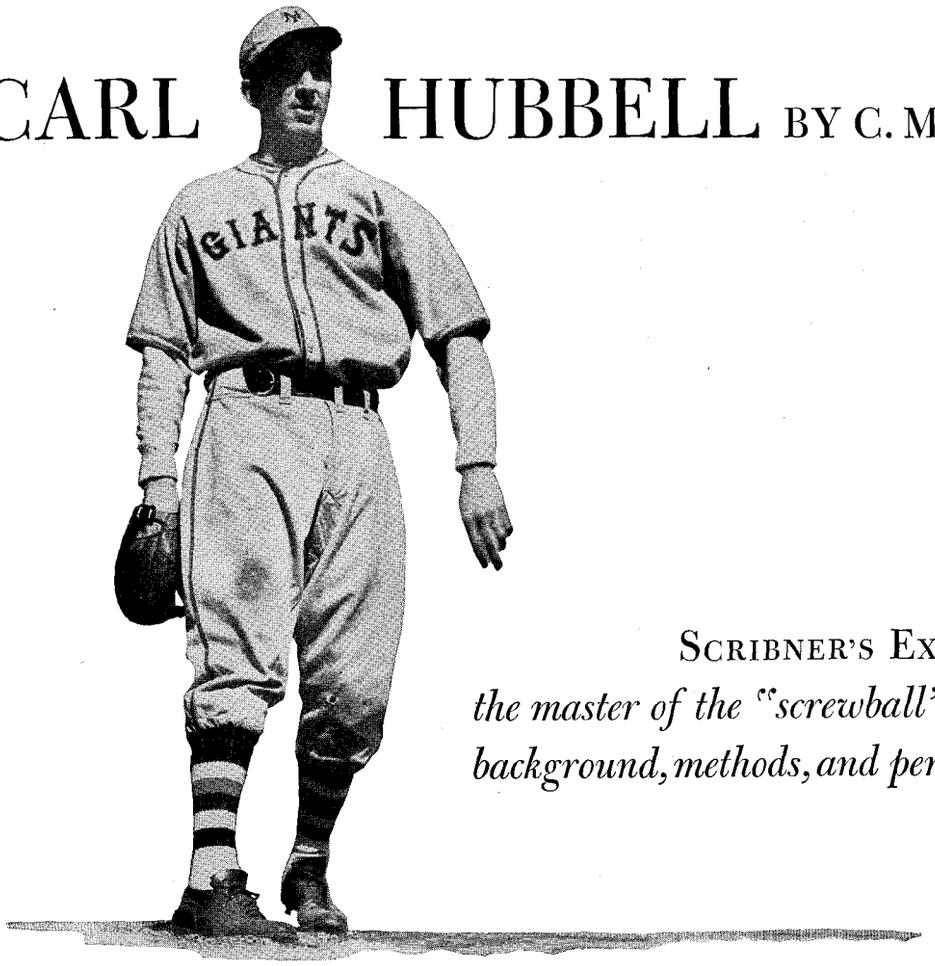
CARL HUBBELL BY C. M. BLACK



SCRIBNER'S EXAMINES
the master of the "screwball" . . . his background, methods, and personality

IT WAS the first game of the 1937 World Series. Carl Hubbell had been feeding the Yankees low balls which had been breaking in a strange and bewildering manner. Giant fans sat watching their hero with great complacency and with entire confidence. For five innings Gehrig, Lazzeri, Dickey, Di Maggio, and those Yankee "murderers" had been raising pop flies to the outfield or hitting the ball into the dirt. Then came the sixth inning.

No one has ever been able to explain why it is that a pitcher who is going very well will suddenly lose his "stuff." Hubbell wasn't tired. He still was in complete possession of the canniest pitching mind in baseball. He stood out there to start the sixth inning, tall, gangling, confident, and in his manner there was no hint of the disaster to come. But come it did.

Within three minutes Hubbell had walked two men, and five others had hit safely. The Yankees had won the ball game, and Hubbell was on his way to the showers. Suddenly his miraculous control, his bewildering curves, and his almost legendary "screwball" had deserted him, and Yankee bats had pounded him out, while Giant fans sat shocked and saddened.

After the game, the players dressed, as usual, in a room opening on the Eighth Avenue side of the Polo Grounds. Overhead the elevated was roaring, and a dying sun sifted through the ties and the tracks to splash crisscross patches of light on the crowd waiting there after the game. As the players emerged, the crowd cheered. Finally Hubbell appeared. Hubbell is gaunt, and there is always a slight look of worry in his otherwise calm eyes. The crowd didn't cheer him. They gave him the tribute of a sympathetic silence. All but one, who cried out, "Why don't you go back to the farm, you big bum?"

Hubbell looked up, not a bit annoyed, and for a moment his face relaxed into a smile. Those who were nearest heard him say, "Well, I've still got my plow."

They thought that Hub was all done. Good enough to beat the National Leaguers, but no one could fool that Yankee Murderer's Row. Four days later, Manager Bill Terry threw Hub in again.

"No team in the world can beat Hub twice in a row," said Terry calmly.

Hub held the Yankees to six hits. He curved the ball around their necks and he screwballed them to death. Long and lean and lanky, he stood out there on the mound, exercising his wizardry. He was the master toying with some youngsters who weren't in his class.

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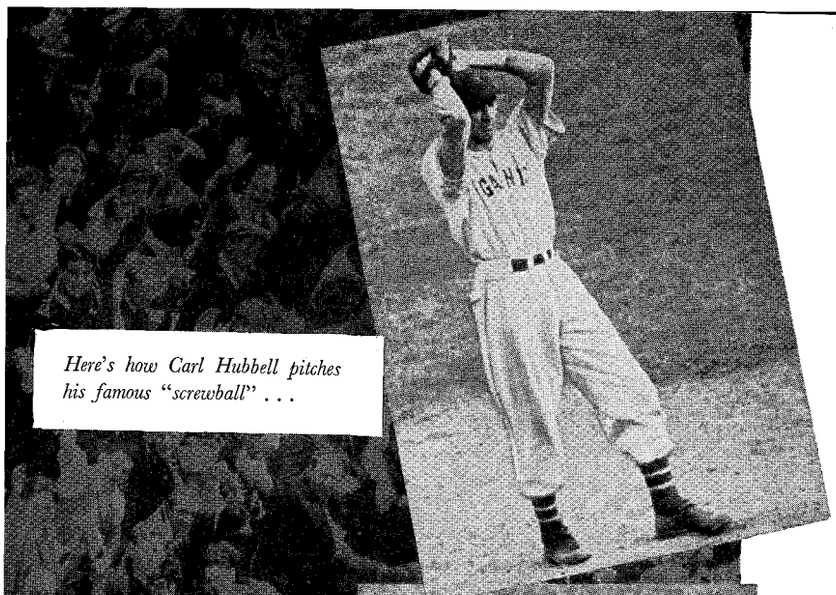
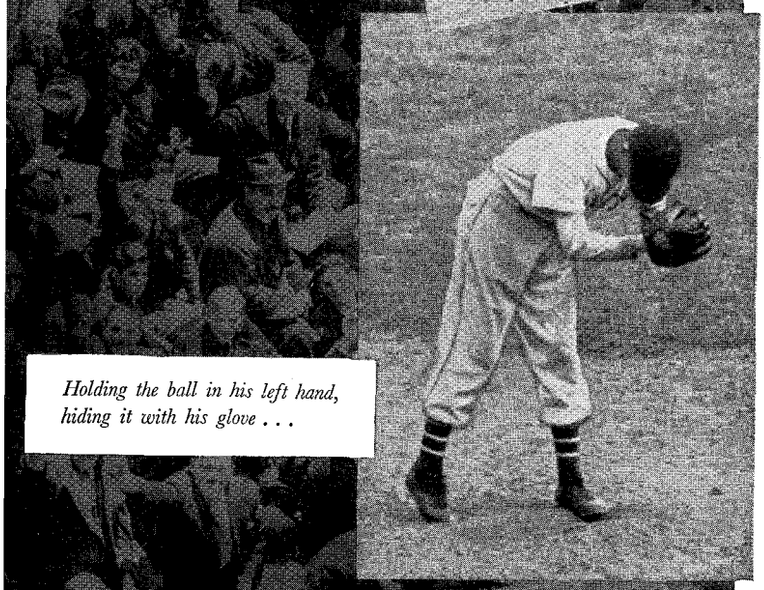
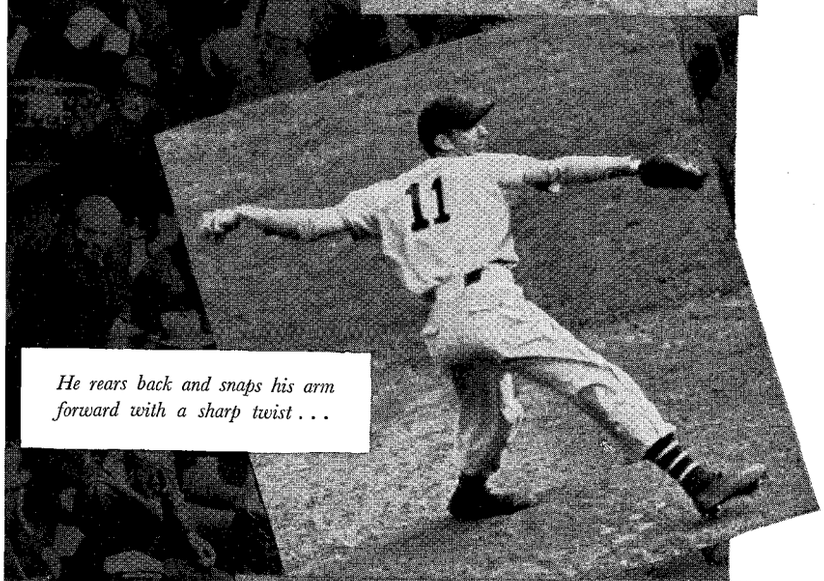


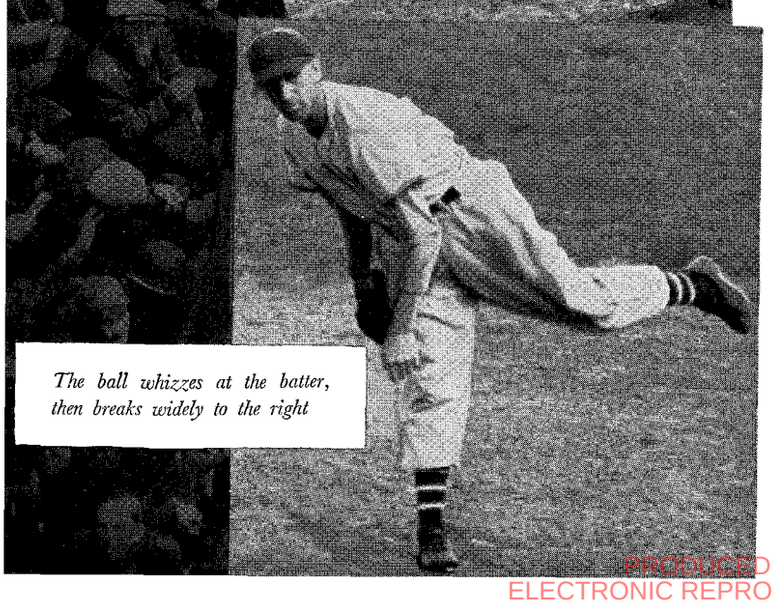
Here's how Carl Hubbell pitches his famous "screwball" . . .



Holding the ball in his left hand, hiding it with his glove . . .



He rears back and snaps his arm forward with a sharp twist . . .



The ball whizzes at the batter, then breaks widely to the right

Once more the crowd waited outside the dressing room. They cheered Dick Bartell and Mel Ott and then Hub sauntered out, looking for all the world like the Oklahoma farmer which he is. A spontaneous roar came from the crowd.

"Still got that farm, Hub?" a voice cried, not derisively, but laughingly.

Those who were near Hub (I was one of them) saw Hub's face relax into a smile and heard him say again, "Well, I've still got my plow."

II

HUBBELL is thirty-four and he is facing his eleventh season in the big leagues. Pitchers usually begin to fade when they reach that thirty-four year mark. Some of the elasticity goes from their arms; some of the spring leaves their legs. Legs to a pitcher are almost as important as arms. A pitcher with wobbly underpinning has difficulty with his control. To date, Hubbell has shown no signs of debility. When he has control over his screwball, he is virtually unhittable.

Most fans think that a pitcher has two deliveries, a fast ball and a curve. A pitcher with nothing else wouldn't last in the big leagues two weeks. Every pitcher in the big show has something more than that. He must have to fool men whose eyes are abnormally trained to follow the flight of a ball traveling better than seventy miles an hour. One might have a "downer," which is what sandlot kids call a "drop." Another might have what the ball players call a "change of pace" ball, which is literally a slow ball, one that comes up to the plate with maddening and tedious hesitation. These freak deliveries are, of course, only used to supplement the regulation curve and fast ball. Some pitchers who are unusually strong depend pretty much on those two stock deliveries, but they are rare exceptions. Dizzy Dean of St. Louis and Van Mungo of Brooklyn throw the fastest balls in baseball. They literally throw the ball past the batter, trusting that its flight is quicker than his eyes. But they are exceptions, proving the general rule. Hubbell's fast ball would break an egg, but it wouldn't fool national league batters. His curve is excellent, but it wouldn't fool many good left-handed batters. It is his screwball that makes him the greatest pitcher in modern baseball and one of the greatest who ever donned a uniform.

The ordinary screwball breaks (or curves) laterally. Hubbell's delivery breaks sideways, of course, but then it drops. Hank Danning, the Giant catcher, says that sometimes Hub's pet delivery drops as much as two feet. The ball approaches the batter waist high and then, as he swings, it drops somewhere around his knees.

"When Hubbell is right," Lou Gehrig says, "it is strictly an accident if you get a hit."

Let's go into this matter of the screwball or, as the players call it, the "dipsy do." As the ball leaves the hand of the pitcher, it begins to rotate. This rotating motion causes the ball to curve as it loses speed. When a right-handed pitcher throws a curve (consciously making it

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rotate by putting a spin on the ball) the ball curves sharply as it crosses the plate. It will curve away from a right-handed batter. Ball players agree that a low curve which breaks away from the batter is the hardest delivery to hit.

As a rule, left-handed batters have great success against right-handed pitchers because the ball curves in toward them. Conversely, right-handed batters have better success against left-handed pitchers.

The right-handed Christy Mathewson was famous for his "fadeaway"—a curve ball that dropped. When you ask Hubbell to describe his screwball, he drawls, "Close as I can figure it out, it's Matty's fadeaway pitched by a left-hander."

Mr. and Mrs. Hubbell on a busman's holiday

Now when Hubbell (or any other left-hander) throws a curve ball, it breaks in toward a right-handed batter. Hubbell's screwball (now we come to it) breaks or curves away from a right-handed batter. In other words, Hubbell has the pitching equipment of both a right- and left-handed hurler. He usually throws an ordinary curve to left-handed batters. He feeds right-handed batters his "dipsy do," and for years they have been waving frantically at the ball which behaves in such an unorthodox manner.

He throws the screwball in this manner, and you might try it: Pick up a baseball, if you have one within arm's reach. If you haven't, pick up a package of cigarettes. Hold it in your left hand as though you were going to throw it. Now if you want that ball (or cigarette package) to curve, you will give it a spin as it leaves your hand—that is, if you will twist your hand and wrist *outward, away from your body.* That is the way a left-hander throws his curve ball.

Now throw it again, but this time instead of twisting your hand away from your body, twist your wrist *in toward* your body. Now you are throwing Hubbell's screwball. Notice that when you twist your arm in toward your body, there is a noticeable strain on the muscles of the forearm. Screwball pitchers in the past have led short baseball lives. The terrific strain on the muscles of the forearm soon takes its toll. Hubbell's long left arm, however, seems to be a thing of flexible steel.

It took years and years of practice for him to perfect his screwball. He began experimenting with this freak delivery back in 1924 when he was with the Cushing team of the Oklahoma State League.

"Like all pitchers, I had a fast ball and a curve," Hubbell says, "but I noticed that every pitcher who eventually made the big show had a little bit more than the standard equipment."

About this time an American League hurler named Herb Pruett was making a specialty of striking Babe Ruth out with what he called a screwball. Hub thought he would give it a try. At first he never knew where the ball would wind up after it left his hand. It hurt his arm to throw the unnatural delivery. He got himself a little rubber ball and he carried it in the left-hand pocket of his coat. A dozen times during the day he put his hand into his pocket to squeeze that rubber ball. Again and again he'd squeeze, then relax.

Soon he began to notice that his arm didn't get so tired after throwing a dozen screwballs. Soon he began to get some kind of control over the strange delivery. One day he tried it out in a game, and to his delight, it worked. It wasn't long before he had put a whole string of victories together and he moved up a notch to the Oklahoma City team in the Western League. His success continued, and Detroit gave him a tryout. Ty Cobb was managing Detroit then.

Cobb noticed Hubbell throwing the screwball to batters in a practice session and making them look pretty silly, too. Cobb shook his head and had one of his coaches relay some advice to the rookie. "Cobb says to lay off that screwball," one of Cobb's coaches told Hubbell. "It'll kill your arm in two years. Sure, it fools batters, but in two years it'll murder your arm."

Hubbell took the well-meant advice. He put his screwball away in moth balls for three years. Meanwhile, with only his curve and his fast ball, he was just another pitcher. Twice more he came up for big-league tryouts. Twice more he failed. Then he found himself back in the minor leagues pitching for Beaumont in the Texas League.

"I wasn't getting any younger," Hubbell recalls it, "and it looked like I was just another minor-league pitcher. I had about decided to give up baseball and get back to that plow. Then I remembered my screwball."

It might hurt his arm, as Ty Cobb had said, but after all, it was his last chance. He certainly couldn't get anywhere with his rather ordinary fast ball and his ordinary curve. He went back to using the screwball and after a hard game he'd look at that left arm and wonder when it was going to fall off. But it didn't fall off. It got stronger. His control, always good, helped him now.

In 1928 the Democratic Convention was held in Houston, Texas. Beaumont was playing Houston when Fate, in the form of Dick Kinsella, a delegate to the Convention and a friend of John McGraw, then manager of the New York Giants, happened along. That afternoon Hubbell let the strong Houston team down with four hits, and Kinsella wired to McGraw, "You just bought a pitcher."

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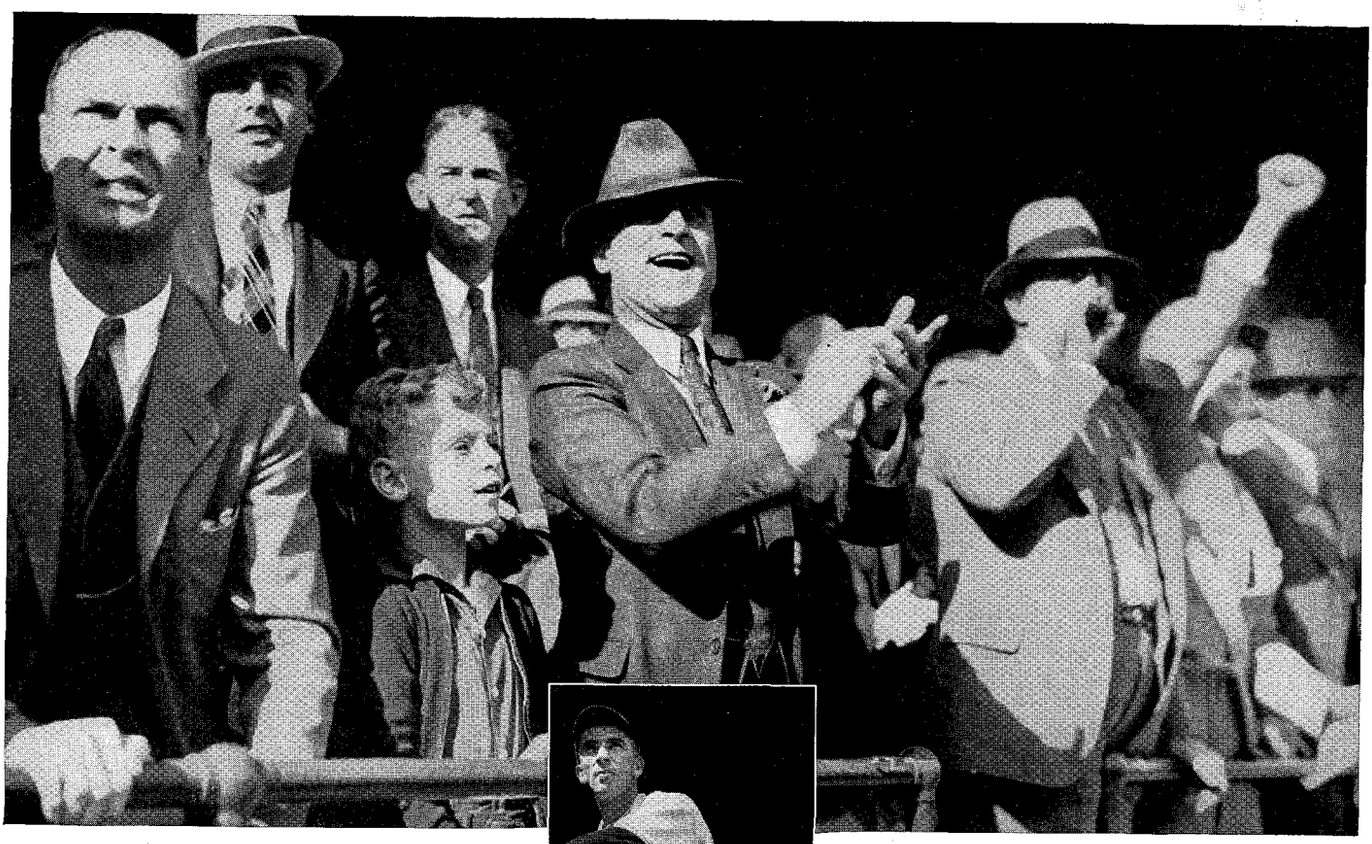
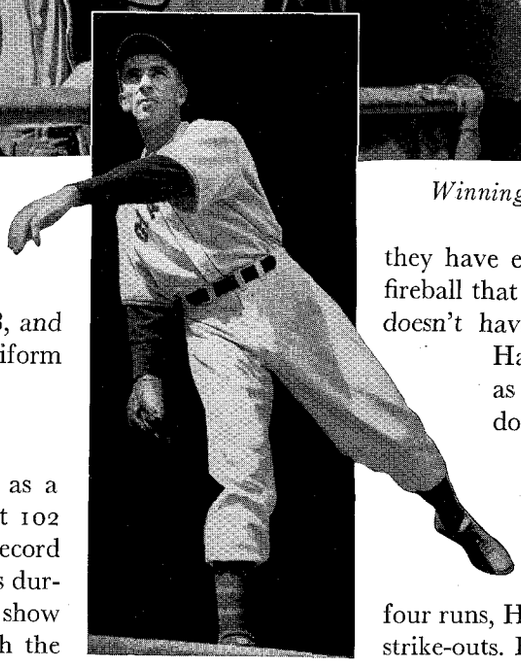


Boos and cheers do not affect Hubbell



Winning or losing, he pitches calmly

Three days later Hub reported to McGraw. McGraw sent him in against the Chicago Cubs. It was July 15, 1928, and Hub has been wearing a New York uniform ever since.

III

DURING his nine and a half seasons as a major-leaguer, he has won 192 and lost 102 games. This doesn't compare with the record of Walter Johnson, who won 414 games during his career, but he was in the big show twenty-one years. Nor does it approach the 373 games won by Grover Cleveland Alexander, but Alex had twenty years to compile his record. It is absurd, of course, even to attempt a comparison between a pitcher of today and some great hurler of another era. When the Hot Stove League meets during the off season, the boys who sit on the cracker boxes talking baseball invariably come back to the question, "Who was the greatest pitcher of them all?"

It may have been Rube Waddell or Matty. It may have been Walter Johnson or Alex. It certainly may be Carl Hubbell. Records tell only half the tale. Radical changes have been made in pitching reputations and the texture of the ball itself during the past few years. Some changes have helped the batter; others have helped the pitcher. There is no real basis of comparison.

But both National and American League batters are unanimous in saying that Hubbell is the greatest pitcher they have ever faced. He hasn't the terrific fireball that Young Bob Feller has; his curve doesn't have the sweep perhaps that Mel Harder's hook has; he isn't as strong as Dizzy Dean or Van Mungo, nor does he compare with them in the strike-out records.

It is typical of Hubbell that his only aim is to win games —not establish records. If the Giants are leading by three or four runs, Hub will ease up. He won't try for strike-outs. He'll make the players pop up to the outfield. He'll have them hitting into the dirt and going after bad balls. Hubbell pitches with his head as well as his arm. However, when the blue chips are down and somebody calls him, then he can usually rear back on those steel legs and "put it out." When the pennant race is close, Hub is always at his best. The players call him "The Meal Ticket."

"The sports writers tell us we have an ordinary club," Manager Bill Terry says. "That may be true, but nevertheless we win pennants. We win because it is almost impossible for us to go into a prolonged slump. Suppose we do lose three in a row. Well, there's always Hub to snap us out of it. Two years ago he won sixteen straight games. That streak was worth more to us than the winning of sixteen games. It provided a momentum that carried us through the rest of the schedule to the pennant."

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In 1933 Hubbell pitched forty-six consecutive scoreless innings. Only Walter Johnson (with his fifty-six innings) has exceeded that record. Of course Hubbell's greatest feat, and the one they'll be talking about long after he goes back to that plow, occurred in the 1934 All-Star Game.

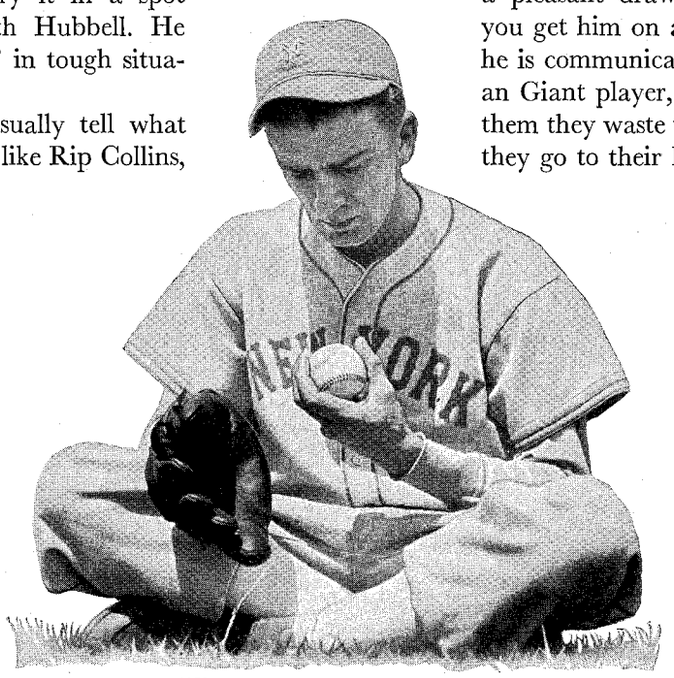
He worked three innings (the limit for an All-Star Game), gave two hits, no runs, and struck out six men. He struck out Ruth, Gehrig, Foxx, Simmons, and Cronin in succession. Of these five men, then the five leading batters in the American League, only Foxx was able to hit a foul off him. Dickey, up next, lined a scratch single to the outfield, and then Hub struck out Gomez. On that day Hubbell had everything that any pitcher ever had. He didn't give the batters one good ball. A "good ball" is one that cuts the plate. He kept cutting the corners, pulling the batters off balance, shooting them his "dipsy do" when they were expecting a fast one, and outsmarting them all the way.

Hub has a trick of pitching, not to a batter's weakness, but to his strength. Most batters have some pronounced weakness, and pitchers are quick to find it out. Then they concentrate on that weakness. Hub has a theory that constant batting against any type of pitched ball will eventually make that ball easy for a batter to hit. They get so they expect that ball. He crosses them by giving them something else.

When Hubbell is right, he can put the ball anywhere he wants to put it. He can cut the right or left corner of the plate. He can keep the ball low, or, if he wishes, throw it high. Usually when the count is three balls and two strikes on a batter, the pitcher is forced to "groove" one. The ball has to get over the plate, or the batter will walk. Most pitchers try to throw a fast ball right over the plate, trusting that the batter will miss it. They haven't enough confidence in the control of their curve or their downer or their trick deliveries to try it in a spot like that. It is different with Hubbell. He usually throws his "dipsy do" in tough situations.

Experienced batters can usually tell what kind of a ball is coming. Men like Rip Collins, Joe Medwick, Billy Herman, or Gabby Hartnett can tell by the way the ball leaves the hand of a pitcher whether it is going to be a curve or a fast ball.

"Hub never shows his hand," Hartnett says. "He masks his throws beautifully. It is silly to try and outguess Hub. I find the best way to bat against him is to go up there, say a little prayer, close your eyes, and swing. If you're lucky, you may connect."



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Dolly Stark is the one umpire universally respected by ball players. Stark is not the conventional huge, slightly bovine-looking arbiter of baseball decisions. Once Bill Terry, in a rage, stormed out toward first base when he thought that Stark had called one wrong against his team.

"Ott was safe a mile!" Terry screamed.

Stark looked up at the livid Terry and said mildly, "I guess you're right, Bill. I don't miss many, but I think I missed that one. But it's too late now to do anything about it."

Terry was too astounded to protest any further. He walked back to the dugout in a daze. An umpire who missed one and who admitted it was something new to him. Stark is like that. Honesty to him is not virtue but something that is part of one, like an arm, or a leg. He is young, slim, alert, handsome, and if need be, he can lick any player in the National League. He has stood behind the plate watching the deliveries of the best pitchers who have been out there during the past ten years. I asked him about Hubbell.

"It's ridiculous to mention the name of any other modern ball player in the same breath with Hubbell," Stark said. "Standing there back of the plate, you can really see what a pitcher has. When Hubbell is right, he has more than any pitcher I ever saw. In addition to his great natural pitching equipment, he has a temperament that helps him a great deal. He is never ruffled, never excited. If the score is tied in the ninth and they have three men on and a dangerous hitter at bat, Hub will pitch as carefully and as calmly as he'd pitch if his team were four runs ahead. I've never seen Hub in a panic."

IV

Personally, Hubbell is the apotheosis of the Oklahoma farmer. He is tall and lean, and he has a slow smile and a pleasant drawl. He isn't talkative, but if you get him on a subject that is near to him, he is communicative. He and Mel Ott, veteran Giant player, room together, and between them they waste very few words. After a game they go to their hotel and split a bottle of ale between them. Terry, despite his reputation as a strict disciplinarian, never worries about what Hubbell or Ott is doing. If they want a bottle of ale or a dozen bottles of ale, that's all right with Bill. Sometimes, in fact, he wishes that players like Hubbell would loosen up a little.

There was that time in Havana a year ago, for instance. The team had been working out for nearly three weeks. Terry had been

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bringing the boys along gradually. His idea was to bring the team to its peak on April 15, the opening day of the regular season. He noticed with some consternation that both Hubbell and Freddie Fitzsimmons were already in midseason form. He was apprehensive that they would go over their peak, that they would, in the parlance of ball players, go "stale."

"Listen you two," Terry told them one evening, "go out and have some fun. Drink all you want. Stay out all night if you feel like. Eat what you want, but forget all about baseball."

Fitzsimmons and Hubbell walked out of the hotel. Two hours later they returned, a bit sheepishly. Their gait was steady and their eyes were clear. Neither showed any signs of dissipation.

"Bill," Hubbell said seriously to the astounded Terry, "you should of known better than to tell us to go off on a bender. You know, Bill, Fitz and I aren't like that."

The word "color" in connection with professional sport is an all-embracing term virtually impossible of definition. Babe Ruth had tremendous color. Lou Gehrig has none at all. Jack Dempsey had it. Gene Tunney didn't. Dizzy Dean absolutely drips with color.

For years the sports writers lamented the fact that Carl Hubbell lacked color. On the pitching mound he was a robot. He never changed expression. He just reared back and threw that ball. He had no mannerisms, nor did he indulge in any dramatics when things went against him.

When the sports writers tried to find out what peculiarities Hubbell had which might add up to feature stories they met with no success. They asked Hub what he did at night, and he'd smile that slow smile and he'd say, "Well, I do what everyone else does. I go to a movie or read a book and sometimes, when we're in New York, I go to a show."

They visualized him getting up at four in the morning to milk the cows during the off season, but Hubbell spiked that too. "I just help around the place a little," he said. "We got a couple of hired hands who do the real work."

He dresses well but simply. He talks of baseball as another man would talk of selling bonds or insurance. It's his job, he likes it, and he does it as well as he can. He sees nothing extraordinary about the fact that he is the best pitcher in baseball. He's worked hard to learn his trade and sometimes he's a bit puzzled at the fuss people make about his success. No, he couldn't in his private life provide any material for color stories.

During the past three years, however, Hub's absolute lack of color has paradoxically enough made him one of baseball's biggest drawing cards. He hasn't changed. Perhaps the baseball public has. When it is announced that Hubbell is to pitch, the mortality among grandmothers of office boys is high. Supreme Court Judges postpone important cases, and Wall Street stops work. The gong rings on the floor of the Stock Exchange promptly at three o'clock each day. If Hub is to pitch that afternoon, you'll see a concerted rush to the exits.

When Hub pitches, the attendance is always good. A crowd of 15,000 is a very good weekday crowd at the Polo Grounds. When Hub pitches, there will usually be at least 25,000 or 30,000 present. On a Sunday, Hub will sell out the ball park. He has become a great drawing card. His modesty, his quietness, and his refusal to indulge in histrionics of the Dean or Ruth brand have all made him a lovable figure, not only in New York, but all around the circuit.

Hub has received close to $250,000 in salary and World Series checks during the past nine and a half years. Several years ago the late Charley Stoneham, who owned the Giants, did something unprecedented in baseball history. He sent Hubbell a contract, leaving the salary line blank. He wrote, "Fill in what you want."

Hubbell thought about it a week or so and then wrote in $15,000. Stoneham phoned him immediately.

"I'm not satisfied with that salary you wrote in, Hub," he grumbled.

"I'm sorry," Hub apologized. "If it's too high, cross it out and put in your own figure, Mr. Stoneham."

"Too high!" Stoneham exploded. "I'm sore at you for putting such a cheap valuation on your services to us. I'm raising it to $17,000."

I asked young Horace Stoneham, present owner of the Giants, what he was going to pay Hubbell this season.

"Whatever he wants," Stoneham said laconically. Actually he paid him $25,000. If the Giants win the pennant and get into the World Series, that will be augmented by approximately $6000.

There are those who think that if Hubbell asserted himself he might make Stoneham raise the ante. But Hubbell isn't stupid. Actually he has saved his money, put it in annuities and land, and all in all has laid the foundation for a comfortable old age. Hubbell had great confidence in the fairness of Charles Stoneham. He has confidence in young Horace Stoneham. He knows how Stoneham operates. Even when he has had a mediocre year, he has found Stoneham more than generous. By leaving the salary problem to his boss he does a smart thing. He never held out for more money in his life, yet he's the highest-paid pitcher in baseball and one of the two or three highest-paid players.

Hubbell is now beginning his eleventh season as a member of the Giants. All winter he has been working on his Meeker, Oklahoma, farm, which, outside of baseball, is his only other interest in life. He's been milking the cows and tending the chickens and bending his strong back over the ground. Reports from the South are to the effect that Hub is better than ever. Acknowledged to be the greatest pitcher in baseball, "The Meal Ticket" is all set to lead the Giants to another pennant. How long he'll remain the greatest pitcher in baseball no one knows. But it doesn't matter. When the elasticity leaves his legs and the steel in his left arm begins to crack, Hub will say good-by to baseball without a regret. He'll buy a one-way ticket to Oklahoma and he'll drawl slowly, "Well, I still got my plow."

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We'd Rather Be Selfish

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HELENA AND HENRY PRINGLE

During the six years of our parenthood we have been conscious, from time to time, that sniffs of disapproval have been exhaled in our direction. The sniffs have implied, to put it mildly, that we are less than an ideal father and mother and that deep sympathy is felt for our suffering daughter and son. The two main counts in the indictment appear to be:

A sweeping charge that we are selfish—which really covers all the rest of our sins.

The accusation that we delegate too many aspects of parenthood in order to continue our careless, untrammeled existence.

To both of these charges we plead guilty, qualified by "So what?" We offer in answer the fact that even our harshest critics seem to like our brats, deplorable as their home life may be. We may not be absolutely certain that they will escape the penitentiary. But this we know: they are not having their spirits crushed by the demands of excess parental love; they will never become pathetic or rebellious prisoners of the silver cord. To change the figure, we may fail to emulate the pelican which warms its young with the down from its breast. On the other hand, we aren't like certain well-known species of fish—and a good many parents—which eat their offspring.

The truth is we are pretty smug about the products of our parenthood. Our youngest, the boy, is still too much of an infant to be put on exhibition as an example of how well we do. Our daughter, however, is close to six. And we offer her as a reasonably intelligent, well-adjusted, well-behaved child.

We admit that we still take a lively interest in our own pleasure. One night last winter we had planned on a quiet evening at home. We told the nurse to go to a movie. The cook went out, too. We were having a pick-up dinner when some friends who live in the same apartment house telephoned to ask us to an impromptu party. We consulted Margot. Would she mind greatly being left alone for an hour or two? We pointed out that we would

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be in an apartment merely two floors below, that we could get to her in two minutes if she needed us.

"Look," we said, "if anything goes wrong, if Robert wakes up and cries, or if you're frightened about anything, will you go into the hall and ring the elevator bell? Then we'll come right away."

Margot pondered it for a second. She was well accustomed to ringing for the elevator when she went out to school or to play. All of the boys were her close friends. On the other hand, she had never been left alone at night before, and the prospect was a shade frightening. But after considering it, she bravely agreed. At intervals of a half-hour or less, during the evening, one of us stole back to the apartment and looked in the nursery. She was fast asleep.

The point is, of course, that selfish parents breed responsible, self-reliant children. The child whose father and mother are frankly frivolous, openly all too human, develops a protective attitude toward them. The world's cares brush his shoulders at a tender age—and this, we think, develops a character far more manly, or womanly, than the one which has never had to do anything but lap up the parental outpouring of devotion and sacrifice.

Moreover, the happy child of selfish parents never wakes up with a jolt in later years to the awful truth that dear old Mother and Dad are human, just like anybody else. He has known it all along. We cite, as a very minor instance, the time when Margot was requested to stop biting her nails. Her retort was, "Well, Mummy does it." That sort of situation, we understand, is embarrassing to more orthodox parents. Not to us. Mummy merely says in a crestfallen tone, "I know I do. Let's both try to stop it. You remind me, and I'll remind you." This appeals to the child's sporting spirit.

We know another child who is blessed by parents virtually as bad as ourselves. He is now about fourteen years old and his father, whose professional earnings have been large, is one of those men who are excessively careless with money. He never knows where it has gone. One day he was bewailing the extreme cost of the private tennis court which he maintained at his home in California. He said the upkeep was terrific. He said it cost far more to play tennis on one's own court than at the most expensive club. He offered the theory that this was because his guests, who dropped in to play on Saturday and Sunday, used so many tennis balls. They also consumed quite a lot of Scotch.

At this point, Don, who had been listening in decorous silence to his elder's conversation, became almost violent.

"But Father, that's not where the money goes," he said. "You know perfectly well most of it goes for gambling. You lose an awful lot of money betting on your game. You *know* you do!"

Father could only look silly and say, "I guess you're right."

Some years earlier this same boy had been packed off to a summer camp so that his parents could take a trip to Honolulu. His father recalled his own early years in a boys' camp and, in particular, a barbaric system which made it impossible to tell his parents that he didn't like the place and wanted to come home. It seems that the counselors would read his mail. If they discovered a complaint, they would summon the boy and appeal, in that oleaginous manner of summer-camp counselors, to his manhood.

"Surely, Perkins," they would say, "you're not going to let down Good Old Camp Kilamaniquassett! Where is your camp spirit? Buck up, old man! Let's just tear this letter up, eh, and write another, eh, Perkins?"

Don's father remembered this through all the years. He didn't propose that Don should be similarly blocked if he wanted to come home. So he worked out certain code words which could be used should a crisis arise. In Honolulu, Don's parents received fairly regular mail from their son for a time. Then the letters stopped coming. A cable to the camp brought word that all was well. Don's father worried, however, took an earlier boat back and motored to the camp—which was in California—as fast as he could. Don, it appeared, was having a swell time.

"Why didn't you write?" asked his father.

"You see, Dad, I forgot what those code words were. I was afraid, if I put any of them in the letter, you would worry about me and come home, so I just didn't write at all."

One of the duties urged upon parents is setting a good example. This, selfish parents naturally refuse to do. We wouldn't dream of doing it, ourselves. As the best parental examples notoriously have just the opposite effect from the one intended, it is no surprise to us to find that selfish parents not only have responsible, self-reliant, and thoughtful children, they also have well-behaved children. One of the most upstanding young men of seventeen we have ever met had a conspicuously giddy mother. She was divorced, of course. He took good care of her. Her absurd vice of staying out late at night was the last *he* would ever imitate.

Our own excesses are pretty mild, but already their beneficial effect shows in our daughter. When Margot was three years old she recognized, as we were driving along the road, a giant bottle of beer pictured on a signboard. "I don't like beer," she stated.

As she had never tasted it, to our knowledge, we were interested, and wanted to know why not.

"Because," she said firmly, "it has nasty whiskey in it."

We still can't account for this except by the subtly good influence of a bad parental example on even a three-year-old mind.

Our kind of parenthood, which is, after all, not unique, seems to draw fire first and foremost from the older generation. We are beyond the comprehension of the epoch that raised us, and "we" at this point refers to the maternal half of us, in particular. We go in for working wifehood, or whatever you call it; we exemplify, however humbly, the great postwar feminine achievement of marriage-plus-career.

When Mummy has any kind of a job or obsession outside the home, it is a cinch that she is going to delegate

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some of the tender privileges of motherhood to another person. And it is this business of delegating, ahead of any of our other sins, which brings our elders' condemnation upon our head.

"If you really loved your children," their disapproving attitude implies, "you would take care of them yourself. Oh, we expect you to have some help. But it's simply unnatural for you to allow them to grow as attached to that governess as you do. Why, you don't seem to be bothered at all by the fact that they love her almost as much as they love you!"

It's true. We turn over quite a few of our parental duties to the person known in our house as Mamie. And we now have to admit that a lot of our airy, light-hearted theories would fall to the ground with an awful thud if we didn't have Mamie, or if she were any kind of person but the kind she is. She has been with us since Margot was born. She has practically brought up both our children. She is a sweet, intelligent English girl whom we are very glad to have as a daily influence in our children's lives. With her we feel able to make all sorts of independent gestures, even to going away on trips. Once we went abroad for six weeks, leaving Margot in her care. Without her we would stay home, and that's that. One point we freely concede to our opponents: that is, if you are going to rely on any kind of substitute parents, they have to be carefully selected and of superlative quality.

But more often than we walk out and leave our family, we pack up the entire nursery department—including Mamie, which is important—and set off together. It isn't necessary to go into an explanation of our disjointed existence beyond reminding our readers that writers are nutty folk, as all the world knows. Anyway, Margot has by now become quite tranquilly accustomed to finding that home has been moved, all of a sudden, to a cabin on board some boat, a cottage in Maine or Bermuda, or a ranch in California or Wyoming.

Our critics look with a distrustful eye upon these upheavals. Some of the more acute of them have asked, "How do you expect children to have any sense of stability when they have been bounced back and forth across the continent as you have a habit of doing?"

Well, we'd thought of that one ourselves. Our answer is that home is where the family is—and since the family, meaning father, mother, *and* Mamie, are the same wherever we may be, a certain continuity underlies our helter-skelter existence and, we think, builds a foundation of assurance in the minds of our young.

To solid old-fashioned folk such goings on as ours are excused or damned with the word "modern."

But we're not modern. Next to the older generation, our severest critics are those demon parents of our own age who apparently spend their mornings at discussion groups on "The Mind of the Child," and their evenings devouring occult studies on behaviorism and psychoanalysis. Up-to-date child-culturists have a horror of repression which we do not share. While we never thought much of the old system of making a child's life miserable for its own good, so-called, we are not converts, either, to the cult of making everybody else miserable while the little darlings enjoy the fullest self-expression.

You've heard the classic story about the ultra-progressive school. A visitor called one day just as the children were being let out for their period in the play yard. They came bolting down stairs as though the building were on fire, knocked the visitor aside, and rushed outdoors—all except one little boy, at the tail of the stampede, who stopped and said, "I beg your pardon."

"Oh, you mustn't mind Waldo," the teacher apologized. "He has been here only a few days."

Frankly, our aim is to raise a couple of Waldos. We foster inhibitions in our young because it is more comfortable for us to do so. We can't be bothered with a Little Ego around the house.

We're too busy.

If we weren't selfish, we might have time to raise anarchists. It might even be fun. The late Lincoln Steffens, we remember, retired from active writing after his autobiography was published and devoted himself solely to bring-

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ing up his small son. He allowed the boy every possible freedom, and as he also gave hours and hours of time to advising him, the result was excellent. The boy was charming, alert, and intelligent. But we think Steffens was merely the exception proving the general worth of our own rule.

To illustrate: We both work in a small and crowded study at home which is but a few feet from the nursery. Two alternatives face us. We can lock ourselves in for the better part of the day and decline to see our children at all. Or we can work in their company, more or less, and see quite a lot of them. The latter is what we do. Our daughter comes into the study when she feels like it and stays as long as she behaves herself. When she becomes a nuisance she gets the bum's rush. She recognizes the justice behind these occasional, swift evictions and doesn't seem to hold them against us. At the same time she is receiving a useful training in social adjustment, since it is a sure bet that a type of behavior which is annoying to a child's own parents will be at least as annoying to the rest of the world.

We haven't noticed that the children whose egos have been allowed to roam are necessarily happy, necessarily secure. We knew one small girl who was the daughter of an eminent doctor. Her mother was an equally eminent psychiatrist. Little Joan, about four, was brought up under a system of scientific conditioning. She went to the most modern of schools. Her flowering mind was watched as though it had been a culture in a test tube. Her mother fixation was delicately twined around other objects, like the tendrils of the vine—perhaps too delicately. Persuasion she knew, but compulsion never. One day we gave a children's party and Joan was among the guests. Her mother deposited her and then left.

"I wanna go home!" Joan announced piercingly, and kept up her lamentations until, gladly, we telephoned and had her removed. We are embarrassed, still, when we think of the satisfied cluckings over poor Joan's downfall that broke out among the common garden mothers and nannies whose children had never been conditioned at all.

As for our own darling, who must by now sound thoroughly obnoxious to all readers of this article—ever since she could toddle it has been possible to dump her at any party, anywhere, and leave her—perfectly happy. But it's not to "conditioning" that we attribute this triumph of adjustment. It's merely because all her life, when Mamie has had her day off and Mummy has happened to be busy, she has been turned over for hours to anybody who happened to be handy—including a Chinese houseboy who made one of the best substitute nurses we ever had.

A major offense with which we are charged is that we insist on living in town when, for our children's sake, we should move to the country. If we were relatively affluent we would, I'm sure, choose country life. We would both enjoy its spaciousness and the possibility of having horses and dogs. We would like to have our children live that kind of life. But we aren't affluent. The best we could achieve would be life in the suburbs.

And the suburban areas, near New York, at least, seem to us bad places for parents or children. A certain degree of ignorance may cloud our judgment, inasmuch as we have never lived in the suburbs. To us, though, city life seems free and independent, and this type of so-called rural existence limited and stultifying. To break down and be perfectly frank, we would be bored to death in the suburbs. We don't care much for golf, and Saturday-night dances would mean about as little. And neither of us would join the proper civic associations. So if we were to live in East Crestview or North Heathcote we would become nervous and morose and would be very bad parents indeed.

Speaking generally, we think children are better off when their parents are free and independent instead of slaves to their offspring. The best children we have known have been reared in households which were geared, with a certain touch of humor, to the convenience of the parents too.

A young woman of our acquaintance called us up awhile ago to announce that she and her husband were giving a party. They had decided to celebrate the first birthday of their son.

"It's going to be a swell party," she burbled. "We're sending the baby and the nurse to a hotel for the night so we can make all the noise we like."

We were rash enough to tell this around as a good story, on occasions when some terribly serious-minded parents were listening. They were shocked. We weren't. We happened to know that this child—who is adopted, by the way—was long an object of the deepest desire on the part of his parents; we know what a want his coming satisfied; and we are not a bit afraid that his happiness will be impeded because his father and mother have kept their pre-parental gaiety and light-mindedness.

Free parents—that is, selfish parents—have free children. A friend whom we have known for years indulged in happy reminiscences at our home one night. His father, he said, had been a free and self-sufficient person. He remembered an occasion, during boyhood, when the matter of choosing a profession had come up.

"What would you like me to be, Dad?" he had asked.

Our friend recalled that his father had appeared a little surprised at the question.

"Why, be whatever you want to be, son," he answered. "It's your career, not mine. I'll be pleased with anything you decide to do."

Such parents, it is clear, will never insist that a son carry on in the old widget factory instead of following a passionate interest in law or the arts. They will never try to select a husband or a wife for their offspring or interfere in the marriage after it has taken place. Their children are doubly blessed. On the one hand, they can turn to their parents for advice and guidance when they need it. On the other, being trained to think and decide for themselves, they will grow increasingly competent and self-reliant with the years.

We have all of us, alas, seen (*continued on page* 93)

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Andrew Wyeth's Maine Water Colors

For generations the Wyeths have followed the sea. One, a long time ago, was a pirate. Another was a sea captain. A third—N. C. Wyeth—became widely known for his strong seascapes. It was almost inevitable that Andrew Wyeth—the son of N. C. Wyeth—would grow up to be a painter of sea pictures. The remarkable thing is that Wyeth should succeed at such an early age. He is only twenty, yet his pictures have an indelible mark of strength and maturity. In them, he combines his love of the sea, his intimate knowledge of seafaring folk, and his sound technical ability. Ever since he was five years old, he has spent a good deal of his time at Port Clyde, Maine. There he lives among the fishermen—sailing, tending lobster traps, handling nets . . . and always learning and sketching. His only training has been under his father (who was doing color illustrations for SCRIBNER'S before Andrew was born). Young Wyeth began to draw before he could write and when he was twelve years old he did pen-and-ink drawings for a special edition of *Robin Hood* which was published by Charles

Scribner's Sons. Last year he held his first New York exhibition. Every picture shown was sold—a record for the Macbeth Galleries and an achievement for a relatively unknown artist. This early success has not spoiled Andrew Wyeth. He continues to tend lobster traps and to sketch his fellow lobstermen, one of whom is shown on this page.

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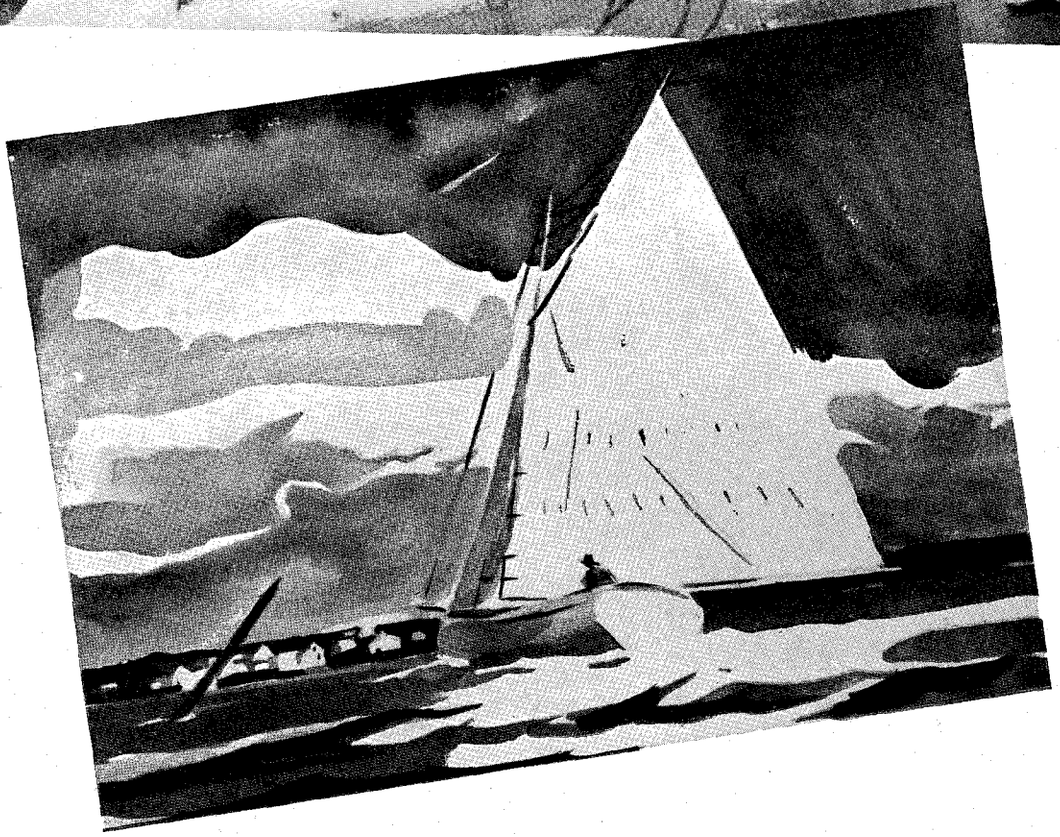

Port Clyde, Maine, is just one hundred miles south of the Canadian border. It is not a resort town; its population is made up chiefly of fishermen and small businessmen dependent on fishing. During the long winter months there is little to do. The countryside is blanketed with snow, and fishing days are few. "Lobster Trap" (top) catches the serenity of the scene. "Friendship Sloop" (bottom) is one of the trawling boats that go out to sea in the spring.

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THE three topics in a Maine fisherman's conversation are: the weather, the fish, and the church. The first two are business matters, for storms and poor catches can ruin a fisherman. The church is a social topic; it houses not only religious services but political and social meetings as well. "Patrolling the Nets" (top) shows the men at work. "Ridge Church" (bottom) pictures a quieter side of the life.

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The Love Pulps

THOMAS H. UZZELL

Magazines that sell glamour for a dime . . . the escape literature of three million maidens

BACK during the winter of 1920–21 a young woman was placed in an oak-paneled room of an old office building in New York. She stayed in that room for six months, alone, living with stacks of dime novels, coming out only for meals and sleep and now and then a breath of fresh air. Finally, around spring, about the time Mr. Harding took his oath, Miss Amita Fairgrieve opened her door and stepped out with the magazine she had been told to develop. It was built around one of the favorite four-letter words of the English race and was in essence a combination of that word, *love,* with a twenty-five-year-old publishing term, *pulp.* Miss Fairgrieve's *Love Story Magazine,* dated May, 1921, was the first love pulp in history. It began as a quarterly, changed quickly to a semi-monthly, and then became a weekly. It has had dozens of imitators, and today leads a field of eighteen magazines which sell more than three million copies a month.

The love pulps are among those hardy, violently colored perennials which form the background of most American newsstands. The covers displaying sheriffs with guns exploding in both hands, Oriental killers with rat-tailed mustachios and dripping daggers, gangsters being plugged in the very nick—these are the wood pulps for men. Only eighteen of 137 are pulps for women. Of the pulp readers in this country less than ten per cent are women. Woman's passion for fashions, greater interest in colors, and possibly sharper nose for a bargain induce her to seek reading satisfaction from the five-and-ten-cent big-circulation slicks.

The stigma of "pulp" has become attached to magazines on the lowest grade of newsprint, paper too rough for half-tones. Since literary magazines with no need of illustrations are sometimes printed on rough paper, the term "pulp" is not altogether accurate. Some pulp editors resent it. They prefer such terms as "all fiction" or, simply, "action" or "love" books. The pulp differs from other magazines also because of its standardized seven-by-ten-inches format, because it prints only one type of story and, paradoxically enough, because more than any other type of magazine it succeeds or fails by reason of what it prints. Literary magazines are supported by advertising and subsidies; big-circulation illustrated magazines are, if they succeed, triumphs chiefly of advertising and special promotion devices; but when the pulp gets by, it is by giving the reader what he or she wants.

Especially is this true of the love pulp. Run through any one of them and you will find in 128 pages less than a dozen devoted to advertising. You may at first be disturbed to see that most of the ads offer the maiden readers radio jobs, cures for piles, rupture, lost manhood, and weak muscles. This "lost circulation" is a result of the common practice among pulp publishers of selling advertising space by bulk, *i.e.,* by grouping several magazines, generally from one house, adding their circulations and selling circulation as a unit. In any case, the advertising appeal to the female pulp reader is small indeed, and little effort is made to stir her buying instincts. She has no money to spend. The most profitable appeal is a glittering display of cheap jewelry (engagement- and wedding-ring Queen of Love Bridal Ensemble, exquisitely matched, thirty dollars, one dollar down) which she can show her boy friend.

Born in 1921, the love pulp had its origin in the lavender-scented literary mists of the 1870's. In those days the maiden dream of love was sold to our clinging female ancestors in the pages of paper-backed books and of weekly newspapers with pages as big as bed sheets. The transition from dime novel to dime magazine was largely the result of a law passed in 1897. This law (Section 394 in Postal Laws and Regulations) provides that second-class matter "must be issued at stated intervals . . . and bear a date of issue and be numbered consecutively. . . . It must be formed of printed sheets, without board, cloth, leather or other substantial binding, such as distinguishes printed books for preservation from periodical publications." To enjoy low postage bills, the dime novel widened, lengthened, used smaller type, and emerged as a pulp magazine. The leaders in these moves were Frank Munsey and F. E. Blackwell of Street & Smith—the house which in 1921 put Miss Fairgrieve into that oak-paneled room. Before then some of the pulps had occasionally run love stories, but she was the first person to put a love pulp to press.

In 1933 Street & Smith switched distributors; they took their books, including *Love Story,* from the Independents

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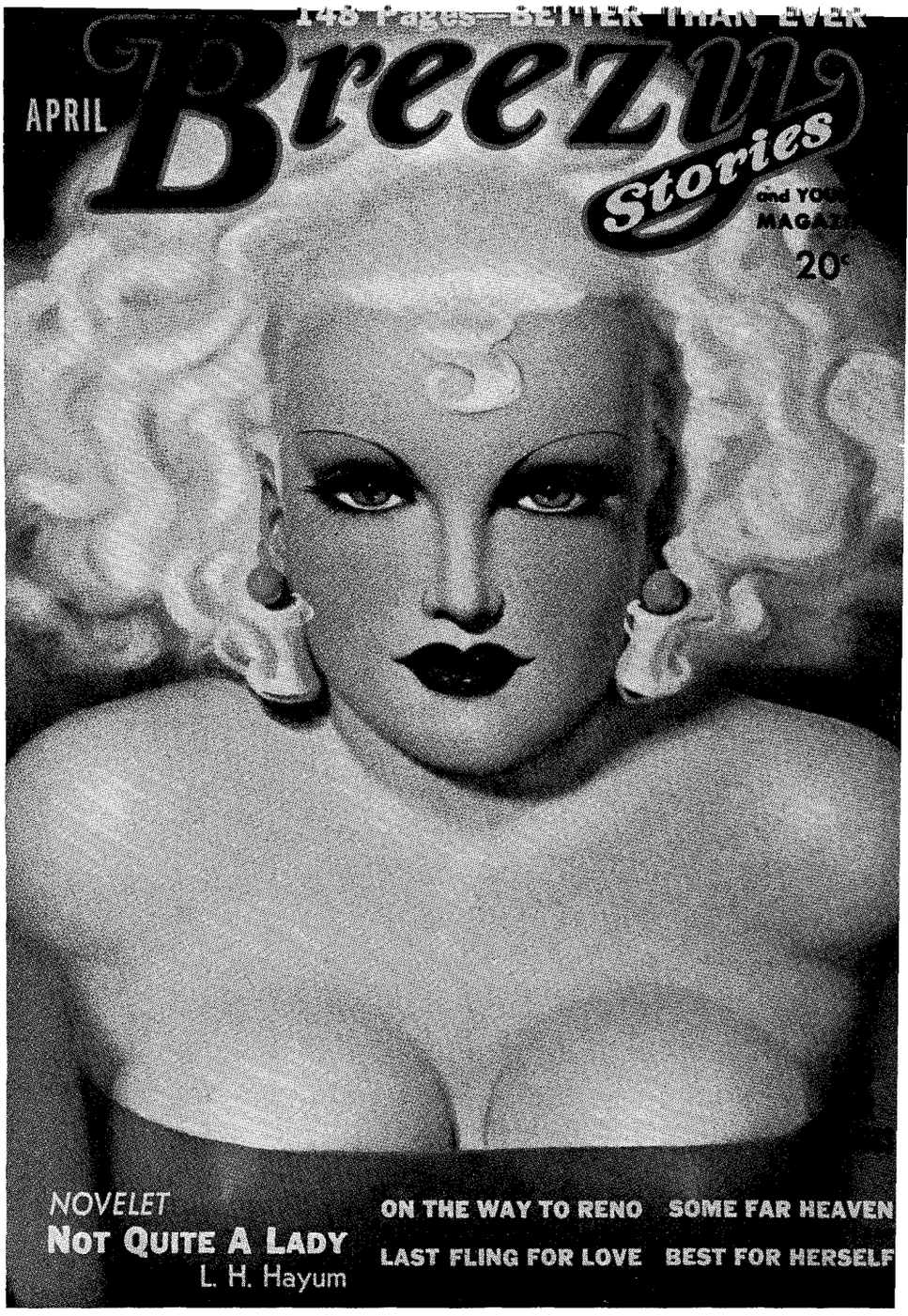
and put them in the hands of the American News Company. So the Independents went to a publisher by the name of A. A. Wyn who promised them a love pulp. Several days later he hit upon the title *Love Fiction Monthly,* and a week later the book was headed for the presses.

In 1936 the love-pulp field hit a special little boom of its own. Popular Publications, another young house, under the editorial guidance of Harry Steeger, felt the call and hired Jane Littell, a successful love-pulp writer, to edit *Love Book Magazine,* which sold at once and is still selling. Meanwhile Munsey publications had turned their general pulp, *All Story Magazine,* into a love pulp with the same pioneering Amita Fairgrieve as editor. (She had left *Love Story* in 1923 to edit *Cupid's Diary,* now *Sweetheart Stories.*) These four magazines, *Love Story, All Story, Love Book,* and *Love Fiction Monthly* are the leaders in the field today.

The exact circulation of these magazines cannot be learned because of the grouping of the circulations for advertising purposes. This bulking of circulation, moreover, enables the publisher of a sudden success to keep it dark—until he has a jump in the field. So tight has been this censorship at times that even the editors of the magazines don't know their own sales figures. Daisy Bacon, editor of *Love Story,* at one time regularly learned her weekly circulation at a cocktail party attended by the representative of a distributing company. Another editor learns her circulation by figuring one thousand to every seven letters from readers. Roy Barnhill, manager of a New York agency for pulp advertising space, reports that even he cannot learn the circulations of the separate magazines. "The only way to get the figures for a magazine is to get a job on it and be put in charge of deliveries."



No enterprising pulp publisher, however, need be kept very long in the dark as to his rival's successes. He can, and he does, check on rural circulation at strategic points with the help of local distributors. The distribution men report on the number of sales and number of returns of any magazine the publisher may want to keep an eye on. Every publisher has this espionage service, and so circulation is no secret to the top men in the trade. But to the outsider it is an impenetrable mystery. In any case, it is well known in the business that *Love Story Magazine,* published for seventeen years by Street & Smith, tops the field by a fairly wide margin. Various estimates place *Love Story's* circulation at figures varying from 92,000 to 350,000. The latter figure is probably nearer to accuracy, but even that is far below the boom heights. Back in the 1929 era, when the price was fifteen cents rather than today's ten, *Love Story* sold thirty million a year, close to 600,000 a week—probably the highest circulation ever attained by *any* pulp magazine. The monthly sales of *Love Fiction Monthly* and *Love Book* are undoubtedly over 100,000; *All Story* falls short, but can afford to because of its fifteen-cent price.

Each of these four is edited by a woman. Only one man editor—Leo Margulies of *Thrilling Love* and *Popular Love*—competes with them, and he is not far behind. Daisy Bacon of *Love Story,* Amita Fairgrieve of *All Story,* Jane Littell of *Love Book* and the bimonthly *Romance,* and Rose Wyn of *Love Fiction* and *Ten-Story Love*—these women know their jobs. Their magazines follow the ever-shifting editorial styles as deftly as their clothing changes with the tides of feminine fashion. They exhibit a feminine thriftiness, too, in getting stories at half the rates the men's pulps pay.

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iron fence. Here, for three-quarters of a century, the house of Street & Smith has conducted a solid business built upon the sale chiefly of two commodities—melodrama for men and glamorous romance for women. At the moment, the Street & Smith detectives, cowboys, and Indian scouts are not doing so well, and the modern young things in the love pulps who get their men are stepping forth as the breadwinners.

Miss Bacon dictates her letters to the experts of glamour as she sits before an old-fashioned roll-top desk across the top of which parades a number of cats and elephants. Several gaily colored, ardent magazine covers are framed on the wall behind her. She is a New Englander, blonde, unmarried. On an informal inquiry once as to the best-looking editorial staff in New York, Miss Bacon, with her half-sister, Esther Joa Ford, her only editorial assistant, also a spinster, came off with top honors.

Miss Bacon has few editorial tricks unknown to others in the same business. All love-pulp editors collaborate freely and generously with their writers. Miss Bacon has assets in the title of her magazine and in the reputation of her house. Facing the task of editing bad stories—bad in the literary sense—she knows unerringly what kind of badness is needed. She likes to print stories built around headline news of the day. She attains the utmost in variety of situations without varying the uniform quality of glamorous romance. She avoids stories in which the average girl could not picture herself, such as plots involving contact with violent criminals; she understands the naïve code of conduct which is the only religion left to many of her readers; and finally, she knows what makes a story logical and convincing to a mind without logic and convinced of nothing. She does these things well, and unerringly, and all the time.

No effort by an analytical male to understand the editorial processes of these women editors will succeed. They arrive at their decisions, as a woman should, by intuition. Jane Littell comments on Daisy Bacon: "I believe she could separate a stack of manuscripts into two piles with her eyes shut and in one pile would be the only copy worth her reading." Says Miss Bacon herself: "I trust my personal judgment. I pay no attention to what other magazines print; I read but do not heed my fan mail. Some of my competitors make a big mistake, I think, by imitating my magazine and trying out new formulas. I know what I want and I do not count on having the luck to find it among the manuscripts submitted. I write a good many letters to my authors."

Miss Bacon, who took hold of *Love Story* in 1928, has an office in the same building used by Miss Fairgrieve in 1921. It stands at Seventh Avenue and Fifteenth Street, a seven-story red-brick building surrounded by a high

Jane Littell describes her own editorial policy thus: "Men as women wish they were, girls as they'd like to be, stories you'd like to live." But after all the evidence is gathered, one must admit that the successful love-pulp editors buy stories they like. And if they select the wrong stories, it doesn't seem to matter much either. Miss Littell has seen manuscripts she has rejected picked up and composed into almost an entire issue of a competing magazine which sold as well as the Littell book.

In the familiar fairy tale and in the love pulps of yesterday, we find a heroine, young and beautiful, who is persecuted and suffers, until her dreams are realized in some magical manner and she marries the prince who bestows upon her love and wealth. Sex was missing altogether. Cinderella's loneliness and poverty distressed her

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more than her lack of a mate. The parade of horses, flocks of servants, gilded coach, palace, all indicated that little sister had indeed landed in a pretty soft spot. Her story was neurotic in that she yearned not for a lover but a lover-father. It was moral in that wealth was a reward for her unselfishness and patience, and a fairy tale because of the lucky breaks.

Today Cinderella has been endowed with some sex so that she is no longer so neurotic; she attains her dreams, not because she is a model of all the virtues, but because she does something about it. The obviously Victorian elements are all gone—all but one: the theory of virginity as a sacred endowment (really a bargaining asset in a marriage deal) still holds. Pulp heroines in recent months, Miss Bacon tells me, have become drunk, have disobeyed their parents, have remained over night in young men's apartments, but they have not yet parted with the Big Asset, "though some of them," Miss Bacon says, "are not so sure."

As for the hero, unemployment and the small crop of farm boys who have become multimillionaires in recent years have stripped him of all artificial nobility and most of his one-time fabulous wealth. It is enough today if he prefers the heroine to all others and says so with kisses—if not enough kisses are provided for *Love Story,* Miss Bacon may write them in—and provided also that he has a pair of marvelously broad shoulders and has been asked by the boss to come around Monday morning.

Love-pulp fiction differs from love-slick fiction in only two fundamental ways: (1) it is more highly emotional, (2) it is generally less well-written. And this second generalization is not always true—a reject from *Thrilling Love* recently came out in *Cosmopolitan.* The emotional tone, though, is an almost ironclad essential. Even the gayest love-pulp yarn has an undertone of sadness in it. When the heroines laugh they are generally laughing through tears. In the end, of course, everything turns out happily, but up until then the heroine suffers.

The typical love pulp will contain:

A rich-girl story—with limousine, ermine, penthouses, and all the luxuries calculated to give the reader a vicarious thrill.

A poor-girl-who-makes-good story—Cinderella again.

A Hollywood or radio story—for behind-the-scenes glamour.

A hero-in-uniform story—there's something about a soldier.

Illustrations after the manner of Nell Brinkley, the heroes currently looking suspiciously like Robert Taylor.

A Pen Pals department (which gives the editors headaches guarding against mashers and confidence men, and has even had J. Edgar Hoover's G-men embroiled).

A love-lorn column—which offers moderately innocuous advice on real and fancied love affairs.

A column on astrology or palmistry or some similar fortunetelling business that brings in an unconscionable number of dimes from introspective readers.

And, oddly enough, several poems, which are not so bad as you might suspect.

With few exceptions, the writers who fill love-pulp pages are women. Among the regular contributors to *Love Fiction Monthly* are to be found three different types. One is represented by Mrs. Harry Pugh Smith, a physically strong, robust woman with tremendous vitality and enthusiasm. As she outlines her stories to her editor, she seems to identify herself with them; she is her own heroines, and writes with sincerity and conviction. Another type is that popular veteran in the pulps, Peggy Gaddis.

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All Brides Are Scared

By Rowena R. Farrar

MADELINE SIMMONS, a lovely white goddess behind pale-yellow rosebuds, came through the door into the brilliantly garlanded church upon her father's arm. As she walked slowly down the petal-strewn aisle toward the handsome man waiting at the altar, her incredibly slender, graceful body was trembling with excitement and reverence and fright. Getting married was a terrifying business.

"All brides are scared stiff on their wedding day," one of her bridesmaids had assured her. She clutched at that remark for comfort. But what if she should discover, later on, that she didn't really love Frank Meriwether? Or, suppose he should fall out of love with her? It had happened before, one way or the other, and a wedding ceremony might not prevent its happening again.

So great is her energy and so perfected her technique that she turns out her work like a machine. She refuses to rewrite. With her, the love pulp is a business and she is a success at it. A third type of writer employs a more intellectual approach, and to this group belongs another big name in the love-pulp field, Judith McKay. Although her writing is also well-organized on a business basis, she depends more on method and less on instinct. Her methods carry greater risk of rising above the comprehension of her audience. She polishes her pages with care and as a result her output is less than that of the other two types. The first of these types will turn out the best stories for pulp pages; the second makes the most money; the third is the editor's delight.

A successful love-pulp writer, Lisbeth Walter, who belongs to the third class of pulp scribes, furnishes this account of her art: "The pulp editors advised me, if I would succeed, to throw myself into my heroine's place. I threw and nothing happened: the result was not pulp. In despair I studied a little Polish maid I had at that time. I tried all my inventions on her, soon discovering that she liked to read about luxurious bathrooms, furs and perfumes, descriptions of clothes, scenes in which the heroine slaps the hero's face, scenes in which the hero was particularly polite and well-mannered. I pondered these revelations. After all, the average boy such girls know is probably a truck driver, and his love-making must leave much to be desired. What was it my Polish maid missed? I figured this out and put it into my next love story. It sold, and so has every word I have written since."

The rates paid love-pulp writers are not high: their editors make money by not spending much of it. In the boom days of the 1920's, pulp romances brought as high as four cents a word, or around $200 a story. Today, two and a half cents is probably the top; *Love Story,* for instance, averages around one and three-quarter cents. *Love Book* pays two cents, but averages less, while the Wyns pay around a cent and a half.

In a single issue, the total fees paid authors for an average of six stories, two installments of serials, and space-filling poetry are from $500 to $2500. The ratio of this expense to the total cost of a successful pulp book can be seen in the cost sheets furnished by one of them which totals 128 pages, has a print order of 100,000, and sells for fifteen cents on the newsstands. These other costs are: printing, $1400; paper, $1000; engraving, $230; illustrations, $175; editorial salaries, $200; overhead, $100. The total, including an average charge of $700 for the authors, is $3790.

The publisher sells the entire print order to the distributor for eight and a half cents a copy and is credited with $8500. At the end of the sale period, the distributor returns unsold copies at nine and a half cents each. The sale varies from forty-five to fifty-five per cent. On a fifty per cent sale the net return to the publisher is his credit of $8500 less $4750 or $3750. Advertising space for this magazine is calculated at from eighty cents to a dollar per page per thousand, minus a twenty-five per cent agency commission and staff costs. Allowing $250 as the net on advertising and a similar sum for resale of the returns abroad, we have a net revenue of $4250 and a net profit for one issue of $460.

No account of the manufacture and distribution of love-pulp literature in this country could be complete without some mention of the publications put out by the house of C. H. Young Publishing Co. This house, headed by Courtland H. Young until his death in 1931, has specialized for three decades in the sexy, or, as its editors say,

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the sophisticated, type of romantic love pulp. *Young's Magazine* was one of the early pulps and has had, if you include its present incarnation, combined with *Breezy Stories,* a longer continuous history than any other. The typical *Breezy Stories* traffics in the love adventures of married rather than unmarried heroines, is the very trade journal of triangles, and in general appeals to older married women. Contrary to the belief of many who never see beyond the covers of *Breezy Stories,* its appeal is in no sense pornographic. Its stories observe the outward proprieties as closely as the more popular love pulps; it differs radically, however, from the latter in that it believes in the possibilities of love with or without a marriage certificate and prefers to detail the illegal romance. The sweetheart stories are told with sugar, the breezy (an inaccurate title certainly) with spice; and the spice is the world-and-reputation-well-lost-for-love. In the former there is no bed and no shadow of one; in the latter the bed dominates every scene.

It is accepted by the editors of the confession magazines that the bed must precede the marriage, as if this were a natural rather than man-made law; and when this law is violated (in the confess story), the evil Fates always get wind of it, and there's hell to pay, including penance. In the breezy story the final marriage is happy just because the bed preceded the ceremony: the theme of the breezy story is the intensity of the heroine's passion. The Cinderella of the love pulps is good and therefore happy; the confession lady is bad and therefore unhappy; breezy's heroines are bad but happy. Most of us will agree, I think, that the breezy editors have got something.

All Brides Are Scared 51
when you are really in love, you know. There are no doubts to stifle, only a desperate longing.
Grimly she looked into the future. This Pauline was after Philip, and she had every advantage. She was his first love. Under the driving pressure of her beauty and her kisses, Philip would forgive the past. In a few days he
"I'm mad about you! I've fought against loving you until I'm actually limp. Oh, darling, where are your lips?" He swept her into his arms and kissed her the way she had dreamed he would kiss her some day.
LS—4A

Who are the three million people who read the love pulps? In general, they are women whose lives are cast into a mold of dull routine—factory girls, housewives, domestics, shop girls, office workers. In the love pulps these girls find "life as they'd like to live it."

These readers possess no fertile imaginations; their dreams must be written out for them. The dreams must not be too complex—motivation must be simplified to merely instinct responses. It is this inviolable rule of simplification which gives the pulp story its mark of triteness. The cliché and the familiar complication are necessities, not lapses. They are symbols which the reader can easily grasp; they enable the reader to understand a story without thinking it out.

Only a few years ago the romantic impulse in the young woman in all popular fiction was restricted to the maternal, leading to acts of tenderness and self-sacrifice. Today the mating instinct is coming into its own. Since all women find it difficult to speak of sex for what it is, it follows that the love life of the Cinderella even of today is set forth most effectively in its simplest physical-psychic aspects, *i.e.*, in terms of embraces, passionate kisses, and sensuous atmospheres.

The strongest trait of all in the sub-mass female reader, however, is not sex or even the maternal, but devotion to convention. What her neighbors, her girl friends, will say of her is still her most passionate concern. Tribal mores hold her in a grip firm beyond the comprehension of anyone capable of intelligent behavior. Passionate princes and "thrilling" heroines who must be brought together without doing anything Grandma wouldn't do—this is *the* central problem which pulp editors and writers expend their ingenuity trying to solve.

[This is the second article in a series on magazines that sell. The third will appear in the May issue.]

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RABBIT FEVER

A STORY BY WILLOUGHBY JOHNSON

Old Man Tucker shifted his quid ruminatively, crossed his legs, and spat once into the low-burning fire. Then he said:

Course I never done none of this big game hunting like the rest of you fellers, and so I ain't never wrastled no boar contractor nor been clawed by no big cats nor throttled no Arab with my bare hands the way youall been a-telling bout tonight. But you know there's some mighty peculiar things can happen to man right here in Boone County.

I'm minded of the time I and Charlie Cummings had went out a rabbit hunting one morning in the late fall. It was a nice snappish day and we had walked along for some little time just chewing the fat and paying no mind to where we was a-going or how far, till all of a sudden it struck me that we'd been out quite a spell and nary a rabbit had we seen yet.

So I says to Charlie, "Charlie," I says, "don't it seem kind of funny to you that we ain't seen ary rabbit yet?"

"Well, Ed," says Charlie, and he stopped and scratched his head, "I hadn't really give it no thought, you might say, but now you mention it, why it certainly does."

"It just come over me all of a sudden," I says. "I declare I don't believe I ever covered this much territory afore in my whole life without I kicked up a dozen or more at least. It certainly does look funny to me."

"It does that," says he, "especially when they's usually rabbits in this here bottoms thicker nor fleas on a mangy dog. Wonder where in the world they could of all went to?"

"I've not got the least idea," I says, "lessen they've all went down closter to the river, to a convention or something."

"Well, it won't cost nothing to go down there and give it a try," says Charlie.

And so we turned off down towards the river, tromping on ever brush heap and kicking in ever corn shock we come to till we was so aggravated we was fit to be tied, but without seeing no more sign of a rabbit nor we did of a buffalo. Well, after while we come to a pretty steep knob that we clumb and there we lent on our guns a minute and cussed.

"Dagnabbit," says Charlie, "I'm a-going to get me a dadburned rabbit if I have to follow this durned river all the way to Booneville and back."

Well, by that time I was pretty well burnt out on the rabbit proposition, but I said if he was bound to do it I was dogged if I wasn't a-going with him, and we was just going to set out agin when he sniffs the air and turns and sniffs and sniffs agin, and then says, "Ed, my nose 's done informed my stummick that it's right at dinnertime, if not beyond."

With that he started off over the knob, me follering right behind. And sure enough, right on the other side we come to old Mr. Sievers' place, which was a surprise to me, not realizing that we'd come that far yet. There was smoke a-coming outn his chimbley and the smell of frying meat was all over.

"It would be real unneighborly of us to go on by without passing the time of day," I says. So we went in, and Mr. Sievers was just pulling outn the stove a batch of those big doughy biscuits some folks calls catheads.

"Well, well," he says, looking up, "I was just a-setting on victuals. Draw up cheers, boys, and I'll cut more meat."

Course, we never wasted no time falling to, like he'd ast us. Meanwhile, he poured up coffee and then went over in the corner and pulled a jug outn a towsack and set her on the table and says, "Maybe you boys would like to lace your coffee with a drop of this here corn. I know it's good, because I make it myself. And that's real fresh, I run it off just last week."

Now I don't lay claim to being more'n a passable judge of whiskey, but I do know that either his coffee or his whiskey or the two of 'em together made me think for a minute that I had a-holt of a cup of boiling sheep dip. Though wunst you got it down it wasn't so bad, only it made your stummick feel like it was full of hot light globes a-flashing on and off, with one of 'em exploding ever now and then. And to tell the truth, I doubt if I would of drunk more'n one cup, excepting I was company and couldn't turn it down when he offered it to me. We had several and then Charlie told Mr. Sievers about us tramping around over the country all morning and not seeing a single solitary rabbit.

Mr. Sievers, he never appeared to consider that the leastways outn the ordinary, though, but just set there a-picking his teeth with his pocketknife a minute and then says, "Well, boys, to tell the truth, I ain't the least bit surprised. As a fact, I would of been surprised if you had of seen ary—since this time last week, that is. They's been some uncommon peculiar goings-on around here recently.

"Just a week ago tomorrow," he says, "I'd just finished running off that there last batch of corn and was a-setting right here eating my dinner as calm and peaceful as a hen on aigs. Well, sir, all of a sudden I got as sleepy as a boy in

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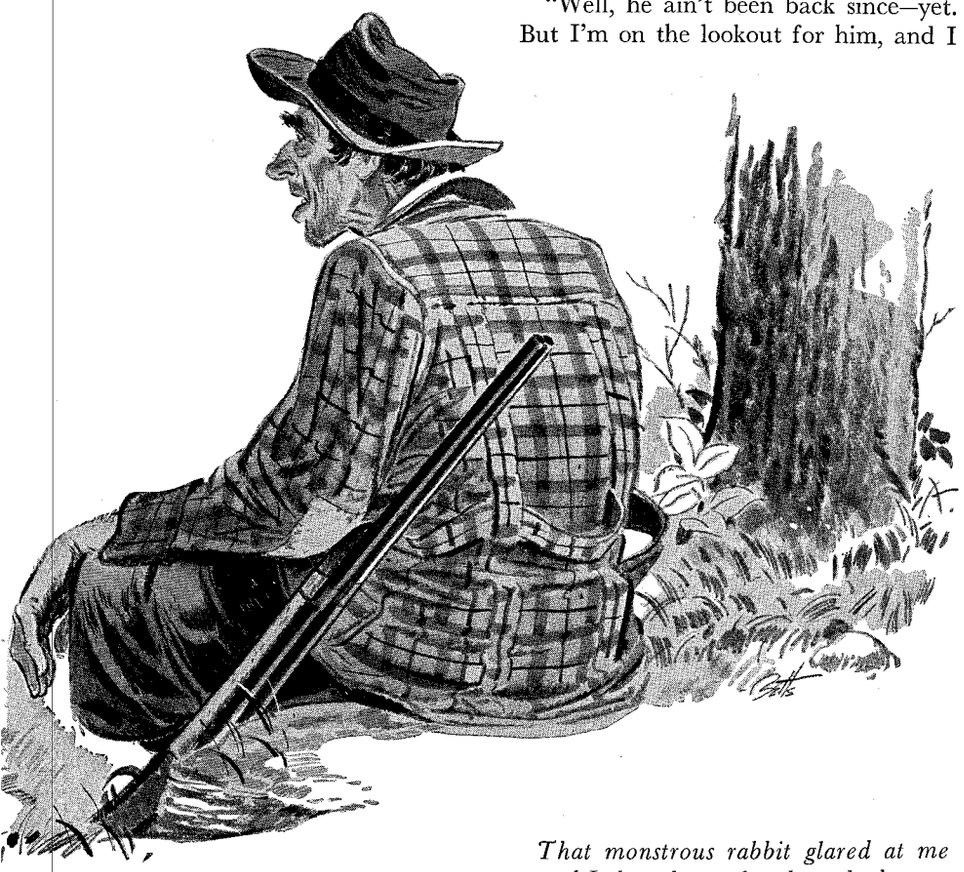
church, seemed like I just couldn't keep my eyes open. I thought maybe it might be the liquor, though I misdoubted that because I hadn't hardly had any at all to speak of. Howsomever, I was powerful sleepy, and so I went over and laid down on the bed there to catch me a little nap. Well, I laid there getting sleepier and sleepier and expecting to drop off any second but not doing it—when all at wunst I came spang wide awake and my eyes popped open, and bless my soul if there a-staring me right in the face warn't a dadgummed mule! Yessir, a mule, big as life and twicet as natural—not a whole mule, either, but just sort of the bust of a mule, with only his head and neck. Warn't no dream, neither. Was the real McCoy. I could see him just as plain as I see youall, and he was a-glaring at me and a-rolling his eyes around the wickedest I ever seen, and a-laying back his ears and baring those big teeth of hisn, and sort of gnashing 'em at me—oh, I tell you, that was the meanest-looking varmint ever I set eyes on in all my borned days. I just laid there stiff as a frozen turnip and twicet as cold, and the clammy sweats sprung out on me and I shook and stared till my eyeballs ached, waiting for him to chomp down on me, like I knowed he was a-fixing to. And then when he kind of licked his chops I couldn't stand it no longer, and so I lept up and tore outn the house down to the river and jumped smack in, clothes and all—and when I finally come up, why he was gone. Water was too danged cold for him, I guess. Pretty near was for me, too, because before I could make it back to the house I was as blue all over as a eggplant.

"Well, he ain't been back since—yet. But I'm on the lookout for him, and I got my old double-barrel setting there cocked and ready, with a triple load of buckshot in her. Don't know if it will work agin a beast like that, a course, 'thout no legs nor belly, but dogged if I don't find out. And that's why I say I'd be surprised if you seen ary rabbit or anything else in these parts, with a critter like that there mule loose and roaming." Mr. Sievers shook his head doleful-like and poured hisself another cup.



That monstrous rabbit glared at me and I thought my last hour had come

Well, naturally I never put no great stock in that kind of a yarn, specially from old Mr. Sievers, who lots of folks been claiming for years is a mite touched in the head. Then, a course, that there corn might have had a little something to do with it, too.

Right after that, I and Charlie dreened off our last cup and took out agin, with Mr. Sievers a-hollering after us to keep our eye peeled for that mule and to run him back by the house if we got the chancet, so's he could take a crack at him. We both had a good laugh at that, a course, because how could you run a mule that never had no legs? It was real funny thinking about it, though I did remark at the time that Charlie seemed to laugh uncommon hard and got as red in the face as swamp holly. But I reckon I must of looked about the same, because it appeared to of warmed up considerable since morning and after a few minutes of walking I got so blamed hot I begun to be afraid I would frizzle if I didn't set down somewheres and cool off pretty quick.

So when we come to a nice flat rock at the head of a draw, why I set down and lent up again a tree and says, "Charlie, I'm a-going to set here a spell and cool off some. I'm so all-fired hot I could brand cattle with my bare hand."

"All right, Ed," says he, "but I'm a-going to nab me a rabbit, come what will, and I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll range out here a mile or so and drive 'em in towards you and you can pot 'em as they come by."

And he throwed his gun over his shoulder and disappeared into the tall horseweeds at the foot of the draw.

I just set there a-fanning myself and wiping the salt sweat outn my eyes and watching everything kind of swimming-like around me, till I begun to be afraid maybe I'd had me a little heat stroke. Then pretty soon I begun to feel awful drowsy, and my head kept a-getting heavier and heavier and I'd catch myself a-nodding and a-jerking my neck ever so often, till I finally decided I just had to lay down and take forty winks and get it over with.

But right that very minute I thought I heard a noise down in the weeds there in the draw somewheres. And I come wide awake immediately. I watched and I listened as hard as I could a minute, and then sure enough I heard it agin. Sounded like some heavy animal a-walking along casual-like through the brush, like a cow or a horse maybe, or—and my hair got stiff as bristles at the idea—or maybe like a mule. At that I was just a-reaching for my gun there by me on the rock, when the weeds opened up and out stepped a rabbit.

Well, sir, I seen a passel of rabbits in my time. Man and boy, I reckon I've shot thousands of 'em. But I'm here to tell you when I seen *that* rabbit I was so flabbergasted I couldn't of told my own name. That there was the biggest rabbit I guess any man ever laid eyes on. Near as I could say he must of been about the size of an overgrown collie. And he never hopped like no ordinary rabbit, neither

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—no sir, he come a-walking out of there on his hind legs just like you or me. He seen me right off, too, but he never appeared the least bit surprised or scared, only just kind of puzzled; and he sort of frowned and wrinkled his eyebrows the way a man will when he runs acrost something he can't quite make out.

I set there a-looking at him and he stood there a-looking at me for upwards of a minute I guess. And then I says to myself that right here was where I bagged me the biggest rabbit on record. And I begun to inch my hand over towards my gun. He must of had a pretty fair idea of what I was up to, though, because when he seen my hand move he cocked up one ear, sort of half-closed one eye, and shook his head slow from side to side—and I figgered I knew exactly what he meant.

Well, I got to admit that made me feel a little bit queer, with that monstrous big rabbit standing there with his hands on his hips, looking me over like he was trying to make up his mind what he was a-going to do with me, and also knowing exactly what was running through my mind. It was downright uncanny, and I want to tell you a rabbit that size makes a man think twicet before he sets out to do something that he knows is liable to make it mad. For a second I thought I might grab my gun real quick and pot him before he could get to me, but I took one look and knowed it wouldn't work because he could probably take one bound and trample me to jelly before I could get that gun offn the ground. And right when I thought that, why he sort of grinned and shook his head agin and winked one eye at me in a way that made my blood curdle, while I could feel the cold sweats beginning to ooze out on me some more. I tell you I would of give a pretty for Charlie to of showed up then, or Mr. Sievers or anybody else.

But they never, and right then that rabbit walked over by me and picked up my gun, and I thought for sure my last hour had come. Because that there gun was loaded and cocked, and the way he went to swinging it around would of give a wooden Indian the willies. He held it this way and he held it that, and most of the time, seemed like, I was a-looking smack down the barrels and expecting it to go off any second.

Finally, though, he went over and lent it up agin a tree and then come back and folded his arms over his chest and pulled at his nose with one hand and looked me over like he was a-trying to decide just what he was a-going to do. And all the time me getting nervouser and nervouser, because I never liked even one little bit the ornery look that he had in his eye, a kind of nasty gleam, calculating and mean, the way a cat will look at a mouse. Then it flashed on me all of a sudden that I was a-setting there working myself into a regular swivet, when I bet if I only yelled or something and jumped up a-raising Cain, why that rabbit would take out for the tall timber. So I taken a huge enormous breath that pretty near busted my lungs and then give 'er down in the loudest holler I ever hollered in my whole life. It even kind of scared me, it was that loud. And that rabbit jumped about seven foot offn the ground. But instead of being scared and lighting out the way I'd figgered he would, why he only snarled sort of and ducked his head like a prize fighter and started dancing around and bobbing from side to side and sticking up his dukes and histing one hind leg from time to time like all he wanted was just a good excuse to haul off and kick me to Kingdom Come. And if you think I wasn't cooled off then, why you're crazier nor a tick.

I just fell back on the ground and grabbed my head and went to praying and hoping that he wouldn't cut loose on me till I'd made my peace with my Maker. Nothing happened, though, and after a bit I peaked out from behind my hands, and he was still a-circling around me making a funny whistling noise through his teeth and glowering at me. When I never moved nor done nothing to rile him up no more, he calmed down some and went over and started thumping the ground real hard with his foot. Then he clasped his hands behind his back and begun walking up and down and looking very impatient. I couldn't make out what he was up to, to save me I couldn't. But in a minute I seen him cock one ear and stare off down the draw, and then I heard a tremenjous tramping and crowding through the brush, and so I reared up a little on my elbow when he warn't noticing. Well, what I seen brought my heart jumping up into my mouth and just about stopped my ticker, as the feller says. For marching up that draw four abreast was a whole army of rabbits, all of 'em as big or bigger nor the one there with me; and at the head of the entire outfit, with long white whiskers and a coal-black coat, was the granddaddy of 'em all. Where the first one was no bigger nor a sheep dog, this here black feller was about the size of a fat yearling, and to see him marching along on his hind legs like it was the naturalest thing in the world was enough to shake a man's confidence in religion.

Well, they all marched into the clearing where we was and squatted down on their hunkers in a big circle around me. There was big ones and little ones and fat ones and lean ones and young ones and old ones and even the mama rabbits with their babies that warn't no bigger nor one of these here Scotties and couldn't hardly walk yet. And they all set there and listened while the first rabbit walked up and down and made noises like a dry hub on a wooden axle and kept pointing his finger at me from time to time. It seemed pretty clear he must be a-talking about me, and I wished mightly bad I knew what he was a-saying, though I guess I was less disturbed in my mind not knowing it. Because after while he stopped and all of 'em turned and looked at the big black rabbit setting out there in front of all the rest. He appeared to study awhile and pulled at his nose in a thoughtful way and finally made up his mind, I guess, because he kind of cleared his throat and then rumbled something in a voice that was about as deep as the motor of a ten-ton truck. After which they was all very excited and made a great hubbub, and the first rabbit did a sort of hop-skip-and-jump over to me and grinned down at me and then drawed his finger acrost his throat in a way that seemed pretty easy to understand. I would of give boot to of swapped places with one of those bare-handed tiger fighters then, I tell you.

But I wouldn't of had the chancet, because two of 'em come right over and grabbed me by the arms and hauled me off and lent me up agin a tree, though they had to prop me up to keep me from just melting down to the ground, I was so weak by this time. Then the big black one stepped out in front and started growling away agin, and they all seemed to be mighty well pleased because they took to thumping on the ground with their hind legs and jerking their ears backwards and forwards and making noises like a bunch of kids that's just heard the calliope turn onto Main Street. And I was just trying to get a holt on myself, because if they was a-going to finish me off, why I was aiming to show 'em I could take it like a man—after all, I never wanted to act like no ninny in front of a passel of rabbits, no matter how big they was.

Well, sir, right that very minute, when I thought it would be my last, there busted out all at once such a hullabaloo as you never heard the likes of in all your borned (*continued on page* 96)

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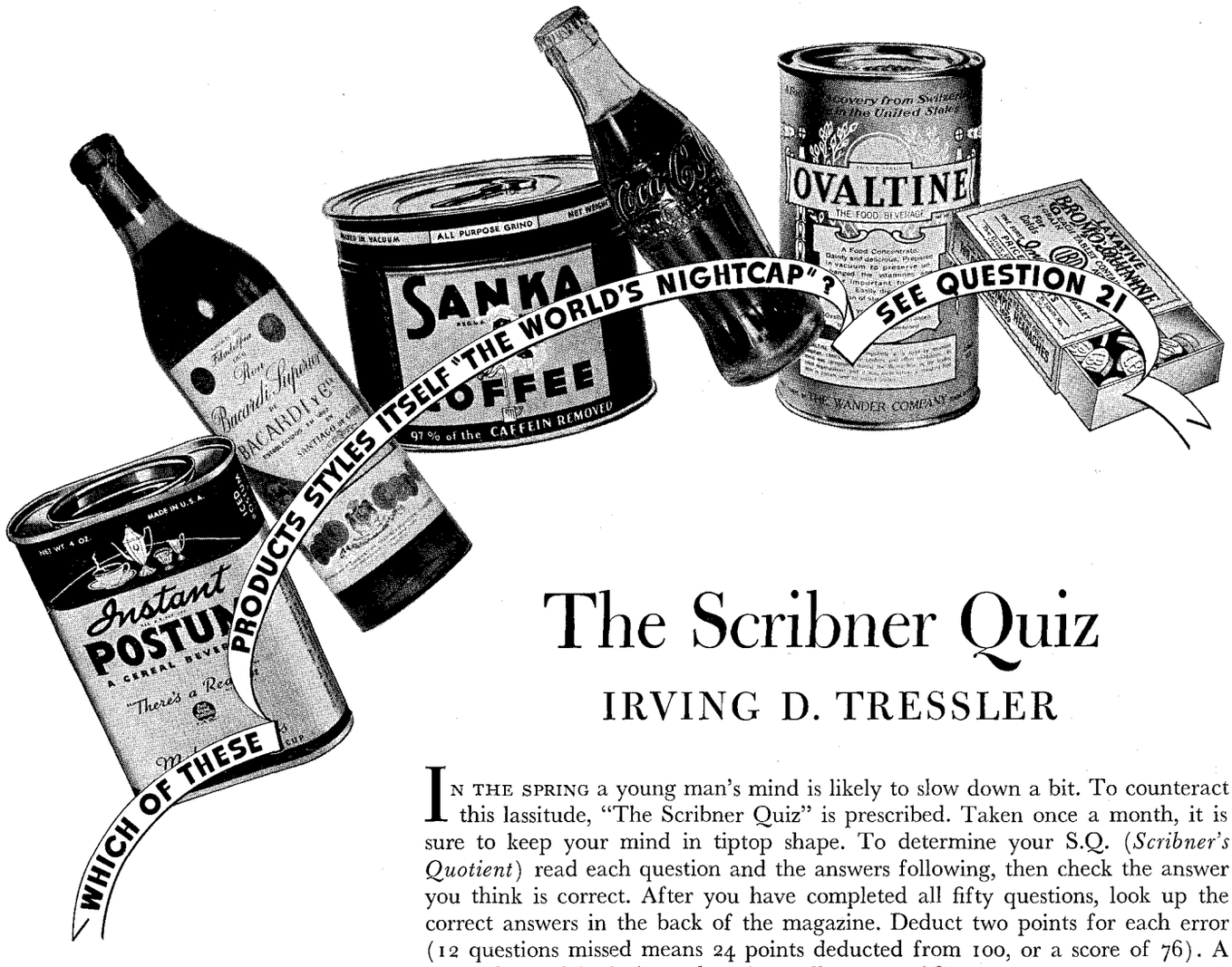

The Scribner Quiz

IRVING D. TRESSLER

IN THE SPRING a young man's mind is likely to slow down a bit. To counteract this lassitude, "The Scribner Quiz" is prescribed. Taken once a month, it is sure to keep your mind in tiptop shape. To determine your S.Q. (*Scribner's Quotient*) read each question and the answers following, then check the answer you think is correct. After you have completed all fifty questions, look up the correct answers in the back of the magazine. Deduct two points for each error (12 questions missed means 24 points deducted from 100, or a score of 76). A score of 70 is fair, 80 is good, 90 is excellent. (*Correct answers on page* 101)

1. One of these dental preparations uses the advertising slogan "Do as your dentist does—use powder":

Ipana *Colgate* *Dr. Lyon's*
Polident *Forhan's* *Listerine*

2. In red-hot swing orchestras one of these instruments is known as a "gob stick":

saxophone *baton* *trombone*
clarinet *violin bow* *trumpet*

3. There is one true statement here:

The King of Egypt is married
The Emperor of Japan is unmarried
The King of Belgium has no children
The Crown Princess of The Netherlands is unmarried

4. If you were a U. S. Army air pilot, you'd have a tough time trying to locate one of these landing fields:

Kelly Field, Tex. *Wright Field, Ohio*
Chanute Field, Ill. *Randolph Field, Tex.*
Lindbergh Field, Cal. *Left Field, Minn.*

5. *Slalom* is a word used a great deal in:

skiing *love making* *high jumping*
deer hunting *wrestling* *singing*

6. The law prevents the U. S. from minting a new nickel oftener than once every 25 years, but there has finally been announced a successor to the Buffalo nickel honoring:

Aimee Semple McPherson *A. Lincoln*
Thomas Jefferson *George Washington*
John Hancock *Benjamin Franklin*

7. The normal, adult bowling ball weighs:

10 lbs. 8 oz. *14 lbs. 10 oz.*
16 lbs. *5 lbs.* *22 lbs.*

8. One of the latest features for evening gowns this past season was a dress:

with a 20-inch skirt length
with no shoulder straps at all
with transparent skirt and sequin top

9. Sinclair Lewis' latest book was titled:

It Can't Happen Here *He Who Is Lost*
The Prodigal Son *The Prodigal Parents*
The Sons of the Fathers *Revolution*

10. The college crew which has won the Poughkeepsie race for the past two years is:

Harvard *California* *Navy*
Cornell *Washington* *Pennsylvania*

11. One of these cities has been receiving national publicity because of its unique pay-as-you-go system of sound municipal financing:

New York *Milwaukee* *Jersey City*
Chicago *Buffalo* *Seattle* *Louisville*

12. If, at a cocktail party, you were introduced to Freeman F. Gosden and Charles J. Correll, you might say:

"Which is Amos and which is Andy?"
"Well, are you going to win the tennis doubles again this year?"
"Are you two working on another play?"

13. One of these companies has recently brought out a low-priced car in the Ford-Chevrolet-Plymouth class:

Graham *Hupmobile* *Hudson*
Oldsmobile *Studebaker* *Nash*

14. The last time U. S. Government receipts outbalanced expenditures was during:

the War of 1812 *the Wilson presidency*
the Coolidge Administration

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the Hoover term *the Harding years*

15. One of these could be classed under that hackneyed heading "a fortuitous circumstance":

In the gutter he found a $10 bill
Pale and hungry, the girl begged food
Inch by inch, they climbed the mountain

16. You've eaten maraschino cherries, but perhaps haven't pronounced the word maraschino correctly:

mare-a-SHEE-no *mare-a-CHEE-no*
marr-a-SKEE-no *marr-a-SKY-no*

17. If you asked a man how his Doberman Pinscher was he might rely:

"It's the smartest dog I've ever owned!"
"Say! You ought to hear that canary!"
"I wouldn't trade for any other airplane"
"It uses less gas than an old Ford!"

18. When a boy is said to have an Oedipus complex, it is just another way of saying that he:

has an unnatural fear of women
has an abnormal fondness for his mother
loves feminine clothes and ideals
believes Mrs. Roosevelt should be elected

19. The new German transatlantic airship is reported to carry less passengers than the Hindenburg because:

it is smaller *fewer want to ride*
the Diesel engines weigh a great deal more
its helium gas has much less lifting power

20. One of these government departments is responsible for the maintenance, care, and operation of the Panama Canal:

Department of Interior *War Department*
Navy Department
Department of Commerce
Departm't of State *Treasury Departm't*

21. In its advertisements, one of these styles itself as "The World's Nightcap":

Postum *Bacardi Rum* *Sanka*
Coca-Cola *Ovaltine* *Bromo Quinine*

22. Henry E. Huntington, builder of the famous Huntington book and art collections in California, was a nephew of Collis P. Huntington who made his fortune in:

gold mining *chain dentistry* *rubber*
railroading *politics* *baseball*

23. One of these is a mammal, not a fish:

porpoise *swordfish* *dolphin*
muskellunge *whale* *haddock*

24. Last winter saw 16 major Midwest oil companies on trial for conspiracy to raise and fix gasoline prices, and the jury's verdict was:

guilty *not guilty* *don't do it again*

25. Stanley Reed, the new Justice on the U. S. Supreme Court, held the position of ——— ——— before his appointment:

Assistant Attorney-General
Assistant Secretary of Labor
Legal Adviser to the Department of State
Solicitor General of Department of Justice

26. The famous Big Ben alarm clock is manufactured by:

Waltham *Elgin* *American Clock Co.*
Bulova *Westclox* *New Haven Clock Co.*

27. Antonius Stradivarius, the celebrated master violin maker of 200 years ago, was a native of:

Italy *Austria* *France* *Germany*
Spain *England* *Greece* *Belgium*

28. In Japan, when one refers to the Imperial Diet, he is speaking of:

the sacred food prepared for the Emperor
the two houses of government
the religious schools for priesthood
the section for foreigners in each city

29. John Roosevelt will, on June 18, marry Anne Clark of:

Richmond, Va. *New York* *Boston*
Providence, R. I. *Grand Rapids* *Miami*

30. Dr. William Allan Neilson has announced that in the summer of 1939 he will retire from his position as:

Chairman of the Carnegie Institute
Secretary of the American Teachers' Assn.
President of Smith College
President International Correspondence Schools

31. In another year Cooperstown, N. Y., is going to celebrate the 100th anniversary of one of these occurrences within its town limits:

the birth of Thomas A. Edison
the East's last big Indian battle
the invention of the game of baseball

32. Though the fuel burned by Diesel engines is cheaper, the chief objection to these engines until recently has been:

their very low speed *their weight*
their terrific noise *their fumes*

33. The Sooner State is another name for:

Iowa *Oklahoma* *Indiana* *Ohio*
Kansas *Arkansas* *Nevada* *Nebraska*

34. In mentioning the five-cent piece previously, we forgot to ask whether you knew that it is composed mostly of:

nickel *copper* *tin* *lead*
silver *zinc* *aluminum* *iron*

35. The Pony Express extended from St. Joseph, Mo., to Sacramento, Cal., and lasted during one of these periods:

1814-1827 *1830-1852* *1870-1884*
1820-1825 *1860-1861* *1869-1877*

36. One of these big names is hooked up with the wrong company:

Ernest T. Weir and National Steel
James G. Harbord and R. C. A.
Newcomb Carlton and General Foods
Thomas W. Lamont and J. P. Morgan Co.

37. There are two especially famous hotels in Washington, D. C., one is the Willard and the other is the:

Ritz-Thomas *Parker House* *Madison*
Mayflower *Book-Cadillac* *Stevens*

38. That famous mineral spring water, Poland Water, is bottled only at Poland Spring in the State of:

Indiana *Wisconsin* *Georgia*
Michigan *Maine* *Pennsylvania*

39. If the 1936 Olympics were held in Berlin and the 1932 games in Los Angeles, then the 1928 games were held in:

Paris *Warsaw* *Amsterdam*
Antwerp *Stockholm* *Athens*

40. In a cathedral, the nave is that part which:

contains the altar and sacred objects
runs transverse to the main body
rises higher than the aisles flanking it
runs just behind the altar

41. "All The News That's Fit To Print" is the slogan of:

Time *The N. Y. Times* *Literary Digest*
W. C. T. U. Weekly *Newsweek* *Hearst*

42. Only one of these is not a large, nationally advertised builder of boats or boat engines:

Gar Wood *Wheeler* *Chris-Craft*
Elco *Matthews* *Evinrude* *Douglas*

43. John Dos Passos' latest book is titled:

Assignment in Utopia *Forever Ulysses*
U. S. A. *America's 60 Families*
Serenade *The Tyranny of Words*

44. One of these statements about the famous Smith Brothers on the cough-drop box is true:

both of them possess long beards
both of them are staring straight at you
one has a short beard, the other a long
each one is wearing a small hat

45. It is easy to recognize a flamingo because:

it bears a resemblance to King Boris
it has short legs and a very thick neck
of its very sharp claws and front fangs
it has very long legs and a long neck

46. You would find a rip cord handy if you were:

trying to get out of a very tight girdle
leaping to earth in a parachute
a locomotive engineer blowing a whistle

47. One of these is not a part of the Hawaiian Islands:

Diamond Head *Waikiki Beach* *Oahu*
Colon *Pearl Harbor* *Maui*

48. That famed poem of the World War, *In Flanders Fields,* was written by:

Joyce Kilmer *Vachel Lindsay*
Edwin Arlington Robinson *John McCrae*
Robert Frost *Archibald MacLeish*

49. President Roosevelt and most of the nation celebrated his .... birthday last January 30th:

52nd *64th* *56th* *68th* *60th*

50. One thing various air lines around the U. S. have been doing to encourage patronage is to:

offer free rides to wives with husbands
give free life insurance to passengers
guarantee all against air sickness
offer free dictionaries to passengers

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LIFE IN THE U. S. . . . PHOTOGRAPHIC

In spite of the photographic exhibitions held throughout the country, the Editors feel that there are still many fine prints which the public never sees. For every example of the photographer's art that finds its way into the camera shows there must be several prints that he, personally, considers to be better than those chosen for exhibition. With this idea in mind, this new department of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE should develop into the finest collection of contemporary photography to be published in any form. The work of both amateur and professional photographers will be represented. The pictures will be of interest to the general reader and of special interest to the able amateur. Although we intend to restrict ourselves to the American scene, we have no other editorial requirements. For technical facts about these prints see page 76.

PARADE by Townsend Godsey

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FLIGHT by Arthur E. Nelso

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BLACK STAR

RIVER FRONT by Fritz Henle

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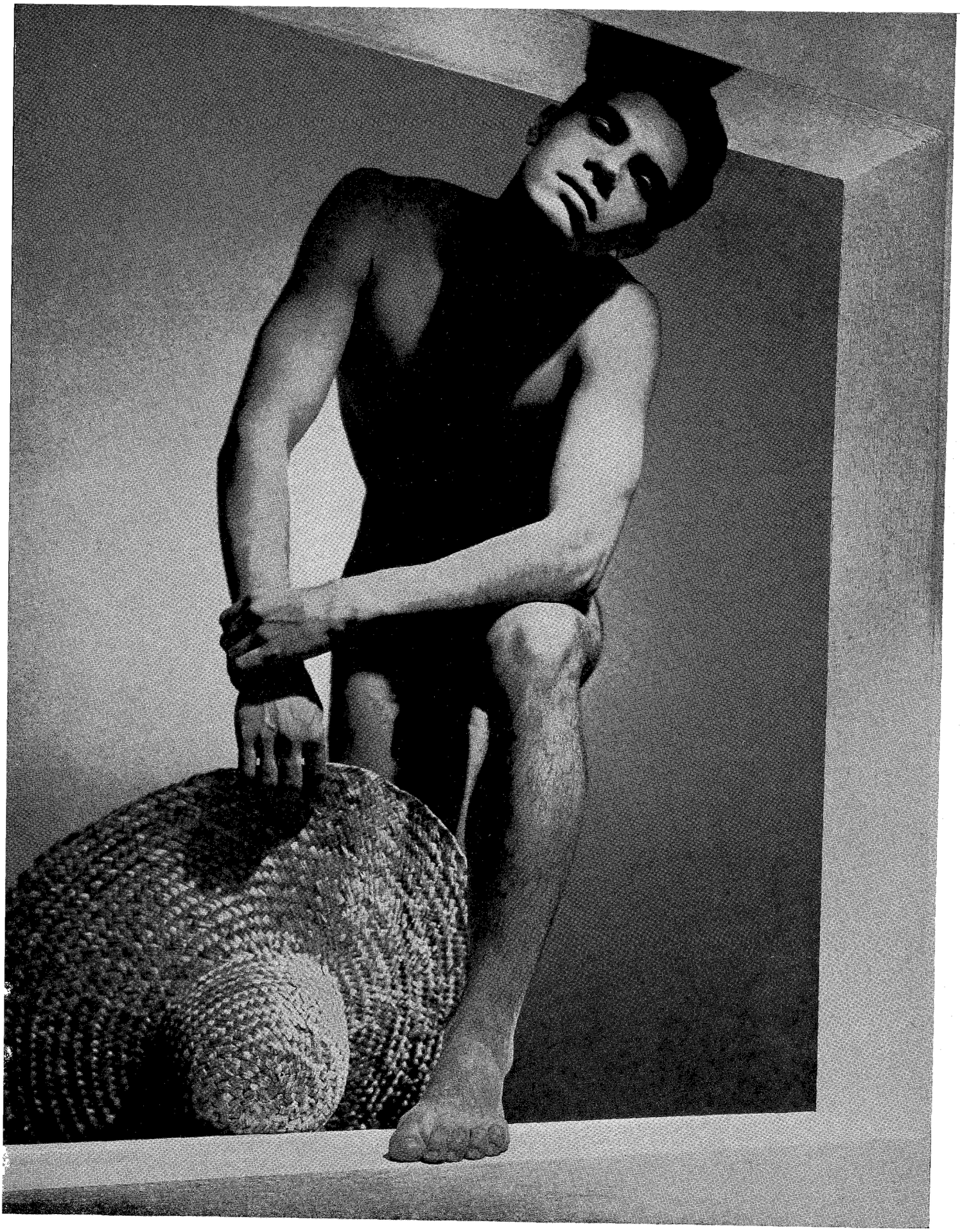

MEXICAN BOY by George Platt Lynes

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483 SECOND AVE., NEW YORK, by Eliot Elisofon

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ENGLISH SETTERS by Torkel Korlin

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BLACK STAR

HOLIDAY by Victor de Palma

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Ernst Schwarz

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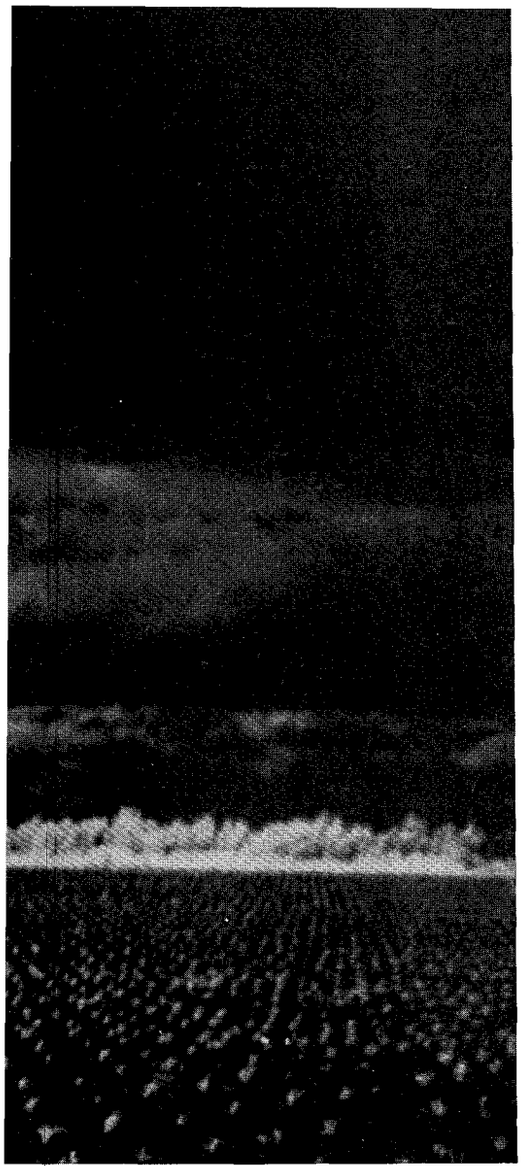

Blue Skies, White Clouds and Infra-Red Film

ERNST SCHWARZ

For many years before I became associated with the photographic manufacturing industry as president of the Agfa Ansco Corporation I was an amateur photographer. I traveled throughout America taking thousands of pictures and experimenting with every type of camera and photographic equipment. Folding cameras, Reflex cameras, view cameras—I have tried them all and from each have at various times obtained excellent results. On the whole, however, I think I prefer the "miniatures," using 35mm. film. Easy to carry around, they are surprisingly reliable, and if properly handled are equal to almost all the exigencies of outdoor photography.

Cameras and lenses, however, make up only two-thirds of the amateur's tool box, and the current idea that "fussing about film" is just a fad could not be more inaccurate. The wrong film can ruin a picture quite as fatally as the wrong stop or shutter. Nearly everyone interested in photography knows the sunny, daylight appearance of pictures made from orthochromatic film (sensitive to all visible colors except red), as well as the fine color rendering that can be obtained in prints made from panchromatic film (sensitive to all visible colors). On the other hand, very few amateurs seem to be familiar with an extremely interesting new type, Infra-Red, which is also sensitive to the invisible infra-red radiations present in the rays of the sun. I have used it myself a great deal, with the most striking results—particularly in the southern and western parts of the United States, where there are certain atmospheric conditions creating very unusual light and cloud effects.

When Infra-Red film is used (along with a dark-red filter that absorbs blue light to which the film is also sensitive) the subject is somehow lifted out of the commonplace—and in the final print it acquires a fantastic sort of beauty, dramatic in its quality, but somewhat unreal. Blue skies go dark, sometimes absolutely black, and white clouds are sharply brought into relief as puffy balls of cotton floating in the air. Lakes and streams record in darker hues, while sunlit foliage and grass in a landscape are rendered in varying tones of gray to white. When desired, pleasing night effects can be easily obtained, even though the exposure is made in sunlight.

Perhaps this ability of Infra-Red film to dramatize a subject so markedly is one of the reasons I like "Cornfield in Nebraska" so well, for in this photograph (reproduced on the facing page), taken on Agfa 35mm. Infra-Red film, the various elements of the picture seem to have just the right degree of emphasis.

I came upon this scene while driving through Nebraska, not very far from Omaha, and was struck by the beauty of a spring cornfield of tremendous size. This soldier-like formation of innumerable cornstalks, with an appropriate backdrop of massed thunderstorm clouds floating in all their glory above a few trees, provided an unusual opportunity for a magnificent picture. But how could this impression be reproduced in a photograph in the most striking way? Had I used an orthochromatic or a panchromatic film, the films generally used for outdoor subjects, the cornstalks would not have shown up sufficiently against the soil, and in the distance no cornstalk at all would have been visible. I would have obtained a photograph of a plain landscape with beautiful clouds, but without the striking effect of the orderly formation of the plants that really makes the picture. So I used Infra-Red film, and as a result all the emphasis has been directed to the formation of the plants, which are rendered nearly white against the black earth, so that the lines extend clearly into the background, almost to the horizon and in proper relationship to the cloud formation. While those who are not familiar with Infra-Red film might think retouching of the negative was used to achieve the effect, this is not the case, for no retouching of the film at all was employed to give this emphasis to the important parts of the picture.

Another interesting fact is that so many people have expressed astonishment at the sharpness and clarity of prints enlarged direct, without any intermediate steps, up to as much as 40 x 60 inches from negatives that measure approximately 1 x 1½ inches. This achievement has been made possible only by the fine-grained qualities and other exacting characteristics of modern photographic film.

The story of this picture may be considered a good example of the importance to the photographer of knowing not only his camera equipment but also the properties and characteristics of different kinds of film.

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MADISON STUDIO

John Funk

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A Million Maggots a Day

ANONYMOUS

The first time the one-legged gatekeeper cranked up the antiquated iron gates at the sound of my horn, and I drove into the courtyard of the old, red-brick City Hospital to begin my first day's work as laboratory technician for the rising young Doctor M., I found myself wondering just what in my previous experience had qualified me for a job as housekeeper to the several thousand bluebottle flies that awaited my arrival.

I was entirely unprepared for my subsequent duties, never having been on any more intimate terms with any fly than a slight "waving" acquaintance. Of course, during the pre-screen hunting season, I had often been in at the death with a tired fly swatter, but all my previous urge had been to kill, not to aid in the propagation of the pests, and I had not yet accepted the idea of flies in connection with a hospital.

When I walked into the dingy, old, high-ceilinged laboratory in the gatehouse, I was greeted by the incessant droning of the impatient, winged *Phora* and *Lucilia*, who were waiting to go to work for the benefit of science and humanity—even as I. But aside from the fact that we were all very much alive and eager, there was nothing about the immediate present to predict that these noisy insects were going to produce a treatment for bone infection, or that I was to go forth from that same laboratory each day with a new kind of science in the pocket of my white lab coat to aid the unhappy cases of osteomyelitis that clamored for help in the hospital wards.

Our small budget had allowed Doctor M. to buy pedigreed flies, but permitted no further extravagances, so we had an immediate housing problem on our hands. With our meager equipment we set about building our own fly cages, which consisted of a flat board floor and four uprights, the whole covered with gauze—neat but not gaudy. From the racket they made, I imagine my blue-blooded charges protested their cramped quarters. Their complaints were never filed, however, though their case histories were, with due reference to the best breeders among all the mammas and papas—an arduous task, for the life of a fly is only twenty-one days, and it took constant record keeping to follow their short but eventful careers properly.

We never stinted our captives on food. They were fed rations of Park & Tilford's best-grade pure honey and free City water every day. The flies laid their eggs on clumps of lean beef, carefully hiding them in the crevices of the meat. Each morning the beef was removed, and after a painstaking search, the eggs were brushed off and sterilized in a bichloride-of-mercury solution and then incubated on strips of desiccated liver. Our incubators—another home-made product—were nothing more or less than glass showcases, heated with a dangling electric-light bulb. After twenty-four hours of incubation, the larvæ or maggots were hatched and subcultured in a meat infusion broth for twenty-four hours more. Then, after a period of refrigeration, they were ready to go to work.

The "pitcher" then "went to the well." And the treatment of the ward patients was a welcome change from the noisy laboratory. The patients in the hospital who were to benefit by our maggot therapy were really the scientific offspring of those first soldiers, now famous to medical science, whose wounds were cleansed, as they lay unattended on the battlefields, by the uninvited presence of the larvæ of the blowfly, and whose lives and limbs were consequently saved. All this had been a marvel to unsuspecting surgeons from the time of Napoleon to the World War. And the sight of clean, pink, granulation tissue, as the result of the maggots' work, is as thrilling and gratifying today as it was to those unsuspecting surgeons of years past.

The clean, pink tissue is the end—not the beginning—of the job, however. An "osteo" or bone infection—when the maggot is brought on the scene—is no bed of roses to work with. Without a doubt it is one of the most unpleasant diseases one could wish to encounter. Gangrenous flesh and rotting bone laid bare present a horrible sight. The fact that so many of our patients were children and helpless old people made the work easier, for me at any rate.

The nurses on the wards always retreated to far corners whenever they saw me arriving with my maggots. After the first look, they all shuddered and swore they couldn't bear the sight of them. Whatever other squeamish tasks they might have to perform, they firmly refused to have anything to do with my "bugs." Fortunately, most of the patients felt differently. Little Helen G., aged thirteen and crippled with an osteo of the femur, named all the maggots that escaped from under the dressings after her favorite movie stars. Her sharp, black eyes would sparkle as she followed "Greta Garbo" around over the side of the bed until she was finally captured. In forty-eight hours, the minute, white insects would have grown to an enormous size, as large around as the tip of one's finger, and would emerge rotund and pink and shiningly transparent—discriminating little creatures who never

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touched healthy tissue, but made their way with lightning rapidity, feeding on infected flesh and bone.

They did their work well. On Tony, for instance! You could hardly see Tony for the cages we had on him. When the maggots made Tony's acquaintance he was a hopeless case in every sense of the word. Suffering from infection caused by an unhealed operation on the hip and covered from head to foot with abscesses, Tony was considered doomed, and had been given the last rites of his church at least a dozen times. His large and vociferous family came daily to bury him, and stayed to celebrate his hourly escape from the grave with smuggled bottles of forbidden wine, until Tony was kept in a constant state of inebriety. When the X rays finally showed no more infection in Tony's sixty-seven wounds, back he went to his fruit stand, and whether he credited his recovery to the maggot treatment or to the wine he drank, I never could decide.

There was no doubt in the mind of the old Civil War veteran as to what cured him of a forty-year-old bullet wound that had never healed. When the bugs were finished with him, he returned home to a glory greater than Gettysburg. He was the pride of his neighborhood and spent hours describing the treatment to all his cronies.

Old Mrs. Beal, who had an osteo of the calcaneus, was so feeble she had no idea at first of the nature of the treatment. She always thought we injected some sort of medicine into her heel, until the sad day when a couple of strays escaped and were found in her bed when the nurse changed the sheets. The whole hospital heard about that! When cured, she departed for home still protesting the hospital methods that allowed bugs in the beds.

There were so many others. I did miles of ward rounds every day with those maggots. A sterile swab in every wound—then the cages—made of adhesive tape, sticky side out, crinoline gauze on top, held down with more adhesive strips, and a loose bandage in order to give the maggots air. Every forty-eight hours or so, according to the reaction of the patient, the maggots were removed and replaced. When I took out the maggots, I also removed with forceps any particles that had been loosened but not ingested by them—sometimes quantities of old gauze packing that had been left in neglected wounds, or particles of bone. I shall never forget that moment of horror the first time I pulled a piece of bone several inches long from the leg of a little boy. As I sat and looked at what surely seemed to be at least half the child's leg in my hand, I was certain that I had brought my career to an abrupt and untimely end. But I learned to trust my maggots. It was only dead bone that they had separated from the live, and very necessary it was that it be removed in order that the wound might heal cleanly.

Most of our patients had been sufferers for so long that their gratitude was apt to border on hysteria. They always addressed Doctor M. as "The Father," and as I trundled my truck of dressings through the wards I would be hailed on all sides as the "Little Father."

Our already crowded laboratory soon became a clinic for the ambulatory patients who came for further treatment after their dismissal from the hospital. Their crutches made a continuous racket on the old wooden stairs, and we found ourselves working in a bedlam of buzzing flies and chattering patients. The regular hospital clinic was across the hall, but we could distinguish our own cases the moment they entered the gatehouse. Unfortunately, "all the perfumes of Arabia" cannot disguise the odor of an osteo, even though our patients seemed so unaware of the fact that they would proudly proclaim, "No one would ever know there was anything the matter with me now, would they, Miss?" We knew the day would come when no one *would* know—the wound completely healed and the infected part closely resembling its original shape and form—not even a disfiguring scar would remain.

Maggot therapy is now well established. Today, maggot raising is done on a large scale in handsomely equipped commercial laboratories. Maggots bring six dollars a thousand—orders come from all parts of the world.

The old red-brick City Hospital has been modernized, and I have graduated from fly-raising to other fields of medical research.

I can still wield a fly swatter, but somehow the old urge is gone.

They Don't Eat Chocolates

GERALD CHITTENDEN

I AM a schoolteacher, but occasionally, like Harun-al-Rashid, I disguise myself and walk through Bagdad or somewhere to see what I can see and hear what I can hear.

Not long ago, I spent a week end with a friend of mine near Boston. We rode in the morning—riding is a sport in which schoolteachers are not supposed to be expert—and before lunch went to watch some tame otters bite the hand that fed them. Several other people were enjoying the bloodthirsty exhibition. When the animals were satisfied and their owner full of holes, we went indoors for cocktails—another sport, or perhaps it's a fact of life, of which schoolteachers are supposed to be ignorant.

I found myself sitting on a sofa with an agreeable woman whose name was Blenkinsop, or something like that. I talked about otters, about the morning's ride, about Roosevelt, ruin, radicalism, and rum—and about matters that people are apt to talk about in these days. It was someone else who began to talk about schools. It always is, when a group includes parents who have been exposed to education without dying of it—sometimes without even catching it. As there was a boys' boarding school in the town, and as my host was a trustee of it, conversation naturally drifted to it, and presently centered on a singularly unpleasant acquaintance of mine who had once taught there.

"I hate all schoolteachers," Mrs. Blenkinsop remarked with enthusiasm.

"Really?" I asked. "Do you know many?"

"Too many."

"Why do you hate them?"

"Because they always talk to me as though I were twelve years old."

At this point, the trustee muttered,

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"Better look out," but she didn't hear him.

"I know quite a lot of them too," I said.

"Don't they treat you as though you were twelve years old?"

"I don't think so. It's so long since I've been twelve years old that I've forgotten how I used to be treated."

"But you can't like them! Nobody can."

"Not even other schoolteachers? But I do like them. Some of my best friends teach school."

"I don't see how you can stand them. So monotonous. They're all alike."

"Do you think they are?"

"I know they are. I can spot them as far as I can see them."

"You don't need to look far," I replied, as my host filled my glass again. "I am one."

"I don't believe it!" she exclaimed.

"Thank you. I know you mean that as a compliment. It's the kind of thing Harvard men say to Yale men, or Englishmen to Americans. But I am a schoolteacher. I've been one for thirty years. I've never been anything else, except a rather inefficient officer in the army."

"But I don't believe it!" she repeated.

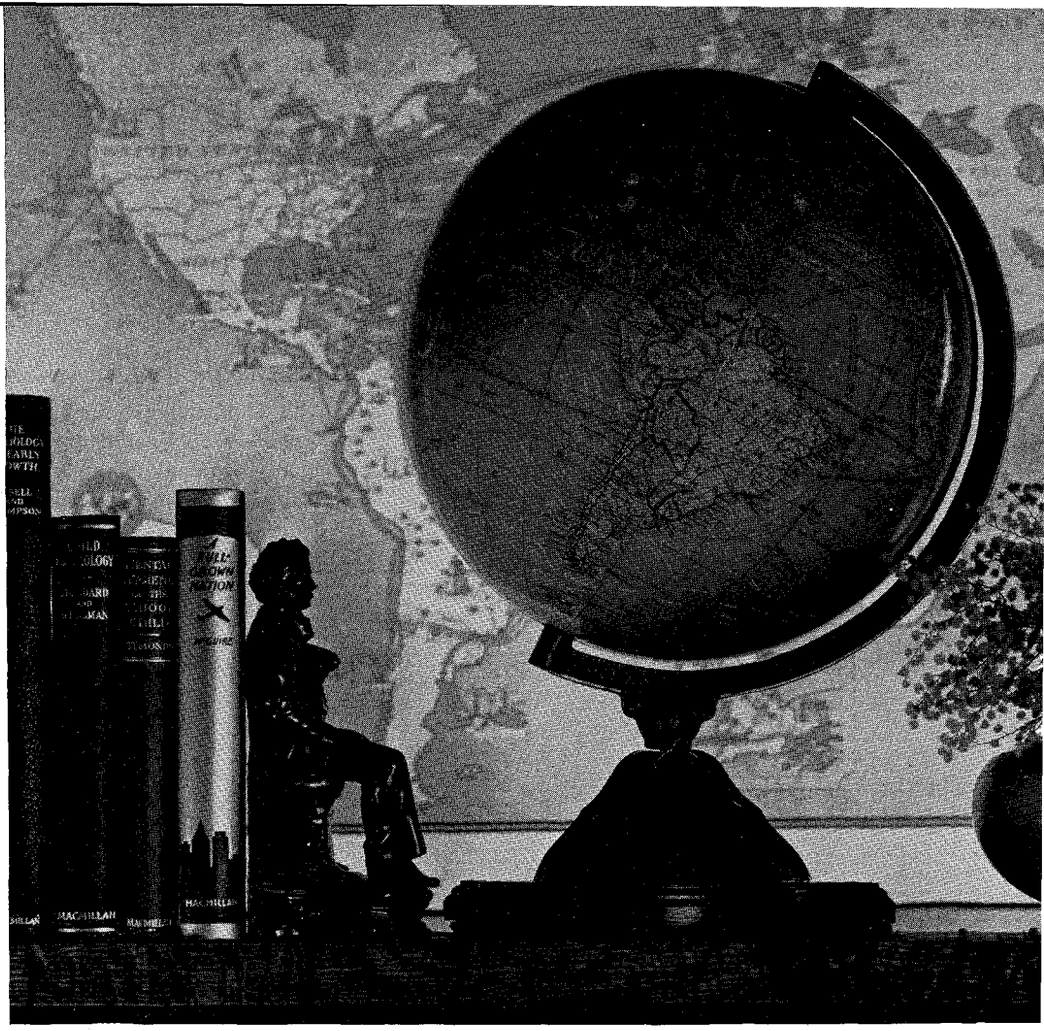
"Thank you again. You seem determined to like me in spite of my horrid trade. I can't prove my statement unless I begin to talk to you as though you were twelve years old, and that wouldn't be nice. But I might say that I can spot a broker as far as I can see him."

"Careful! My husband is a broker."

"I thought he was. But why should I be careful? There's nothing wrong or repulsive in looking like a broker if you are one."

We clicked glasses, and talked about the lust of otters for fresh blood, and agreed that otters and schoolteachers and brokers had a great deal in common. I enjoyed myself and hope that she did.

I never admitted it to her, but I know what she meant. The dyer's hand is almost always subdued to what it works in; occupations inevitably mark the men who follow them. I must believe, since many good-natured people have told me so, that my profession develops certain traits which are definitely unsocial, that many if not all of us become condescending, didactic, and uneasy in the company of those who walk on different lines in life. The compensation is that they are equally uneasy in our company, for many men carry over into maturity memories of their school days which temper their



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

opinions and feelings as do those recollections of previous existences which we call instincts. To some extent, everyone who has ever been taught anything by anybody has an inferiority complex whenever he meets anyone who teaches anything to anyone. We bring a sort of ostracism on ourselves by carrying the color of our dye always with us, by wearing our overalls after we have left the shop.

So also do other men—brokers, for example, even lawyers and doctors.

Their interests, however, are all such as adults must explore if they are to keep alive; we must, if we are lucky, invest a little money now and then, we are in constant danger of the law in these days, and only a few of us get through the year without telling doctors about our interesting intestines. These men, and others engaged in occupations immediately pertinent to our own lives, are acknowledged experts in their lines; we are willing to listen to them because we know little about finance and law and medicine. On the other hand, every parent qualifies as an educational expert because of his procreative power, and is much more anxious to tell schoolteachers than he—or she—is to be told by them.

This downright certainty—it sometimes amounts to arrogance—among begetters forces us to build up our defenses. In desperation, we begin to talk about our work as though it were a science, which it is not and never will be, instead of insisting that it is an art, which it always must be if it is to fill its place in civilization. Parental instinct and professional pride walk around each other with hackles raised and teeth bared; under the circumstances, agreement is difficult and social intercourse all but impossible. He who criticizes a child criticizes the father. It is a dangerous existence.

Yet some traits of humanity occasionally appear in pedagogues, as a certain boy could not believe. He came into my room one evening with a box of chocolates open in his hand. It happened that the headmaster turned up in the building, and came in to ask me about something or other. While he was in the room, Henry stood on his left leg and scratched his left calf with his right big toe, holding the chocolate box open in his hand. When the headmaster had gone, I said:

"Well, Henry, why didn't you offer him a chocolate?"

Henry stared at me in blank amazement.

"*They* don't eat chocolates!" he almost whispered.

Sometimes they do.

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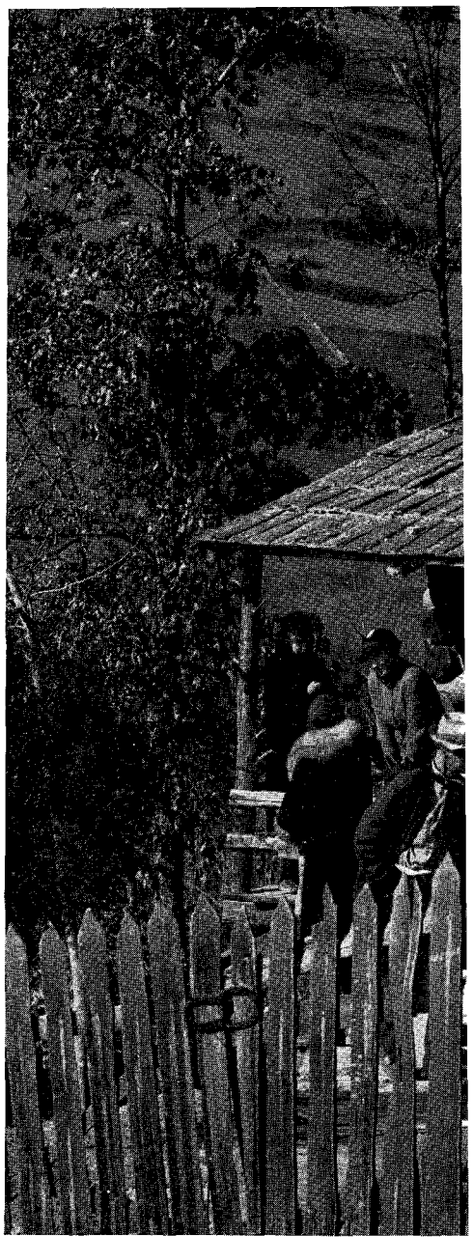
Two Hundred Dollars for a Broken Back

G. HILTON BUTLER



I GOT the job by a swift, but ethical, maneuver.

"WANTED: Young Arkansas or Mississippi attorney to handle claim adjustments. Sawmill operations and similar coverage. Must travel these two states."

He could not, on such a job, travel elsewhere in the United States, for only Arkansas and Mississippi are without workmen's compensation laws. No other states permit the haggling with an injured man as to how much, if anything, he shall receive for a broken back, a missing arm or eye; or, if his accident is fatal, to rush into the home of his bereaved with a checkbook and a "release."

When word passed around the $2,000,000 pre-PWAid Hinds County Court House at Jackson, Mississippi, that the general counsel for the casualty company was ready to interview applicants, there was a rush of young lawyers—and some older ones not so certain of the morrow—to his hotel suite. I was late. He was leaving, his secretary said, for Memphis. Interviews were over. His decision would be announced from the home office in a few days. Sorry. . . .

But no $200-a-month job (first and fifteenth, not fees and fears), with all expenses on the road (including an automobile operated at the other fellow's cost), was going to escape me quite so easily in the precarious days of my early practice. That night when he registered at the Peabody Hotel in Memphis, I soon was at his door. I had performed a transportation miracle still a legend in my own circles—outrunning the famous Panama Limited of the Illinois Central from Jackson to Memphis (210 miles) in a car that should never have left sight of a streetcar line, over roads that should never have been called highways.

"How'd you Memphis lawyers find out about this job, young man?"

My pleadings had been adequately prepared on the way up, to the tune of loose gravel peppering loose fenders: "I'm no Memphis lawyer. I'm (ah'm, the movies will have it) a Mississippi lawyer. A native Mississippian. I was late—had a client, acquitted him; you were ready to go. So I outran the Panama Limited to tell you I want the job. That's all. . . ."

It was enough.

Any young lawyer that anxious to become a claim adjuster, he said, was entitled to a place on his staff. Energy and ingenuity, he later confided, were as important in the work as the ability to distinguish between a document that could be broken in any court and one that would bind its victim—"beneficiary," I believe he said—in a straitjacket fashion.

A smile. . . .

Easy-aiming eyes (preferably baby-blue, as mine). . . .

Soft words (to sweeten the shrewd ones). . . .

A checkbook. . . .

And a batch of "releases."

With that major equipment, you are ready to proceed to work as a claim adjuster in the only two catch-as-catch-can, free-for-all, liability fields in America—Arkansas and Mississippi. You will be ranked and rewarded by your ability to keep the settlements under the minimum allowed for accidents of similar nature and liability in the forty-six states with workmen's compensation laws. You might as well do the work vicariously. It will deal more gently with your sensibilities. Let me lead the way—down the Gulf Coast highway from Jackson to a little piny-woods south Mississippi town where agriculture, in trying to balance itself with industry, likewise is trying to balance hands acquainted only with the hoe and plow to intricate machinery, without apprenticeship other than trial and error.

Myrtle was fifteen. Her father was a tenant farmer. If he ever had more than fifty dollars in cash assets, my investigation failed to reveal it. He sent her to a consolidated high school for a year that changed her from an inarticulate, spindle-legged, pigtailed, and sun-daubed tenant farm girl to a chattery, rolled-hosed, bob-haired, and cheek-flushed exhibitor of coming womanhood. There was no choice, in her mind, as there had not been in the minds of girls whom she now knew, between a return to a tenant farm and a job in the town's new tax-exempt boxmaking factory, at eight to ten dollars a week, ten to twelve hours a day. At six o'clock on the first morning of school vacation, she went to work; and less than an hour later she was removed, screaming and wringing a mutilated hand, to the company physician's "hospital," a four-cot addition to his office. Three fingers of her right hand were severed at the first joints, her wrist was crushed into the certainty of deformity.

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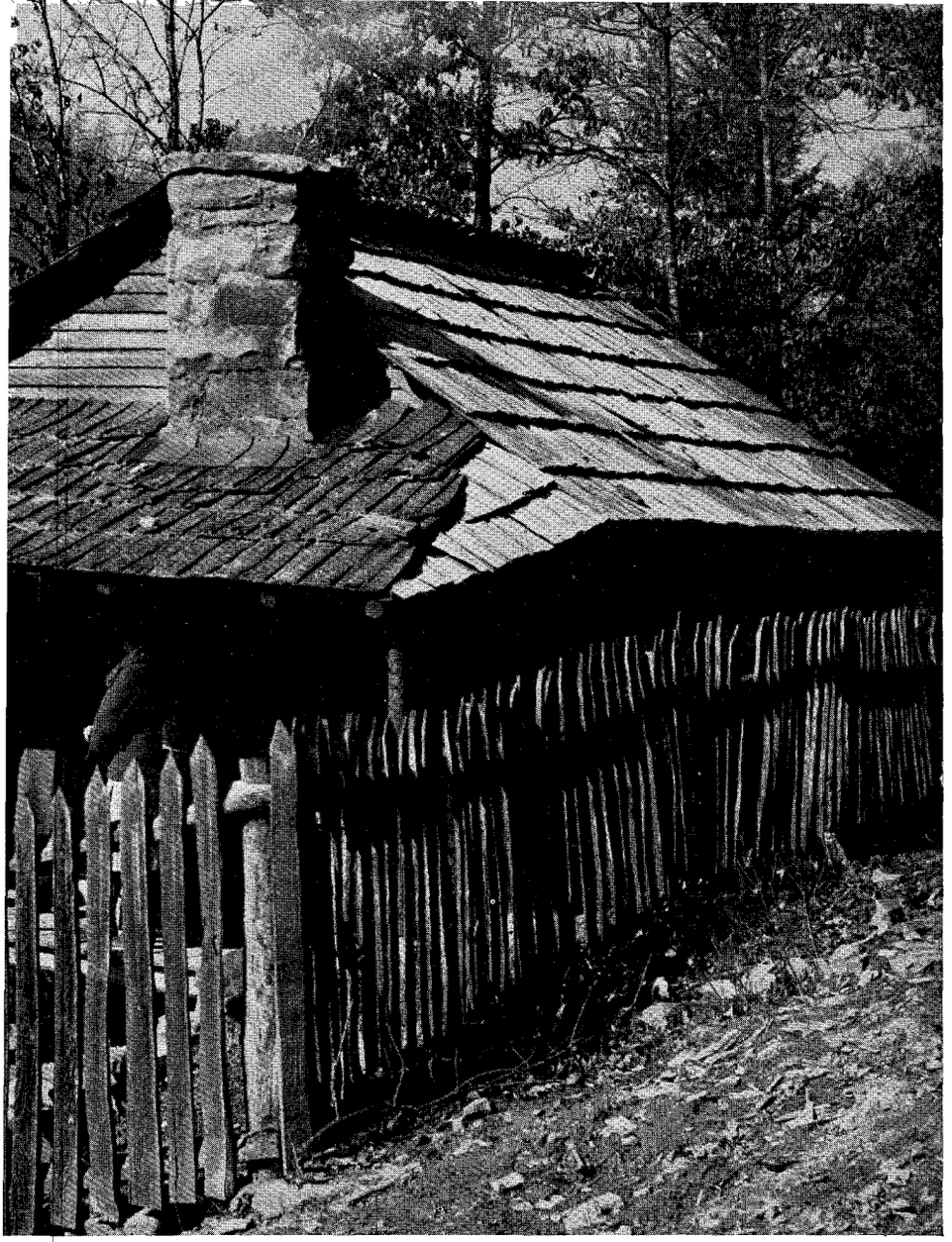

MARVIN BRECKENRIDGE, FROM BLACK STAR

It was not a case to let a jury decide—a jury whose panel would come largely from tenant farmers.

"Settle immediately," the company wired on receipt of my report.

There was adequate reason for the haste. In the first place, damage-suit lawyers (there is one in Mississippi today whose letterhead bears in boldly printed type: DAMAGE SUITS A SPECIALTY) of Mississippi and Arkansas, the ones who have been successful in keeping workmen's compensation laws from the statutes in those two states, can track down a good case more swiftly than a piny-woods bloodhound puts his nose to a barefoot track from a smokehouse. In the second place, this particular case was heavy in liability and potential damage verdict. It was my job to get to Myrtle and her father before some lawyer.

I called on Myrtle first. I smiled. I talked about everything but the accident. I let my easy-aiming eyes wander over her buxom young body. Accept this statement: She enjoyed the compliment of it. I held her unbandaged hand. I told her about a curious-looking hat I had seen on a girl in Jackson—a turban-looking affair, topped by something that looked like a periscope. She laughed. "I'd wear it."

"Yes, and you'd look good in it, Myrtle. When you get out of here, you should go up to Jackson and get a few things. You'll have plenty of money—maybe a hundred dollars. Maybe two hundred! That is, if your father doesn't try to get some lawyer, go into court, delay everything for a year or so, and take a chance of winding up with nothing."

My blue-eyed franking of the propaganda was successful. Myrtle was ready to go to Jackson "the first bus leaving on the day I get out of here," looking for that turban with the periscope, summer dresses, silk hose, gloves for a mutilated hand. . . .

Yes, as I drove on out to see her father, whose clumsy "x" I needed to the release, there was a moral pricking of my Mississippi common honesty. I comforted myself slightly with the knowledge that it was quite legal to settle for as small a sum as would be accepted when the chancellor approved the removal of minority disabilities; that to keep a case from the halls of justice was an ethical (by statute, at least) practice in Arkansas and Mississippi. I didn't write the laws. . . . I only swore, as a member of the bar, to uphold them. . . .

If Myrtle's accident had occurred in any of the forty-six states with workmen's compensation laws, there would have been a fixed amount of damages. The compensations schedules of Tennessee, for specific example, would have awarded her fifty per cent of her average weekly wages for a maximum of 150 weeks, or $750 on a basis of a ten-dollar-a-week salary. No negligence having been contributed on her part, the settlement would have been promptly made, with no claim agent for an employer's liability-insurance company having the right to haggle for a smaller amount, and no lawyer given the chance to ensnare the case for jury action, with the hope (and reasonable certainty) of greater damages.

The truth of the matter is that Arkansas and Mississippi lawyers, opposing that enactment of workmen's compensation laws, have successfully used the argument that rates prevailing in states with such laws are "employers' rates," unjust to an injured employee; and that (I heard this one day from the gallery in the Mississippi Legislature) "outsiders can say what they please about Arkansas and Mississippi being at the bottom of civilized states, but we are not going to let any two-eyed employer tell a one-eyed workman how much he's going to get under a cock-eyed compensation law." There was a roar of applause, a deluge of votes to kill the bill.

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Thus Arkansas and Mississippi provide two courses for an injured employee to take: trial by jury or outside settlement. The first permits lawyers who make "damage suits a specialty" to enjoy a practice now outlawed in forty-six states. The second gives a claim adjuster a chance to exercise his talents.

Myrtle's father was expecting me. I was the mysterious man with the checkbook, unknown around those parts before industry began coming in, drawing cheap and meek labor from the cut-over pine country and farms of the forty-acre, one-mule, sharecropping classification. If a mule kicked a tenant farmer to death, his family got nothing but credit for a pine-box funeral, plus what private aid the neighbors gave in jams, jellies, and molasses. But when one of the boys went off to the logging camp, or the shirt factory, or the box factory, and was brought home in a fifty-dollar casket, the man with the checkbook always came around a few days later, paying out as much as the unheard-of sum of $1000! Spot cash, too: just sign here, and he will go to the bank with you to get it cashed.

For three fingers—and at the first joints only—Myrtle's father wasn't certain as to the value. It was evident that he thought three fingers on a fifteen-year-old girl were not worth as much as three fingers on a man who could handle a bull-tongue plow, but he was cautious enough to name no figure until I started the bartering.

In the hands of a jury, the case might net a $5000 verdict. It would not have been too excessive for the Supreme Court to have upheld. Fighting it would have cost my company, in special attorney's fees, another $500. Routine costs of handling it, including the appeal to the Supreme Court, whatever the amount of the jury verdict, would have run into another $500. In other words, the accident to Myrtle could cost the casualty company $6000.

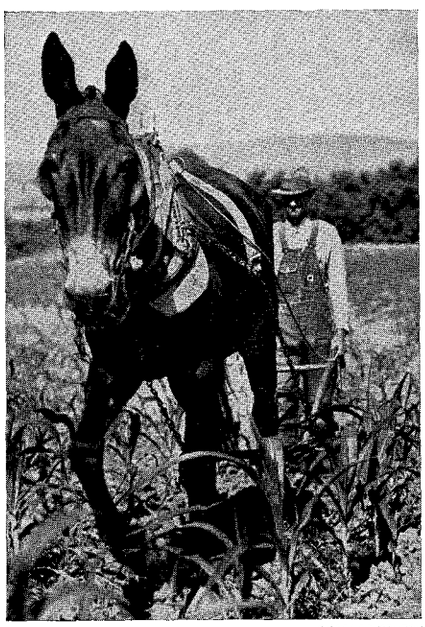
"A hundred dollars—spot cash," I said. "And all the hospital bills."

He tugged at his overall straps. " 'Tain't enough."

I stopped at $300. He wanted $1000.

In town I made two calls. I told Myrtle her father declined to settle. In tears, she asked a nurse to send word to him to come to the hospital. My other call was at a secondhand-automobile lot. There was a bulky, gaudily painted, highly polished old sedan of good make with a $200 tag on it—the type of car that a Mississippi tenant farmer prefers to a brand-new small model of more popular make. Myrtle's father, with a car like that, could "show off" all his fellow tenants, even his landlord. I ordered it sent out for inspection. He had not had an automobile, I learned that morning, since cotton was twenty-two cents a pound. Two hours later he was knocking at my hotel room. We settled for $350. The secondhand-automobile company cashed the draft, taking out $250 for the car. Myrtle may have, or may have not, received the remainder. I never inquired. I never wanted to. . . .

Go over into Arkansas now with me on another case: Desperate Dick Desmond was never caught in the path of a circular saw more certainly than the old man at the little mill near the banks of the Mississippi. The blade tore into his back, spared his bony neck, and ripped its terrible way up the back of his head. He stood upright when he was pulled out—stood upright when he should, by all previous tables of experiences, never have breathed again. It was no case for attempt at settlement until the extent of his injuries was more definite. Some weeks later he got up from bed, no longer able to stand up-



CHARLES KRUTCH

right, but drawn forever a half-foot less than his normal height.

By no means—my instructions came—should this man ever be permitted to make his hunchback appearance before a jury. Settle!

Based on earning capacity and life expectancy, the case had a maximum estimated value in court action of $5000. Any settlement less than that might bring a bonus to me from the company. There were new suits at Phil Halle's in Memphis: I wanted that bonus.

The old man refused to talk with me. He was going to "tell it to the jedge." I might as well get out of his town and come back when court began. He knew how much he'd get (he told his fellow townsmen)—$15,000, maybe $20,000! On the day that I was ready to leave, convinced that the case was going into court, he dispatched a breathless youngster to get me.

"Gra'pappy says come quick!"

I walked into the shack. He was seated at a rickety table. How much, he demanded, would I settle the case for right this minute?

Quaking, alarmed, the old man begged for immediate action. What had happened I didn't know at the moment. But with all the professional hardness of the successful claim agent, I answered, "Oh, two hundred dollars. Nuisance value, that's all."

"I'll take it!"

I signed the draft, took his release, and retired in amazement that was not cleared until the youngster revealed what happened. A gypsy fortuneteller, exchanging a "fortune" for a frying-sized chicken, had told him, in response to his question as to how much money he would receive for his accident, "nothing."

All subsequent efforts to break his release in court failed. His hunchback was bound in the strait jacket of the $200 document.

"Splendid work. You are authorized to draw $100 draft for bonus."

On the way up to Memphis to cash the draft at Phil Halle's, I took up the case of a middle-aged man who had lost a thumb at a planer mill in North Mississippi. It was a comparatively trivial case. To save the trouble and time of an investigation, I offered him twenty-five dollars in full settlement. He accepted. A week or so later I was called back to the same mill. The man had lost the tip of the index finger in a similar accident. I sympathized with his hard run of luck, offered him another twenty-five dollars, and it was accepted. (The same accident, if handled under Tennessee workmen's compensation laws, would have returned him one half his average weekly wages for thirty-five weeks, or approximately $315.)

Three weeks later there came in a report that this man had now lost the second joint of the same finger. Investigate, said the company. I did, and no stranger case is in my records. He had taken the first twenty-five—paid for a bona fide accident—to a daughter whose child was ill. She appealed to him later for further help. Finger tips didn't count much in his work: he deliberately

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chipped off a first joint for another twenty-five dollars. The third appeal from his daughter brought the deliberate chipping of the second joint of the finger. The twenty-five-dollar check and his discharge notice were combined.

The finger-chipping father, the $200-taking hunchback, the gaudy second-hand car for Myrtle's father. . . .

Those things pepper your mind as you travel over the loose gravel of Arkansas and Mississippi highways.

I took what was left from the bonus check and walked into the ladies' side of Phil Halle's.

"Can you make me a hat?"

They could.

"Then make one like this: A turban, with a lot of bright silk in it, you know, the kind a girl way down in the piny woods of Mississippi might like. And build a periscope on top of it. Yes . . . a periscope. Fine. Here are the shipping instructions: 'Miss Myrtle . . . .' "

Ten Cents a Day

JULIAN LEE RAYFORD

The old feeling that makes you say,
every time you read something,
god damn it my stuff is as good as
that.
And an absolute assurance
never failing to insist constantly,
you're right, you're right . . .
so that there comes a delicious in-
sanity,
and the old desperation cries oh
god almighty
something's got to break loose
and let me come through some day!
some day . . .

SURE, I know. You read where the critics unite in saying "this writer is the most articulate young genius in America. At twenty-six, he is rapidly becoming established as a master."

And you take that magazine and you sling it bam! as hard as you can onto the floor, where it lies mocking you. And you say, I'll pretend I don't know it's there.

So you thumb through another magazine and there's an announcement: ". . . young poet whose volume of sonnets was the literary sensation last year . . . his first short story will be published in our next issue . . ." and bam!

People meet me on the street sometimes with that box and they say, What you got there? Poetry. Poetry? Sure, poetry, twenty pounds of it, took me ten years to write it. Then they generally say, I'll be damned, I thought you was a fuller brush salesman. Hell no, this is poetry.

But a lot they care. Make them a damn sight happier if I had been a fuller brush man, makes them feel a little thwarted to hear tell it's poetry, but still, they come out on top. They always conclude it with, Poets is crazy. They tell me they never make no dough.

And they're right, always right. Poets don't make any money. In ten years, poetry's paid so little that it embarrasses me to compute my earnings.

In 1926, twenty-seven dollars from the *American Mercury,* for two poems. A year later, I was awarded the five-dollar State Poetry Prize when I finished high school. Another year and I got ten dollars from the New York *Herald Tribune.* In 1933 Harriet Monroe paid me ten dollars for "Thumbtourist," a poem that came out in her May issue that year. In spring, 1935, one hundred dollars from *Esquire* for a two-page layout on Paul Bunyan.

Not much more to tell. One year, at home, I paid five bucks to the printer for a hundred tiny pamphlets which I sold for a quarter apiece. That was a gold mine, twenty-five dollars in two days of office-to-office, house-to-house selling. In those two days the most widely unknown poet in America was probably the best-paid. Later, I had a little thirty-page book printed in Nashville. I suppose, altogether, I sold thirty-five dollars' worth of those.

You gather from this that poetry is not the field for young financiers, but even to this last assertion there is the universal answer, the platform, recitals!

So what?

I feel I have carried oral poetry past Vachel Lindsay. Some very wise literary people have told me that I can recite better than anyone in America today. And even if I'm not the outstanding chanter of poems, I know damned well I'm tops, but does it pay anything?

The most I made in Chicago was three dollars for a recital at the Allerton Hotel.

In Pittsburgh I drew about eleven dollars, but in Manhattan I fared better: I made thirty dollars for three appearances at station WEAF.

One night in Brooklyn I got six dollars reciting at Cornelius Greenway's Unitarian Church. In Washington I got fifteen dollars at a private school. In St. Louis, ninety dollars for one recital, twenty-five dollars for another, and twenty-five more for an hour at Stephens College in Columbia.

Which to date completes my poetic gross, totaling just about four hundred dollars for ten years' work. Which is forty dollars a year, three dollars a month, six bits a week, and ten cents a day.

So there being no money in verse, there must be something else. There is. And that something else is what renders the poet crazy to the population. For people say, Well, four hundred bucks is not bad for a sideline.

But it has not been a sideline. I never could work that way. With me it was always a hundred bucks' worth for two dollars or a hundred dollars' worth for a hundred, for I can't retard; what goes in is the best I can do. It was never an avocation, never a hobby nor a plaything.

But one does not estimate poetry or count it a nickel on this line, a dollar for this line. All you think of in writing poetry is that something else. That steel box of mine holds twenty pounds of poetry: various sheets, books, notebooks of those MSS. have slept with me, lived with me in rain, in heat, in cold, in the finest hotels, in flophouses, in jails. . . . I have slept poetry, eaten poetry, breathed it, thought it, talked poetry, entertained people with it, and bored 'em with it. Those twenty pounds of MSS. are like twenty pounds of blood, like ten years of life. They are—ten years of life. They are valuable documents from the safety vault of intensity, they are a monument to a constant flame.

All the high moments are there, happy, joyful occasions are commemorated. Many of the bitter, desperate hours are there packed like dissected specimens. The whole gamut of life, as if a certain part of me had been sieved into a specific distillation. That is why I never can allow anyone to tote that case for me; it is as if someone volunteered to carry my arm, or my leg, as we walked along together.

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Spring Cleaning in the White House

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Motion Pictures

GILBERT SELDES

SOMETHING has happened in the movies which vitally affects not only the future of the movies, but the future of every American citizen. The greater part of this report deals with this new development. I can honestly say that I wish I hadn't felt obliged, by my assumed contract with the readers of this magazine, to pass over the entertainments of the past month in order to tell how all entertainment may be jeopardized. I should prefer to go on, at some length, about W. C. Fields in *The Big Broadcast of 1938,* with its woefully inept vaudeville show and its magnificent presentation of Mr. Fields; and to have discussed *Boy of the Streets,* which is being highly praised by the discriminating and which strikes me as a stray from the prewar Griffith and Chaplin "cheese-it-de-cops" school of realism; and to record my surprise that a picture called *Hollywood Hotel,* featuring Dick Powell, should be sprightly entertainment because of some inner lightness and quick movement; and to record serious dissent on *Tom Sawyer;* because to me all of these things are entertaining and important.

I pass them by because I have a definite feeling that a sort of psychological interference is being set up. I do not say that the movies are in danger of instant annihilation; I feel that again, as a hundred times before, something has happened which will affect the movies for a decade; at the end of that time we will understand that if we had taken thought in 1938, we could have directed the course of events to our own advantage; we will blame everyone but ourselves. Already I blame myself for not having foreseen three months ago what has happened today—and console myself with a philosophic reflection.

"Beware," said Goethe, "of what you desire in your youth, lest you have too much of it before you are old." Translated into a practicable maxim for movie critics, this reads, Beware of what you praise one month, lest the next swamp you; particularly it is a warning never to say that the movies need more of this or that.

A few months ago I wrote in these pages an account of *The River,* a brief documentary picture of the Mississippi Valley, and I meant my report to lead to action among my readers; as *The River* is totally out of the line of the usual commercial short; as it is produced by an agency of the American Government; and as it carries with it an explanation and defense of the Tennessee Valley Authority, I not only praised it for its great virtues as a picture, but suggested that those who wanted to see such a picture should act decisively by going to their local exhibitors and asking for it. By the time readers began writing to me to ask where *The River* could be seen, Paramount had agreed to distribute the picture, so that pressure on the local theater managers was no longer urgent. The picture was released in New York as a second feature with a fiction film of such appalling dullness that I thought, for a time, a conspiracy must exist to destroy its effect; but the praise of the critics and at least some measure of public approval was so influential that this magnificent story of grandeur and desolation and hope in the central valley of America was held over with a second, and much better, feature. So far, not bad.

Dozens of critics, including myself, had said that if this is propaganda, we could stand it. Miss Eileen Creelman, writing for an anti-Administration paper, the New York *Sun,* said, in effect, that as a taxpayer she objected to the picture, but as a movie critic, she applauded it; naturally, those who were not aware of any objection as citizens were all the more enthusiastic. I know that among the secondary pleasures I found in *The River* was the passionate seriousness of the theme; I was glad to see ideas handled in the movies, because that is a rare phenomenon; I wanted pictures to create some emotions more noble than those the usual feature picture cares to touch off; I didn't want all movies to be like *The River,* but I wanted the movies, as a whole, to have place for *The River.* I had, in the past, praised *The March of Time* for raising the specific gravity of the news short, and praised the Warner Brothers for their way of making a few pictures each year which were remarkably successful and at the same time remarkably honest about contemporary problems. *The River* represented to me qualities similar to those I had praised before; and the social propaganda in it was candid, well-mannered, and honest.

Now for the reaction. The issue of *Variety,* current as I write, carries the following story:

"Business Propaganda
Films to Combat F.D.R.

"Propaganda type films turned out by the administration in the last two years now are being combatted by two reels sponsored by business interests. 'Frontiers of the Future' and 'America Marching On' are both designed to bolster sentiment toward big and little business.

" 'Frontiers' is purportedly designed to show that individual initiative should be encouraged. Latter pleads for harmony between management and labor."

I thought for a time that I ought not to see the films mentioned so that I might think about the problem they raise without being influenced by any particular piece of skillful or fumbling movie propaganda. The implications of the report struck me as a long train of dynamite, and I was sure, at once, that every thoughtful citizen ought to make up his mind (and, I beg you, her mind) about the matter. I felt much as Miss Creelman did: as a *taxpayer* I wanted to know what is being done with my money, the only difference being that I consider myself as a payer of taxes not only to various governmental departments, but to corpora-

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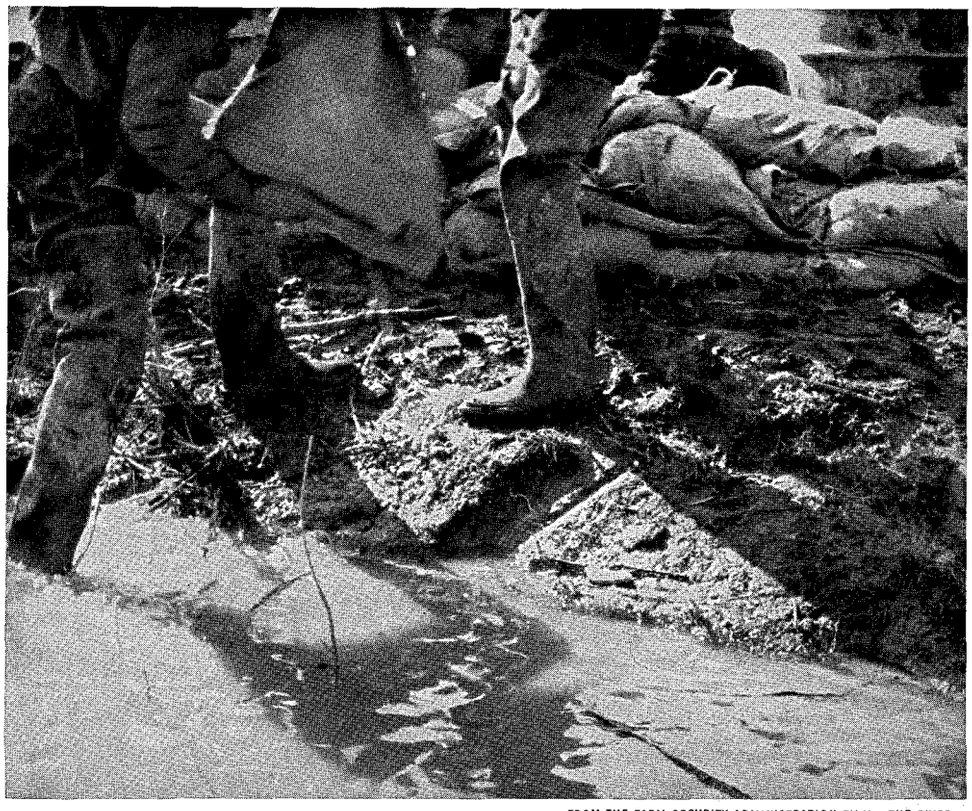

FROM THE FARM SECURITY ADMINISTRATION FILM "THE RIVER"

"A hundred thousand men to fight the old river"

tions, holding companies, manufacturers of motorcars, and many other associations. Certainly a fragment of what I pay for shoes, bread, light, fuel, and a hundred other "goods and services" is being used to reassure me of the excellence of the shoes, bread, light, and fuel which I use; I do not consider this use illegitimate, although it may be so in some cases. I do consider that I have the right which always goes to the man who pays the fiddler. (Consult *The Folklore of Capitalism,* by Thurman Arnold, on the similarity between taxes levied by the government and taxes levied by commercial enterprises.)

I jotted down some notes and went to see two of the new "editorial" films. They were skillfully made, not imaginatively, but solidly. One showed the American way of enterprise: a lowly weaver invites capital to finance him as he enlarges his business; he prospers, capital prospers, the farmer prospers, and labor gets the largest single share of the profits in the way of wages. The second showed that the exhaustion of the physical frontier of America did not exhaust our resources in the inventiveness of mankind; it pictured research laboratories and the miracles they perform. Both are produced by an affiliate of the National Association of Manufacturers, but the Association's name is not on the picture. The specific propaganda is an argument in the first case for co-operation between capital and labor; in the second the propaganda was so diffuse that my fairly sensitive nose caught it only in certain sacred phrases. All in all, a mild job; no direct attack on the CIO or the New Deal; no blatant praise for big industry.

I was left, then, virtually free to consider the subject abstractly, which is how I wish every citizen would consider it. We have the fact that the Administration, theoretically representing the people, has used the films as a means of communication; one of its most successful pictures, dealing with the housing problem, was so widely distributed that 45,000,000 people are supposed to have seen it. Such pictures are openly offered as part of the government's report to the people and are, in effect, an appeal for support. We have also the fact that, until now, manufacturers of specific products have not been able to get films exploiting their wares into the picture houses; some of them keep a kind of lobby going in Hollywood, hoping for a flattering mention in a picture or, perhaps, paying a bribe to some underling for the appearance of an easily recognized commodity in a feature film. There are rare exceptions to the rule against exploitation. Recently a picture showing the process of manufacturing steel was sponsored by the industry, and was so well made as to be acceptable to exhibitors.

The new element is that pictures free of specific advertising, but carrying social and political ideas, are being offered to local theaters; certain groups feel that they are being attacked and want to use the films for counterattack. The movie house may become as much a part of the political background as radio already is.

Radio has developed certain rules of fair play; newspapers —the respectable ones—cling to a separation between news-reporting and editorial comment, but the dividing line becomes obscure in the heat of a campaign. The movies, in theory, should be like radio, without an "editorial page," as Mr. William S. Paley, of the Columbia Broadcasting System, recently put it; but the movies are not under such Federal control as radio undergoes; the movies have no tradition about letting all sides show their wares.

So if argument on social questions enters the movie houses, we will have chaos. Because the power is great and the rewards are priceless, everyone will plunge into the business; no guiding principles exist, and for a time every move will be criticized, fought over, protested. Eventually we will have to erect a body of principles, possibly on the foundation of our prejudices, possibly on the more solid ground of social advantage. The movies have been comparatively free of political control only because they have been comparatively free of political interest; when their condition changes, we are heading straight for regulation. This is a warning and it carries a little irony of its own; because regulation is exactly what the new propagandists most want to attack.

Consider for a moment some of the problems: Who will decide the proper limits of propaganda? Who will prevent the issue of false coin? How will the unorganized middle-income-class citizen bring his ideas to the screen? Will movie propaganda (or even the mild use of the movies to present social questions and attitudes) be forever limited to the government on one side and on the other to those rich enough to afford a reply? How soon will these movie editorials begin to affect the feature picture? (There have always been some feature pictures which were in effect propaganda; but the principle that every feature ought to carry a heavy charge

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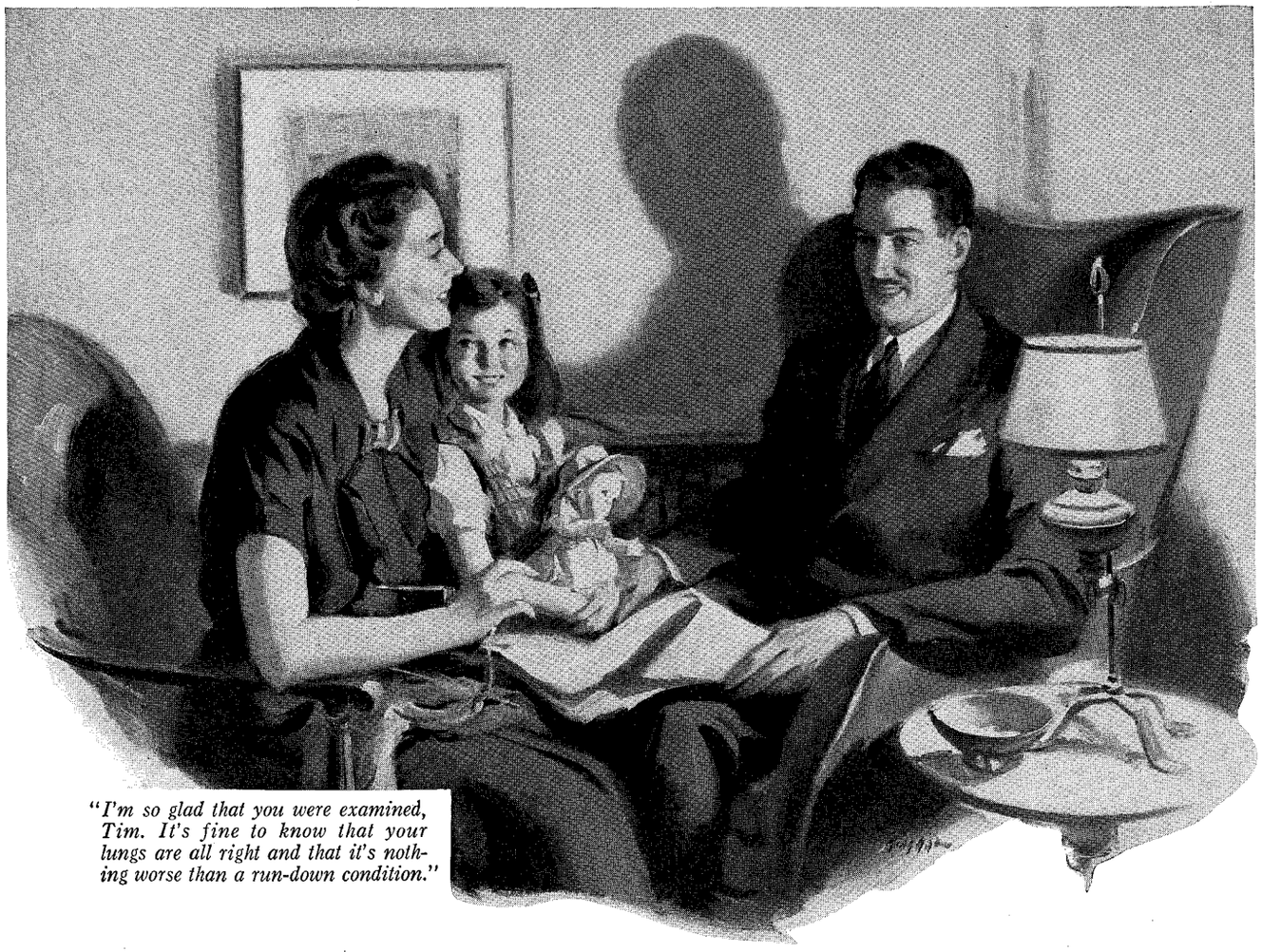

"I'm so glad that you were examined, Tim. It's fine to know that your lungs are all right and that it's nothing worse than a run-down condition."

Tuberculosis—undiscovered

is a constant danger

IN its early stages — and sometimes even when more advanced—tuberculosis may be totally unsuspected. Many older persons who really have tuberculosis think they suffer from nothing worse than a persistent "cough," "husky throat," "asthma," or a run-down condition. They do not realize that they may unknowingly spread the germs of tuberculosis among the people with whom they mingle freely. Children are in special danger.

Tuberculosis is not hereditary, but it is contagious and is communicated from one person to another. There is only one way to contract tuberculosis and that is through infection, directly or indirectly, from another case. That is why it is important to discover tuberculosis if it exists within the circle of a family—including the servants.

Has any member of your household one or more of the most frequent first symptoms of tuberculosis? These are—loss of weight without apparent reason—a cough that hangs on—fatigue: an unexplained feeling of tiredness, weakness, listlessness—pains in the chest.

If anyone in your home has any of these symptoms, consult your doctor at once. Should he advise tuberculin tests or X-ray chest examinations, don't wait. Early discovery is the best road to early recovery.

Not all the people in the first stages of tuberculosis show the early symptoms. This is especially true of younger persons. More than one-fourth of them reveal no symptoms until the disease has made unmistakable progress. Physical examinations occasionally lead the doctor to suspect the presence of early tuberculosis. If there is any doubt, X-ray pictures will tell whether or not the suspicion is correct.

Tuberculosis, in its first stages, can usually be stopped with proper treatment. Even in more advanced stages, with the aid of modern methods, thousands of persons are now being restored to health.

You can do a great deal to keep tuberculosis from being a problem in your own home. Send for free booklet "Tuberculosis." It tells about methods of guarding your family against this disease which still causes about 65,000 deaths a year in the United States —more of them between the ages of 15 and 45 than from any other disease. Address Booklet Dept. 438-S.

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FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board* LEROY A. LINCOLN, *President*

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CLAUDE H. BENNETT, Gen. Mgr.

of propaganda has not been accepted.)

These questions are independent of the value of any propaganda pictures made today; they are for the future. At the moment, the Administration gives the impression that certain citizens are hostile to America; certain groups of citizens obviously believe that the Administration is the enemy of the country; so they engage in a battle, using the movies among other weapons. This is a particularly aggravated form of the struggle which has to go on, more gently, in any democracy which allows infinite varieties of opinion and enterprise. The war may enter a more acute phase: will the government permit its enemies to use the movies? Or it may quiet down: will any powerful group be permitted to strengthen itself at the expense of others, less well equipped? And if we want to throw all propaganda out of the movie houses, what line shall we draw between propaganda and the exposition of ideas? Shall we condemn the movies to intellectual sterility, just when they seem to be wakening to a sense of their capacities?

These pages now bristle with question marks, and if I were an incipient Stalin or Hitler, I would dictate the answer, escaping in advance the complaint that I have "no plan." I have, instead of a plan, a guide-line, which I offer without too much emphasis because the problems are too involved and the stake is too great for any arrogant or pontifical solution. My suggestion is that we think of the effect of these editorial movies *on the movies as a whole;* or, in other words, their effect on the public considered as movie-goers rather than as citizens. What will a movie program be like after five years of the battle of propaganda? What will the patrons of the movie houses think and feel about their two-hour shows if thirty minutes are devoted to the discussion, partisan or lofty, with propaganda open or concealed, of important social questions?

I know that many people, with the highest motives and the noblest conceptions of society, believe that just this use of the movies is desirable. I file a demurrer because, at the moment, I think it most important that the movies remain popular. They can be popular without being degraded, as dozens of excellent pictures have proved; and their popularity is a weapon with which democracy defends itself, a weapon sharper and far more flexible than direct propaganda. If the movies ever become too arty, too serious, or even too good for daily use, we will lose an invaluable ally in the war against dictatorship. People will fight for their movies only if they enjoy their movies. If we have any social feeling, we should see to it that the enjoyment they get is not too cheap; but we must insist upon the enjoyment.

We can establish a few practical rules if we can persuade all the propagandists that the public wants the rules followed; we can even establish these rules if the intelligent and thoughtful fragment of the public will, for once, be as energetic as it is well-intentioned. We can, for instance, insist that the sponsor of an editorial film name himself as openly as he does on the air or in print; we can ask that the purpose of the film be clearly stated; we can, I think, manage to clamp down on lies, even if we are not able to tell the propagandists what is the last true word in sociology. After that, we might as well put our trust in the people who go to the movies, hoping that they will get tired of the evils of propaganda even if they fail to recognize them.

On View

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER: Suggested last month that the nation should sue David O. Selznick if this turned out not a good picture. Suggested this month: that the nation (and the estate of Mark Twain) sue.

THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1938: Suggested last month that there might be too many others in addition to W. C. Fields. Suggested this month: that you keep eyes and ears shut whenever Fields is off the screen.

GOLDWYN FOLLIES: Accepted as a stew served on gold plates—not quite solid gold.

OF HUMAN HEARTS: The picture of backwoods life before the Civil War pleases more than the sentimental story; with Walter Huston.

THE GIRL WAS YOUNG: Alfred Hitchcock is the most genial of the British directors.

In the Works

On form, these should be the more rewarding pictures arriving in the next few weeks:

JEZEBEL: With Bette Davis.

WOODEN WEDDING: With Robert Montgomery.

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE: Another chance to estimate the "sophisticated" Lubitsch touch, with Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper.

And, previously noted, EVERYBODY SING, PARADISE FOR THREE, HAVING WONDERFUL TIME.

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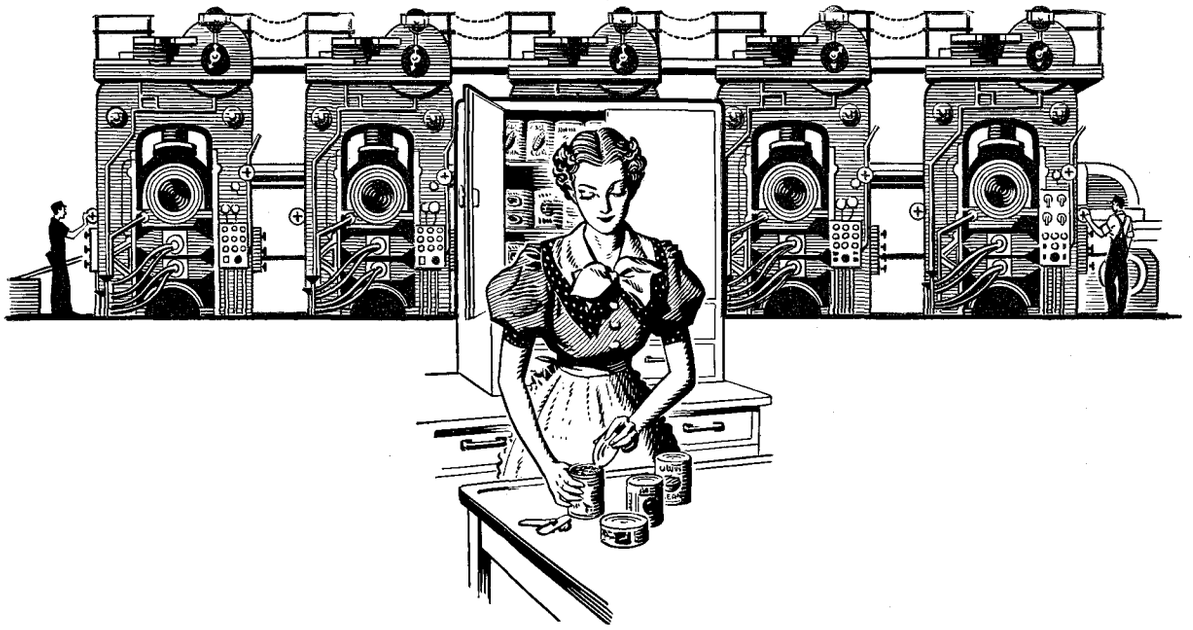

To bring a variety of delicious healthful foods to your table

THE planning of well-balanced meals is much easier today than a few years ago, due largely to progress in canning. Grocery store shelves are laden the year round with an almost endless variety of fruit juices, succulent vegetables, meats, fruits and fish. Meals can be kept interesting, appetizing and healthful regardless of the season.

Great credit is due the packers and canners for their enterprise in broadening the variety of canned foods and putting an end to purely seasonal restrictions on our daily fare. This diversification of our winter diet has been facilitated also by steel-makers who have supplied the material for the containers. For the familiar tin can is not really tin. It is made of steel—steel strip rolled down to a thickness of about ten thousandths of an inch and then plated with tin.

Bethlehem has long been one of America's leading producers of tin plate. A large part of this company's $90,000,000 expansion program, now nearing completion, comprises the installation of new tin-plate-making facilities. These new mills, now swinging into production, keep Bethlehem abreast of the steadily increasing demands for quality tin plate.

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Theater

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

SELDOM a week goes by that any critic who peculiarly believes *King Lear* is a somewhat better play than, say, John Howard Lawson's *The Internationale* doesn't get half a dozen letters denouncing him for his arbitrary prejudice against the proletarian drama. Or if he doesn't get them, his editor does. The assiduity of the Left propagandists is remarkable, which is more than may be said for their intelligence. For I have yet to read one of their letters or hear one of their arguments that contained the faintest modicum of critical sense. And I have yet to meet and talk with one of the gentlemen who wasn't, when it came down to tacks, something in the line of a Quintus Roscius.

Despite the apparent conviction of these Leninnies, I am no more opposed to the Left Wing drama than I am to the Right Wing. I am opposed to both when they are bad, and to an equal degree. But I have never been able to persuade myself that a bad Left play was better than a bad Right play simply because it was a Left play, which is evidently the consummation the proletarian boys devoutly wish. The truth is that a good nine-tenths of these Left plays which have been put on the local stage in the last four or five years have been not only critically worthless but have done the cause or causes they championed a hurt rather than a benefit. For they have been, above everything else and above the possible validity of their themes, badly designed, badly written, badly articulated, and woefully dreary, and one can't gain sympathy and make converts under such circumstances. Paradoxically absurd though it may seem, *You Can't Take It With You* remains a much more convincing argument against capitalism than the most vociferous diatribe produced during the life of the radical Theater Union, as *I'd Rather Be Right* constitutes a fundamentally sharper criticism of our present form of government than half the Communist plays that have tried to yell us onto their side.

The fault of the proletarian boys is that they believe the only way you can make an argument impressive is to put it into a sandbag and hit the other fellow over the head with it. As a result, the plays they write and the plays they endorse are largely indistinguishable from so many holdups. To persuade an audience fully, the weapons must be equally distributed between the play and the audience. A play can't hold a pistol against an audience's head and command it to give up. The audience also wishes to have a little say about that. So silly have the Lefts been that even their own side is beginning gradually to recognize it. Not long ago, Mr. Louis Schaffer, executive director of the Labor Stage, cordially admitted as much when he stated that the endless succession of pickle-faced exhibits dealing with revolution, strikes, and the Soviet grandeur, what with their desperate lack of humor, gave him, for one, something of a pain. It was, incidentally, by way of slightly alleviating the pain that he helped to produce *Pins and Needles,* which has shrewdly and successfully laughed its propaganda into its audiences' benignity.

It is too bad that the other boys of whom I have been speaking do not share at least a measure of Mr. Schaffer's winning sagacity. But even if they did, there is one point that they, in their wholesale indignation and in their faith in the mission of the Left drama, overlook. It is this: For all we hear to the contrary, the drama, whether Left or Right and even at its best, exercises little or no positive influence upon people. They may be affected by it momentarily, but after a very short time it evaporates from their consciousness, that is, in so far as anything of importance or relative importance it may have to say goes. It may, at its best, somewhat improve their cultural taste; it may add to their stock of apt quotations; and it may for the fleeting moment enrich their hearts and spirits. But in any other graver directions and for any greater length of time it does not in the least alter and change them. All the Communist plays written since Lenin's day haven't made any more converts to Communism than all the Capitalist plays written since Taft's have made converts to Capitalism. Such plays merely reconvert the already converted. An audience may take a new emotion out of a theater but it rarely takes a new thought or philosophy. In the whole history of the more modern drama, the number of plays that have even faintly exercised any influence upon persons other than playwrights and critics or upon institutions other than the theater itself may be counted on less than the fingers of one hand. Hugo's *Hernani,* 'way back in 1830, was one; Ibsen's *A Doll's House,* 'way back in 1879, was possibly another; Brieux's trashy *Damaged Goods,* back in 1902, was momentarily another; and the even trashier *An Englishman's Home,* of some twenty-five years ago, was possibly still another. That about completes the catalogue, unless my memory tricks me. The drama in the last one hundred years, in short, has not in its entirety had any substantial public after-effect comparable to even such a single boom-boom novel as Harriet Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* or Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle,* to even such a single war-whooping song as George M. Cohan's *Over There,* or to even such a single evangelical Elk grip as Frank N. Buchman's handshake with God.

A century of the theater's history has demonstrated that if it has any influence at all, that influence is confined largely—apart from the specific directions already noted—to matters of a supreme cosmic unimportance. A Cleo de Mérode may be instrumental in persuading women to alter the manner in which they dress their hair; a *The Red Robe* may cause several Paris professional letter-to-the-editor inditers to yowl, entirely without effect and result, against the methods of French juris-

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prudence; or a Sheldon's *The Nigger* may bring some of our more excitable colored fellow citizens to protest, unsuccessfully, against the use of the derogatory term in its title. But, by and large and otherwise, except in the occaional and oblique matter of idiotic moral censorship, its influence is nil. After half a century, the countless audiences of the anti-drink propaganda drama, *The Drunkard,* are still going out and getting happily boiled to the ears and the countless audiences of the scareful *Ghosts* are still, if we may believe the recently revealed and staggering statistics, going out and merrily contracting syphilis. *Tobacco Road* can run ten more years and it will doubtless not persuade anyone who sees the picture of misery it presents to lift a finger on behalf of the wretched and pitiable Southern cracker folk. It seems to be the fate of the drama that audiences will frequently accept and abide by its artistic and cultural injunctions but seldom, if ever, by its political, social, religious, or economic.

It is, accordingly, ridiculous for the champions of the proletariat to work themselves up to a lather in their contemplation of the current dramatic scene. But even if it were not, the fact should be recalled to them that they themselves and those who ardently sympathize with them do not seem to be sufficiently interested and numerical to make the Left drama, when it does appear, a paying or even a partly going proposition. And certainly the general public, with its very thorough and obvious indifference, isn't helping them any. The Theater Union, which sought to institute a home for the proletarian drama in Fourteenth Street and which charged so little that any interested worker could easily afford to be a customer, failed after a brief try and was forced to close down. The Left play, *Marching Song,* produced in the Bayes Theater, was a quick financial failure; the Left play, *Steel,* was a similar financial failure; and so were other such uptown presentations as *1931–, Wolves, We, the People, Judgment Day, Between Two Worlds, Gentlewoman, The Pure in Heart, Paradise Lost, Panic, Parade, Paths of Glory, Squaring the Circle, Let Freedom Ring, Weep for the Virgins, Searching for the Sun, Case of Clyde Griffiths, And Stars Remain, Ten Million Ghosts, Days to Come, But for the Grace of God, Tide Rising, To Quito and Back, Siege, Sunup to Sundown,* et al.

All of these plays fall either directly or roughly into the Left category; all have been shown in the last half-dozen seasons; some were produced by Right Wing producers; the Theater Guild sponsored four of them; yet none of them drew enough customers to make it pay. There weren't enough Lefts, apparently, to keep them going, and there was no public to augment the handful of Lefts. The few proletarian plays that managed to survive and prosper, *e.g.,* Odets' *Awake and Sing* and Kingsley's *Dead End,* contrived to attract audiences not so much because of their themes as because of either their comedy element or their spectacular staging. More people surely went to Odets' play to be amused than to give hot ear to its Left sympathies, as more probably went to Kingsley's to see Norman-Bel Geddes' remarkably realistic and widely advertised stage setting

PINS AND NEEDLES

The three little "Angels of Peace" (upper left) are Murray Modick, Al Eben, and Paul Seymour; the girl is Ruth Rubinstein, as a Vassar girl who finds a job in Macy's; and at the piano is Harold J. Rome, who wrote the music and lyrics for the show

than to listen to its plea for slum children.

Let the Left boys, as I have hereinbefore intimated, soothe themselves with the thought that what they bitterly denounce as the contemptible popular Right drama is in reality often much more effectively and popularly Left than the Left drama itself. The question of any critical quality completely aside, where will they find in the more recent professionally Left drama a more persuading argument against the waster rich than in the popular box-office *Dinner at Eight,* against the present order of civilization than in *The Petrified Forest,* against the present order of democratic government than in *Both Your Houses,* against anti-Semitism than in *Having Wonderful Time,* against aristocratic snobbery than in *Rain from Heaven,* against property and capitalism than in *High Tor,* against constituted monarchy than in *The Masque of Kings,* against Sacco-Vanzetti injustice than in *Winterset,* against oppression of the poor and humble than in *Excursion,* or against the woe of war than in *For Services Rendered?*

*

It is one of the stoutest beliefs of most theatrical producers that one can tell very little about a play from a mere reading of the script, that one can never tell just how it will come out in actual production, and that only in such production can there be any true test of its real merits. This, among other reasons, is why so many producers land seriatim in the storehouse, poorhouse, and bughouse.

Any fairly intelligent person who knows anything at all about the theater and drama can tell very well what a play is like from a reading of the script and can also foretell pretty well what it will be like in production. One can't, of course, always tell whether it will be a financial success, but the average of prognostication in that direction, even so, isn't so bad. The opposite view maintained by the producers proceeds almost entirely from their own shortcomings. If and when they get hold of a good play and, after reading it in script, miraculously conclude that it is a good play, what do they frequently do? They miscast it; they fail to engage a sufficiently knowledgeable director to stage it; they hamstring it with the wrong kind of scenery and costumes; they book it into a theater wholly unsuited to it; they open it, maybe, during a blizzard, a business panic, or an influenza epidemic; and then they derisively shout: "See! We told you! You never can tell."

Still another recent answer to their script skepticism was provided by the very considerable critical, popular, and financial success of Paul Vincent Carroll's *Shadow and Substance.* All the professional critics and everyone else who read the play in either its typescript or published book form long before production—in some cases as long as eight months before—could easily

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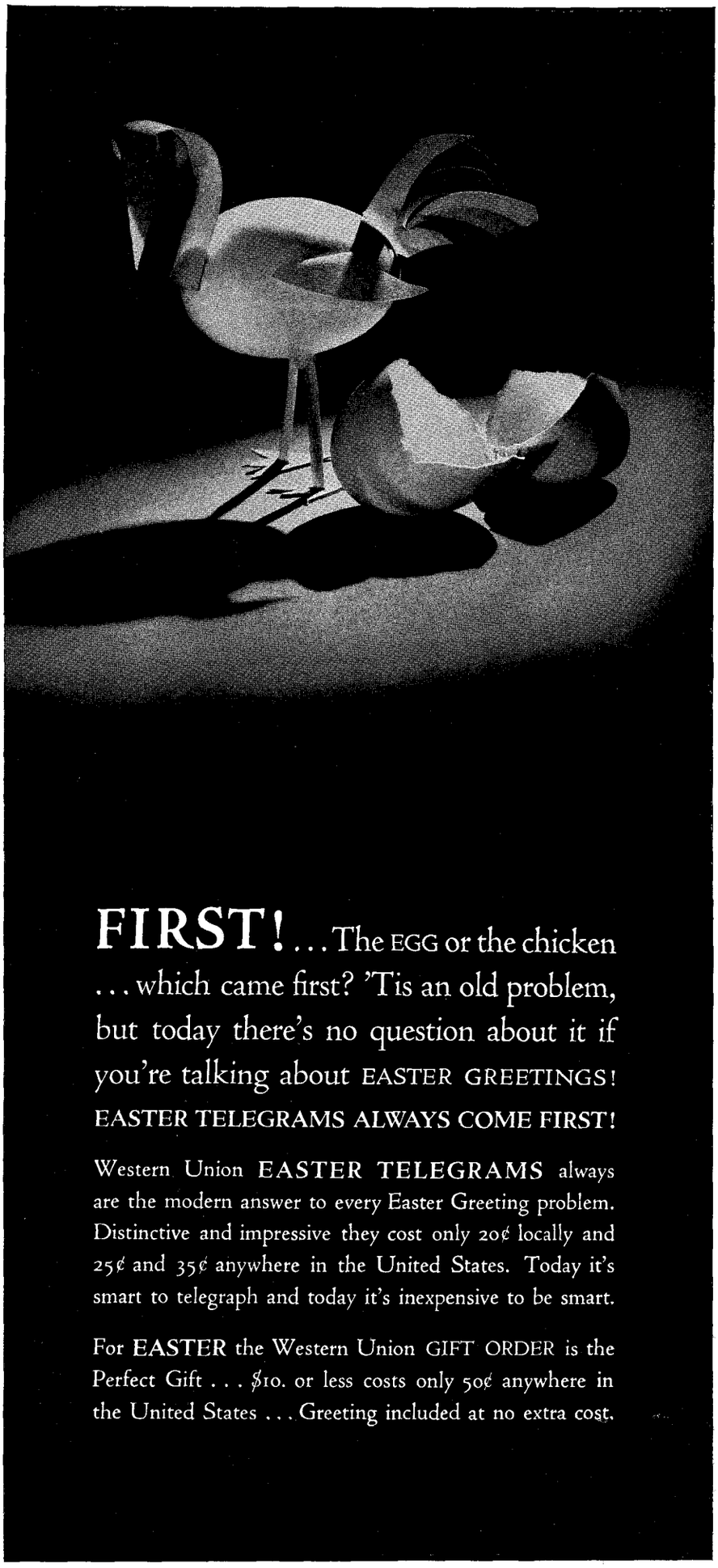
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foretell and did foretell its high place in the coming theater and, provided it were intelligently cast, acted, and staged, its high chances of prosperity. It has been thus intelligently cast, acted, and staged, thanks to the Mr. Dowling who also recognized a valuable script the moment it came into his hands, and it is one of the most important events of the theatrical year. A review of the play, based upon a script reading, appeared in these pages at the beginning of the season.

We come to the very considerably lesser but more interesting of the recent exhibits. First, *Our Town,* by Thornton Wilder, which has deeply impressed a number of my critical brethren. Although its panoramic sketching of birth, life, love, and death in a small native community here and there by virtue of its narrative quiet and simplicity achieves the effect that often lies in adroitly calculated understatement and although, of course, there is always an audience emotional value in such time-honored stage cardiac seducers as the gentle and understanding love of an elderly married couple, the tender laying of a posy on a beloved's grave, the young bride in white at the wedding altar, and the like, I fear that I cannot discern in the exhibit its alleged large esthetic virtues. While it has its original and valid moments and while it now and again succeeds in evoking a strange, homely emotional co-operation, it seems to me to be essentially little more than a sparse Sino-American paraphrase of Andreyev's familiar *The Life of Man,* which also, you will recall, has its narrator to interpret the action, which also has been acted on a bare stage, and which aims at accomplishing its effect through the same innocence of detail.

From Von Hofmannsthal, Casella, and various others we have had plays in which Death has figured in one way or another as a character. Now add to the list Mr. Paul Osborn, who has dramatized Lawrence Watkin's novel, *On Borrowed Time,* and made a good theatrical job of it. The tale fantastic of Death chased up a tree and kept there by a rambunctious old rooster who doesn't wish to pass out until he can see to it that his little orphaned grandson is properly taken care of, the play skillfully combines sentiment with humor and auspiciously avoids what Frank Swinnerton, in an appraisal of the novel, deplored as an occasional too caressing reminiscence of *Little Lord Fauntleroy.* In a word, pleasant minor dramatic entertainment.

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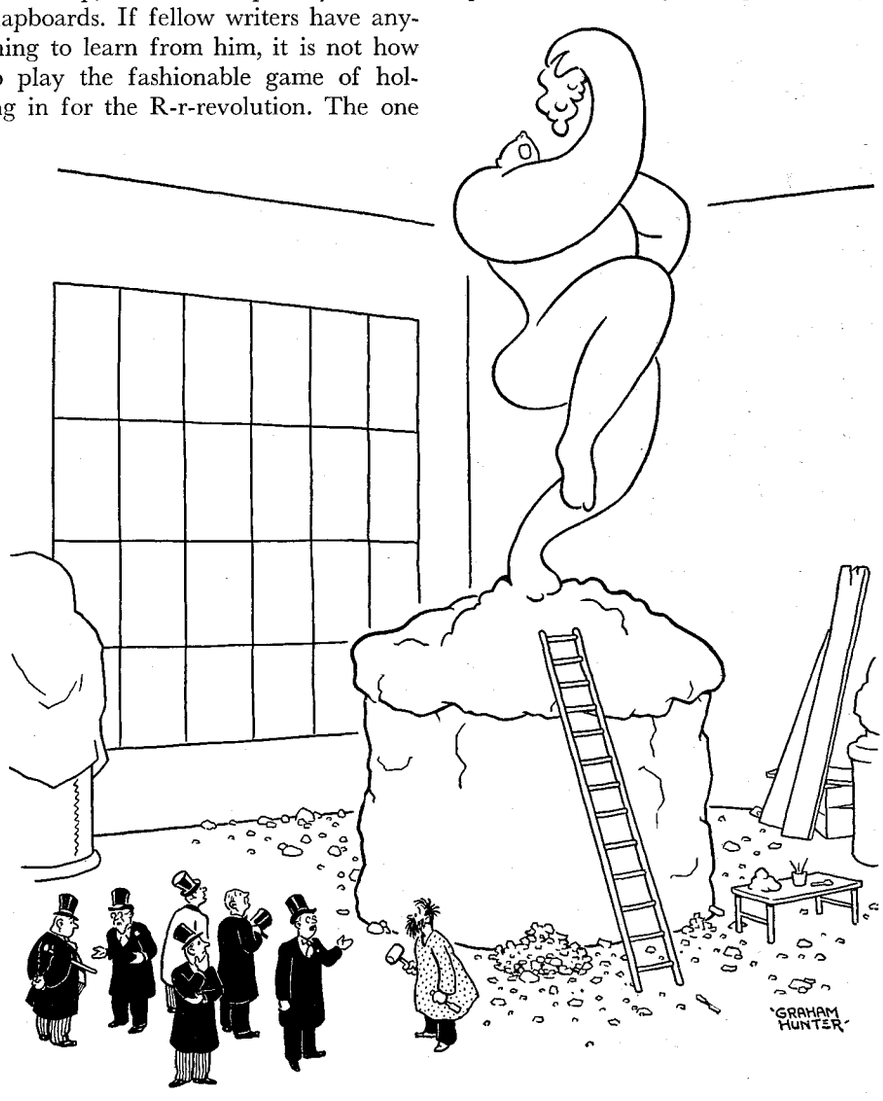
Books

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

In *R.F.D.* (Norton, $2.50) Charles Allen Smart has done a difficult thing exceedingly well: he, a literary man with a background of urban intellectualism punctured by weekly half-hours of squash racquets, has written a book about life in the country without seeming affected. I would have sworn that it couldn't be done, but here it is, all ready for the Book-of-the-Month Club audience and the Skeptics Society, too. *R.F.D.* is a rewarding experience because it is written without the fake ecstasy that usually betrays city-bred nature lovers. It is also a potentially dangerous book. Not that its mild, farmer-co-operative radicalism will cause anyone to bomb the Stock Exchange or slip knockout drops into Mr. Morgan's afternoon tea. But it may, by reason of its genuine and pervasive charm, give aid and comfort to those literary people who have a pernicious habit of writing about trees, chickens, vegetables, and the simple life when they obviously can't know very much about trees, chickens, et cetera.

Whenever literary people suddenly commence to go bucolic in print, I suspect that thinking has become too much for them. Lewis Gannett is, of course, an exception: he was a naturalist before he became a daily columnist, and his occasional salute to books about trees and Golden Bantam corn carries with it the conviction of professional interest. Dorothy Thompson is less persuasive when she booms that zinnia grower, Governor Aiken of Vermont, for President. As for lesser literary folk, they write of country life with a mincing touch that makes one think of Marie Antoinette among the milk cans. Either that, or they indulge in wiseacre verbalisms that are not based on true knowledge. I remember, for example, Miss Is-b-l P-tt-rs-n's haughty assertion, in print, that young apple trees whose trunks have been girdled by field mice or rabbits could not be saved. But they can be saved by bridge grafting, as a fretful correspondent promptly told her. To indulge the mincing touch myself, if Miss P-tt-rs-n will visit Soursoil Farm in Cheshire, Conn., I will show her a tree that has lived by virtue of training its sucker shoots to grow back into the bark above the girdle. This may not be orthodox bridge grafting, but it has worked.

Mr. Smart does not advocate more literary bucolics. Nor is he a Borsodi fiend, one of those self-sufficiency addicts who would have you card, spin, weave, sew, make soap, and hew and plane your own clapboards. If fellow writers have anything to learn from him, it is not how to play the fashionable game of holing in for the R-r-revolution. The one great advantage of Mr. Smart's way of life for a novelist, a poet, a biographer, or a historian is that it offers a means of cutting expenses and getting away from telephone calls, as people as diverse as Matthew Josephson, Charles A. Beard, Granville Hicks, George Dyer, and Robert Coates have long since discovered. Mr. Smart uses his own writing skill as his "cash crop"—the actual gardening, milking, and sheep raising which he does all come under the heading of cutting expenses. This thrifty arrangement helps



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to pay the taxes and insurance and enables Mr. Smart to function as a writer without having to spill out his guts on phony copy for ideals not held, or institutions not believed in. Moreover, country life feeds Mr. Smart's own peculiar genius, which, whether he is fully aware of it or not, is for the old-style familiar essay. (With more Hazlitt than Lamb.)

The scene of *R.F.D.* is Ross County, in southern Ohio, to which Mr. Smart moved when his aunt died and left him an upland farm not far from Chillicothe. Although he calls himself an "immigrant," Mr. Smart was not really that: he had visited his aunt every summer as a boy, and his early memories were the ones that proved formative. But he had never been a working farmer before he found himself with the thick clay acres of Oak Hill on his hands. Being partly Scotch, Mr. Smart felt that he ought to make use of the place. He was also a radical, and may have had some momentary qualms about private ownership. But since Oak Hill, as property, was more "personal" than productive, he found no mental difficulty in taking up the life of a farmer and bringing a bride from New England to the "wilderness." His title to Oak Hill was henceforth to be based on use. Not so his half-interest in a near-by farm at Bellbridge, which he and his sister let to a tenant who had always lived there. This ownership still bothers Mr. Smart, but he doesn't know what he can do about it. Mr. Smart doesn't say so, but Mr. Kincaid, the tenant, would probably be mortally insulted if he were to be offered the land as a gift. And not because Bellbridge is sometimes flooded and covered with sand, heavy gravel, and Johnson Grass seed by raging Paint Creek. No indeed. The explanation is simpler: Mr. Kincaid, who ought to believe in production-for-use, is a Republican.

Mr. Smart divides his book into chapters called "Principles," "Production," "Business," "Bodies," "People," and "Fun." But the divisions are arbitrary: the "fun" permeates the whole business of living at Oak Hill, with the possible exception of the business of selling and bookkeeping. As intelligent hedonists and measured sensualists, the Smarts, Charles and Peggy, make the most of the accent on the body which country life compels. Keeping well-fed, clean, warm, and comfortable form a major part of one's life on a farm. Bathing without running water is troublesome, but it can be sensually romantic when a tub is placed before a stove and a screen is rigged up to keep the heat from dissipating into the kitchen. A tiring day in the open in winter may turn the face and hands blue, but it sets things up for a drink of smoky Scotch and water as city life never does. Gardening is not all it is cracked up to be, especially when the rain ceases utterly and the temperature runs above eighty, ninety, and a hundred for weeks. But even though the tomatoes wither on the vines in August, there are compensations in gardening: the early plants usually come through, and the Smarts don't know what, if anything, tastes better than asparagus, strawberries, and peas eaten within an hour after picking. The on-balance monetary advantage of a garden may be small. But farming, as has been said before, is a way of life, and part of that "way" is the superior satisfaction of the taste buds in May, June, and July. Incidentally, I wonder why Mr. Smart has nothing to say about fresh rhubarb, which is wonderful. He has plenty to tell about blackberries, which come as a "free good" to country dwellers who know where to seek them out. But he says nothing about huckleberries or tender cowslip greens, which come just as free. Aren't there huckleberries and cowslips in southern Ohio? But here I go, blundering into literary bucolics, which is something I dislike in others and have no right to indulge in myself as long as I work in that agrarian paradise, the Chrysler Building.

Mr. Smart's "principles" are simple. One of them is to plow back as much into the soil as he takes out of it. Another is to buy and sell as little as possible. Selling is sometimes necessary, but if you can consume a thing instead of marketing it, you naturally keep other people from taking a profit on its transportation and processing, which in the last analysis means that you have saved that much. The final principle is—the Co-operative. Fortunately for Mr. Smart, the Ohio Farm Bureau has pioneered (along with Indiana) in establishing fertilizer, oil and gas, and insurance co-operatives. Mr. Smart knows some of the Farm Bureau men, and thoroughly approves of their hard dollars-and-sense radicalism, but he doesn't mention Murray Lincoln, who is the driving spirit behind Ohio farm co-operative buying and selling. Inasmuch as Mr. Lincoln is, like Mrs. Smart, a New Englander from eastern Massachusetts, he should get acquainted with him. Mr. Lincoln has some good stories to tell about his days as a Cleveland banker, which would confirm Mr. Smart in his opinions of the profit-gouging city slickers.

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As a familiar essayist, Mr. Smart lays about him with abandon. He proceeds from Sewall Wright's mathematical studies in genetics to the wholly unmathematical love-making of Hereford bulls. He travels from the professional pride of his wife's cocker spaniel at the dog show to his own pride in the art of squirting milk from a cow's teat into the open mouth of a cat. Since a farmer's working clothes are so comfortable, he wonders why the farmer insists on high stiff collars for formal occasions such as churchgoing. Why, he asks, can't the farmer wear nice, comfortable kilts on his trips into town?

Mr. Smart admires the farmers in his neighborhood because they add to the world's wealth without taking anything out of the hides of other human beings. The nether side of this coin is his feeling of shame every time he goes to the bank safety-deposit box to clip a few of his meager bond coupons. Such income, he argues, must come out of workers, like himself and other Ross County agriculturalists. One suspects Mr. Smart of a wee bit of sentimentality here: after all, his income isn't big enough to permit him to save money for sterile purposes, such as bidding up the price of existing stocks in Wall Street. He *has* to spend his income on goods that bring money—and life and comfort—to other people. Money, as Francis Bacon said, is only good as muck, to spread around. So it matters little whether a poor person on a Ross County farm gets a few dollars in dividends as long as the dividends are passed on quickly to workers elsewhere. Mr. Smart thinks he might feel better if his small patrimony were invested in government bonds. But what if it were invested to pay for battleships, which spin not even when they toil?

The subject of radicalism is on Mr. Smart's conscience. And why not? For eighty years the American farmer, in whose blood-brotherhood Mr. Smart is now a sworn member, has been mulcted by legal devices that favor the industrial side of the American economy. The farmer ought to keep on feeling mad—and radical—until the tariff and the "Administered" industrial prices are no more. But Mr. Smart, as a farmer, hasn't yet foraged a definite radical philosophy. He speaks of a coming "socialist" America. But he doesn't specify what type of socialism—the Russian or the Scandinavian. Instinctively, however, he is on the right track in his emphasis on the farm co-operative movement. No matter what the future brings, this movement can do the farmer no harm. If American capitalism lasts for a long time to come, a strong farm co-operative movement will help that capitalism function with fewer jams simply by increasing the spending power of the back country and 30,000,000 poorer people. If capitalism fails, the co-operative machinery might give the farmer a bulwark under socialism. And he would need that bulwark, for socialism is a doctrine of the cities, and the urban slicker can be just as nasty as a commissar as he can be in the board room of a big corporation.

As a final warning to those who may be considering his "invitation to the country," Mr. Smart insists that farming is not "the simple life." In fact, it is extremely complex, especially when combined with the "cash crop" of writing and with diversions such as amateur theatricals. Going to the office every day and taking a salary check on Friday or Monday is simple by comparison. But the complexity of country life is precisely what makes it so desirable. In the city we go through the motions of living. In the country the motions take on meaning, and the blood runs clear.

*

After reading *R.F.D.*, which is so glowingly on the side of life, it comes hard to take on a book like *If War Comes*, by R. Ernest Dupuy and George Fielding Eliot (Macmillan, $3). Nevertheless, reading it is good to steel the soul. For the world is not only Mr. Smart's Ohio landscape with figures; it is also Spain and China—and perhaps a sodden Czechoslovakia and a broken France and a distraught and chaotic America tomorrow. In outlining the progress of the armament makers the Messrs. Dupuy and Eliot have a sobering story to tell: the next war will probably be a long-drawn, tedious, nerve-destroying affair, just like the last one. For the defense keeps pace with the offense; the anti-aircraft gun improves with the airplane, and the gas mask with the gas. The result on the field of battle is a horrible and crepitating stalemate.

Prayer

Let us not look upon
Their like again,
This generation
Of bewildered men,—
With earth-roads, sea-roads,
Sky-roads too, that show
All ways to enter
And no way to go.

—Witter Bynner

What for U.S.?

THE hounds of fascism are in full cry. The non-warring democracies of Europe are paralyzed with fear for their own safety, while Loyalist Spain and helpless China fight as best they can to delay strangulation . . . .

Now America must make its most difficult and momentous decision since its entry into the World War. Neither government nor citizen of this country wants war. But to escape it, we must quickly adopt a *positive* foreign policy in place of the conditioned neutrality with which we have been threading our way among the world's war shoals. As in every great American crisis, the consensus of liberal opinion must point the wiser way.

But who knows the nature of that consensus? Liberal opinion is drastically divided as to what form a positive foreign policy should assume:

1. Shall this country isolate itself and ban intercourse of every sort with any warring nation? —Or

2. Is Collective Security, involving cooperation with other non-aggressive nations in all peaceful efforts to end present wars and prevent future ones, more likely to safeguard our own security?

THE NATION,

oldest and most famous liberal journal in America, convinced that Isolation vs. Collective Security is the most crucial problem confronting our government today, is therefore addressing a

QUESTIONNAIRE

to all American liberals, to determine the actual proportions of the two opposing camps, both of which want peace and security for the United States.

First results of this national poll will appear in *The Nation* of March 26. Further returns will be presented in succeeding weekly issues, together with statements by people prominent in many fields of public life, special articles by authorities on world affairs, and a concluding summary and breakdown of all returns. Your ballot is needed to make this poll thoroughly representative.

IMPORTANT: Mail the appended coupon-request for a copy of the QUESTIONNAIRE today, so that you can get your ballot in while the returns are being compiled for publication. . . . If you also wish to obtain a 13-week subscription to The Nation *beginning with the March 26 issue, and covering the complete presentation of the questionnaire results, simply enclose $1 with the coupon.*

★

Request for QUESTIONNAIRE

THE NATION, 20 Vesey St., New York City

Please send me by return mail a copy of your Isolation vs. Collective Security Questionnaire and Ballot. (☐ For the enclosed $1 enter my 13-week subscription. ☐ Enter no subscription for me.)

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Book Notes

When Margery Sharp's *The Nutmeg Tree* had sold its 36,000th copy, some bright manufacturer got out a handkerchief flaunting the cover design of the book and brought it around to Little, Brown. By the time another thousand had been sold (in another day or two), the English Miss Sharp herself was landing on the *Bremen,* greeting reporters in the bar, a pleasant break for them, calling the manufacturer's token "such a lovely beach handkerchief," and generally distributing as much good cheer as her book.

With the reporters she spent a great deal of her time singing the little song about the nutmeg tree so they'd know all about where the title came from. She knew the words and the representative from Little, Brown knew the tune, so they got it across pretty well.

Her greatest complaint about New York was that whereas the two things she really wanted to do were to eat at Childs' and to go shopping in a New York Woolworth's, her good friends and publishers kept dragging her to the Ritz and showing her Bonwit Teller's. Finally she went off by herself and jolly well did get to see them. She also saw *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs,* like everybody else in town, and, like everybody else in town, insists that it's her "favorite film."

She came to this country to see about the dramatization of her book, and in the meantime she's at work on short stories and has another novel in mind. "Suppose I'll soon have to do some more good clean fun," is the way she talks about doing a new novel. It'll be fun for everybody.

*

As for *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* which pleased Miss Sharp so much, it has been busy proving beyond much question that the screen is mightier than the pen or press. For the Whitman Publishing Company, which acquired all book rights to the film last summer before its release, report that they have never had such business in any one line which has borne their imprint. And to think of the years the Grimm story has been in circulation selling in driblets only. Early in December, Whitman published a $2 Snow White book for Harper Brothers — 5000 of them — and they were all sold in three weeks. For David McKay in Philadelphia they printed 10,000 books at $1 and these were promptly disposed of, the issue now being out of print. For Grosset & Dunlap they printed an initial order of 50,000 at 50 cents which has been reordered first to the tune of 40,000 and then 50,000 more. But the staggering figures came on the 10-cent items just after the release of the picture at the Radio City Music Hall in New York. In three weeks two million Snow White puzzles, paint books, dolls, and story books were sold. And of these items, by far the largest seller was the little story book, with black-and-white drawings of Disney's little princess and her animals and dwarfs. Already those figures are a week old, and we hesitate to guess what proportions they will reach when the film gets into the movie houses around the country. Even now, the orders can't be met.

*

With affairs in Central Europe what they are today, there's no such thing as knowing too much about the background of Hitler's Germany. There have been several books in the last several years: Robert Brady's *The Spirit and Structure of German Fascism* (Viking), Stephen H. Roberts' recently published *The House That Hitler Built* (Harper), *I Knew Hitler,* by K. G. W. Ludecke (Scribners), *The Third Reich,* by Henri Lichtenberger (Greystone), M. W. Fodor's *Plot and Counterplot in Central Europe,* and, obviously, Hitler's own *My Battle.* The last two are Houghton-Mifflin books.

*

The River is not a movie that an American sees once. The picture, released by the Farm Security Administration of the Department of Agriculture, is advertised as "The Saga of the Mississippi." It is so much more than that when it is over and we have seen the pictures and heard Pare Lorentz's story of a gigantic country—our gigantic country—our gigantic river, our gigantic waste, and, in the end, of hope, if not quite so gigantic, still hope, and all ours still—well, there's practically not a dry eye in the house, and almost always, at the end, comes a round of spontaneous applause. Then one sits and sees it through again, or treks around after it from movie house to movie house. Now it is possible to get most of it in picture-book form, with Mr. Lorentz's stirring accompaniment. Stackpole Sons publish it. —KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

Life in the U.S... Photographic

(*see page* 47)

1. PARADE by Townsend Godsey, Jefferson City, Mo. These ducks were photographed in early summer on a moderately bright day. Mr. Godsey used a Leica, Model-F camera equipped with a Summar f2 lens and a light-yellow filter. The exposure was 1/60 sec. at f6.3. DuPont Superior film.

2. FLIGHT by Arthur E. Nelson, Mount Vernon, N. Y. The picture was taken at about two o'clock in the afternoon with a Rolleiflex camera. A 2x filter was used with an aperture of 5.6; exposure 1/300 second. Agfa Superpan film.

3. RIVER FRONT by Fritz Henle, 128 East 61st Street, New York, was taken at sunset on a clear day. The camera was a Rolleiflex 4x4; the exposure 1/50 sec. at f11 with a Zeiss f2.8 lens. Agfa Superpan film.

4. MEXICAN BOY by George Platt Lynes, 640 Madison Avenue, New York. Mr. Lynes used an Agfa-Ansco 8x10 view camera. The exposure was one sec. at f16 with a Goerz Dagor lens. Eastman Supersensitive Panchromatic film.

5. 483 SECOND AVE., NEW YORK, by Eliot Elisofon, 16 East 7th Street, New York. This picture was made on a bright winter afternoon. Mr. Elisofon used a Linhof 3x4 view camera. The exposure was 1/25 sec. at f22 with a six-inch Schneider Summar lens. Agfa Superpan Press film.

6. ENGLISH SETTERS by Torkel Korling. Mr. Korling is lost somewhere in Sweden, and it was impossible to obtain detailed information about the taking of this picture other than that the camera was a Graflex.

7. HOLIDAY by Victor de Palma, 310 East 44th Street, New York. Mr. De Palma took this picture at three o'clock in the afternoon with a Rolleiflex camera; lens f3.5; exposure 1/100 sec.; aperture f8. The film was Agfa Superpan.

8. FIELDS AND SKY by Dr. Ernst Schwarz, Binghamton, N. Y. A picture taken in bright sunlight with a Leica camera fitted with an Elmer f3.5 cm. lens. The aperture was f4.5 with an exposure of 1/20 sec. A dark-red Infra-Red filter was used. Agfa Infra-Red film.

*

[The costume worn by Miss Goodwin, in our cover photograph, is from Saks-Fifth Avenue.]

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We Recommend "The Top Ten"

March Books selected by vote of the leading publishers of the United States and the Editors of Scribner's Magazine

1. Joseph in Egypt, by Thomas Mann. . . . The great creative artist of our day continues the story of Joseph, sold into slavery, the journey to Egypt, tempted by Potiphar's wife, and the old stories are miraculously made new and newly and very humanly significant.
Knopf, $5.

2. Action at Aquila, by Hervey Allen. . . . Mr. Allen's first novel since the fabulous *Anthony Adverse* had had an advance sale of some 102,500 copies three weeks before publication. It looks as though once again a Civil War novel will be leading all the rest on best-seller lists. Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50.

3. R.F.D., by Charles Allen Smart. . . . A literary man and a radical inherits an Ohio farm, takes his new wife there to live and work, and writes delightfully, sanely, and significantly of all phases of farm life and their adjustment to it as individuals and as citizens of their community and their country. Book-of-the-Month for March, with *Out of Africa,* by Isak Dinesen.
Norton, $2.50.

4. Hope of Heaven, by John O'Hara. . . . A short novel, a story of two men and a girl in modern California, by the author of *Appointment in Samarra* and *Butterfield-8.* Harcourt, Brace, $2.

5. Out of Africa, by Isak Dinesen. . . . The author of *Seven Gothic Tales* now writes her own story of years spent on an African coffee farm and her vain attempt to make it successful. A simple story of the animals, the natives, her life and struggle; made absorbing, vital, and rich. Co-selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club, with *R.F.D.*
Random House, $2.75.

6. Land of the Free, by Archibald MacLeish. . . . One of America's outstanding young poets writes verse to accompany a book of photographs revealing conditions of present-day American agriculture. Harcourt, Brace, $3.

7. Labor on the March, by Edwin Levinson. . . . For sixteen years a labor reporter in various sections of the country, Mr. Levinson now gives a clear and readable picture of all that has led up to the present labor crisis since 1881, explaining the split in the labor ranks, and giving his estimate of John L. Lewis and the future of the C.I.O.
Harper, $3.

8. The Greenwood Hat, by James Barrie. . . . Autobiographical material which Barrie wrote and published for a few friends in 1931. Fifty copies were published privately. Now it appears publicly for the first time. In it he tells of the young Scotch lad's early difficulties in breaking into the London literary world and looks back on him and his adventures with kindliness and humor.
Scribners, $2.75.

9. Neighborhood: My Story of Greenwich House, by Mary Simkhovitch. . . . In a story that must of necessity be partly an autobiography, since she began it and has worked with it for thirty-six years, Mrs. Simkhovitch tells the exciting and dramatic story of the most forward-looking neighborhood house in the country. Norton, $2.50.

10. My Brother A. E. Housman, by Laurence Housman. . . . In these recollections of his brother's life, Laurence Housman publishes for the first time many of Housman's letters to his family (many commenting on poetry and art), thirty-two hitherto unpublished poems, and presents a picture charmingly informal and intimate of his poet brother.
Scribners, $3.

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Music and Records

RICHARD GILBERT

If the National Broadcasting Company really feels so strongly about the cultural life of America, why weren't the Toscanini concerts removed to better acoustic surroundings? Why did NBC disregard the people who were pointing out deleterious properties of Radio City's Studio 8H? When you think of the half-million or more dollars spent on the production of these broadcasts, the painstaking labors of Toscanini to achieve tonal perfection, you begin to wonder at the policy that impeded their further enhancement by ignoring such a simple expedient as the hiring of another hall.

NBC technicians insisted that the completely "dead" acoustics of the now hallowed auditorium were conducive to superior loud-speaker reception. Perhaps, for the intimacies of singers and instrumentalists skilled in microphone technic, and for devices peculiar to *The March of Time* and other programs, this is perfectly true. But neither Mozart nor Debussy scored their orchestral works for an electric ear ensconced eighteen feet above the conductor's podium. And since the mere mention of a mechanical contrivance might have thrown Toscanini into tantrums, he could scarcely have been expected to don a set of earphones—à la Stokowski—and regulate the monitoring in the control room. Hence, with no thought of microphones suspended directly over his head, and apparently willing to accept the hasty explanations of the necessity of having sound-absorbing walls, ceilings, and audience, he proceeded to scale his dynamics exactly as he defines them in Carnegie Hall, Queen's Hall, the Théâtre des Champs Elysées and, until the recent Nazi coup in Austria, the famous *Festspielhäuser* of Salzburg and Vienna.

And just as assiduously as Toscanini prepared and whipped up his magnificent climactic effects, so, throughout the series of NBC Symphony Orchestra broadcasts, the thumb and index finger of another, but no fine Italian hand, twisted controls that shrunk climaxes and thwarted many a delicate adjustment between *piano* and *pianissimo*.

In broadcasting, as in recording, it is necessary to curtail the range between the very soft passages and the loud ones in order that the music will not sink into noise at the one extreme nor overload the reproducer at the other

extreme. A prime advantage of a "live" hall and carefully calculated microphone placement is the increased *apparent* volume range possible. Another equally important result is a sense of spatial depth, a fullness and roundness of tone, and a natural balance of various instrumental sonorities. Members of the Acoustical Society of America have claimed that "Never in our experience has sound produced and picked up in a dead room been imbued with the artistic quality which is obtained under the live conditions."

*

You have only to listen to the recently published recordings of Toscanini's readings of Rossini's overture to *Semiramide*, with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York (Victor set No. M408), and Beethoven's *Symphony No. 6 in F*, with the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra of London (Victor set No. M417) to realize to what alarming degree the recent broadcasts of the same music, under the same conductor, lacked roundness and fullness of tone during sustained passages, instrumental balance, and vitally important dynamic accents. In the first recording there is practically no monitoring of volume—the sudden *fff* chords and the long, exhilarating *crescendi*, so dear to Rossini and Toscanini, are retained throughout their widest range. That this range is sometimes too great, I will admit; a sturdy reproducer is required to do it justice. The recording of the "Pastorale" symphony—a work which always brings forth Toscanini's most loving care—has the bloom and buoyancy ordinarily associated with his concert-hall projections. The volume range is more compressed than in the Rossini overture (a feature possessors of modest reproducing instruments will applaud), and the performers are not as polished instrumentalists as those Toscanini has conducted in this country; but the natural blending of the reverberant with the direct sound is largely responsible for the feeling that one has been transported to the concert hall, rather than the suspicion that a ninety-piece symphony orchestra has been dumped into one's living room.

This dimensional illusion, without which much balance and beauty of instrumental timbre and massed sonorities are destroyed, has been developed nowhere else as remarkably as in the records of the Philadelphia Orchestra made under the direction of Leopold Stokowski. No other conductor has been more actively interested in the problems of transmitting and recording symphonic music. Whatever Dr. Stokowski's foibles and fancies in the interpretative no less than the theatrical field, no critic can disclaim the value of his experiments in co-operation with the sound engineers. I will not attempt to describe the beautiful qualities of tone, balance, and depth obtained in Stokow-

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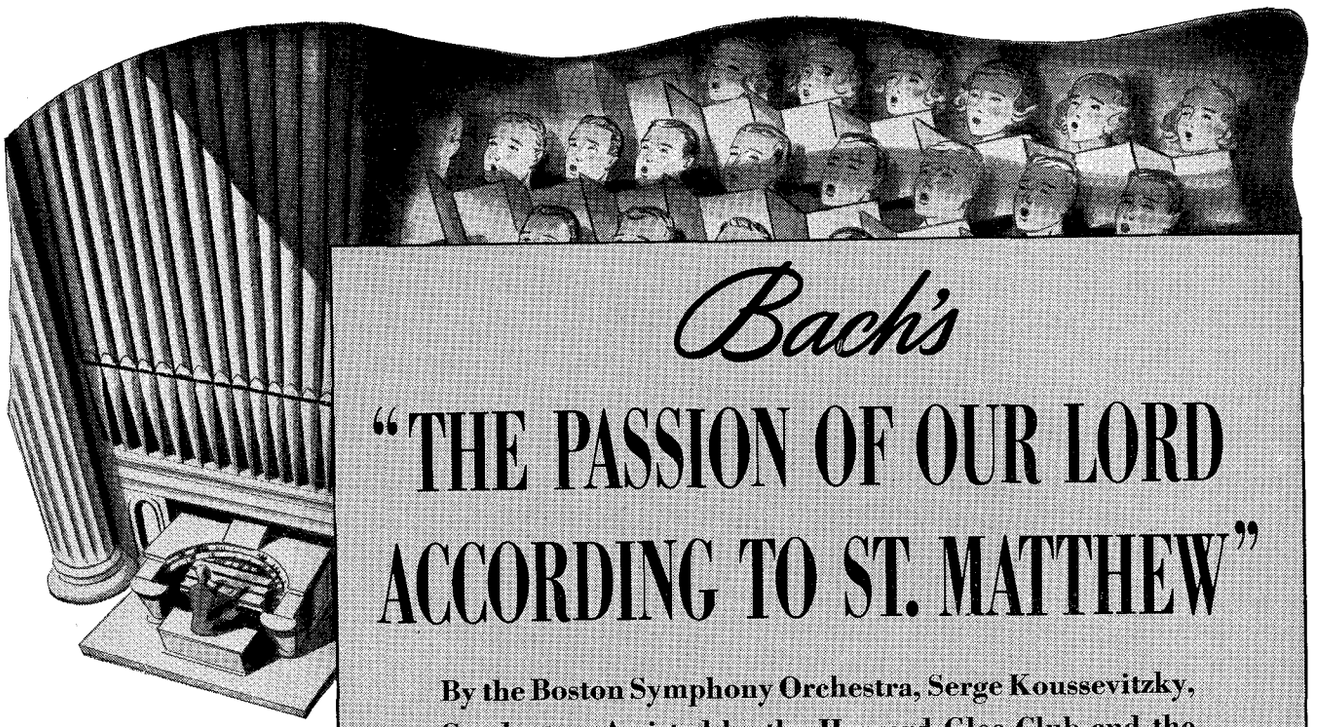

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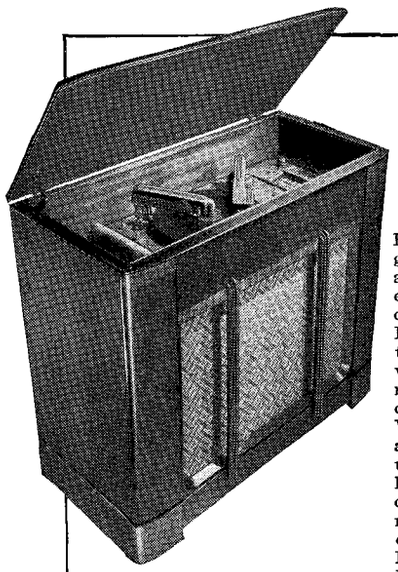

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ski's recording of a Chopin transcription, included among this month's recommendations listed at the end of these reviews. I hope every reader who has listened to the Toscanini broadcasts will make a point of hearing this particular record whether or not the music itself exerts any special appeal.

*

The Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Eugene Ormandy, who chooses to direct his recordings from the podium rather than the mixing panel, supplies a full-lunged version of Beethoven's *Symphony No. 1 in C* (Victor set No. M409). A new recording of this *opus 21* has been badly needed. The possibility of Ormandy's rather pretentious reading becoming the best version of the work is forestalled by the simultaneous arrival of a Columbia recording by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by the veteran Felix Weingartner (set No. 321). Despite the obvious advantages of superior orchestral brilliance and unusually faithful registration, Ormandy cannot match the lucidity of the older man's conception, nor does he seem content to let this bright youthful music speak for itself. On top of that Ormandy stretches the work to eight sides, whereas Weingartner gets it comfortably on six.

Among the records of orchestral works of a light but engaging nature, the following are recommended: Chabrier's *España Rapsodie* and *Bourrée Fantasque*—the first played by the Boston "Pops" Orchestra, conducted by Arthur Fiedler (Victor No. 4375), the second, by the "Orchestre Symphonique de Paris," conducted by Selmar Meyrowitz (Columbia No. 17108D), and Dvořák's *Carnaval Overture, op. 92*, also played by the Boston "Pops" Orchestra under Fiedler (Victor No. 12159).

Words and Music

The third and last volume of the complete recording of Bach's *Passion According to St. Matthew* is due, appropriately, the latter part of March. Running to forty-three record faces, this phonographic document of a pension-fund concert given in Boston's Symphony Hall, on Good Friday of last year, must be the most ambitious recording project ever undertaken. The performance lasts more than three hours. Under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky, the great work was produced by the Harvard Glee Club, the Radcliffe Choral Society, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and the following soloists: Jeannette Vreeland, soprano; Kathryn Meisle, contralto; John Priebe, tenor; Keith Faulkner, bass; Fritz Lechner, bass; Dr. Ernst Victor Wolff, harpsichord; and Carl Weinrich, organ (Victor sets Nos. M411, M412 & M413).

It is perhaps best that I defer my review of the interpretative aspects of the performance until the remaining nine discs are at hand. The acoustical problems posed in a recording of this nature have been admirably surmounted; the balance between the large choirs and orchestra is uncommonly good; and while the soloists appear in bold relief, their prominence is never excessively disproportionate. The audience thoughtfully combats the importunities of chest colds, restraining coughs until the end of numbers. The reverberation—considerably shortened by the large audience—seems practically perfect for the audibility of the *Passion*.

It is sung in English—a feature, I am afraid, a great many purists will deplore. Three different translations of Picander's German text are used, by various soloists and the choruses. In nothing less than the original can Bach's sublime illumination and careful underscoring of the words be appreciated to their greatest degree of expressiveness. But to find fault with the English equivalent of a foreign text is surely the prerogative only of the listener completely at home with the original tongue.

*

Sir Donald Tovey remarks in his latest volume of *Essays in Musical Analysis*, dealing entirely with vocal music from the sixteenth to the twentieth centuries (Oxford, $4), that "it is a sure sign of an imperfect musical civilization when a public that does not know a foreign language prefers to hear vocal works in the original." The difficulties of musical translation, as Tovey points out, are notorious. But they have been overcome by scholars who are also good musicians. Edward J. Dent, for one, has been quite successful in providing intelligent, singable English texts of three of Mozart's operas. I have been reading his translation of *Don Giovanni* (Oxford, 80 cents) in connection with listening to the recently published records of the complete opera, and speculating on the sort of reception the Glyndebourne Festival Opera Company's performance would gain had it been given in a language the general public understands.

Don Giovanni is exceptionally well sung and played by the famous English company—in the present cast of which will be found only one Italian singer—under the direction of Fritz Busch (Victor sets Nos. M423, M424 & M425). The general tonal excellence of this

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recording is more of collective than of individual achievement, a quality noted in the same company's phonographic performance of *Le Nozze di Figaro*. The reproduction is a delight to the ear.

Victor has not been very helpful in assisting listeners unfamiliar with the Italian language to appreciate the niceties of Lorenzo da Ponte's lines. Instead of the admirable notes and literal translation of the text that accompanied the English edition of these volumes, there is provided a cheap Ditson libretto containing a tortuous synopsis and one of the most inept English translations I have ever come across. Fortunately, there is Professor Dent.

*

The companies have also been amiss in presenting, without the sign of a text either in English or the original, Schumann's *Dichterliebe* cycle, magnificently sung by Charles Panzéra, baritone, with brilliant piano accompaniments by Alfred Cortot (Victor set No. M386), and Darius Milhaud's *Opéras-Minutes,* by soloists, chorus, and chamber orchestra conducted by the composer (Columbia set No. 309).

For translations of the finest of Schumann's songs go to Louis Untermeyer's *Heinrich Heine: The Poems* (Harcourt, Brace), where, among the *Lyrical Intermezzo,* you will find the sixteen verses of this romantic bouquet.

I reviewed the recordings of Milhaud's three little one-act operas, *L'Abandon d'Ariane, La Délivrance de Thésée* and *L'Enlèvement d'Europe,* in *Disques,* September, 1930, and provided translations of considerable portions of Henri Hoppenot's texts. As this can't be done here, I can simply endorse Milhaud's savory, occasionally acidulous music by saying that it has worn extremely well since I heard the French pressings of these three records eight years ago.

Scribner's Recommends:

The following records, selected from various musical classifications, as outstanding among recent and current publications:

Orchestra

CHOPIN: *Mazurka in A minor, op. 17, No. 4* (Transcribed by Stokowski). Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Leopold Stokowski. Victor No. 1855.

MOZART: *Symphony No. 40 in G minor (K550).* London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham. Columbia set No. 316.

MCBRIDE: *Fugato on a Well-known Theme.*

MOSSOLOW: *Soviet Iron Foundry.* Boston "Pops" Orchestra, conducted by Arthur Fiedler. Victor No. 4378.

Concerto

BACH: *Concerto in D minor.* Joseph Szigeti and Carl Flesch, violins, with orchestra conducted by Walter Goehr. Columbia set No. X90.

Chamber Music

BRAHMS: *Trio in A minor, op. 114.* Ralph McLane, clarinet; Sterling Hunkins, 'cello; Milton Kaye, piano. Musicraft set No. 15.

Opera

MEYERBEER: *L'Africana—O Paradiso!*

PONCHIELLI: *La Gioconda—Cielo e Mar!* Jussi Björling, tenor, with orchestra conducted by Nils Grevillius. Victor No. 12150.

Vocal

SONG RECITAL No. 2:

Schubert: *Gretchen am Spinnrad; Wiegenlied.*

Brahms: *Das Mädchen spricht; Mein Mädel hat einen Rosenmund; Botschaft.*

Marx: *Selige Nacht.*

Pfitzner: *Gretel.*

Schumann: *Du bist wie eine Blume; Frühlingsnacht; Alte Laute.*

Wolf: *Der Gärtner; Du denkst mit einen Fädchen mich zu fangen; Storchenbotschaft.*

Franz: *Für Musik; Lebewohl.*

Jensen: *Lehn' deine Wang' an meine Wang'.* Lotte Lehmann, soprano, with piano accompaniment by Erno Balogh. Victor set No. M416.

Hot Jazz

ELLINGTON: *The New Black and Tan Fantasy; Stepping Into Swing Society.* Duke Ellington and His Famous Orchestra. Brunswick No. 8063.

Popular

ROME: *Pins and Needles—Sing Me a Song of Social Significance; One Big Union for Two.* Kay Weber and Sonny Schuyler.

Nobody Makes a Pass at Me. Millie Weitz.

Chain Store Daisy. Ruth Rubinstein. Two piano accompaniments by Harold J. Rome and Baldwin Bergersen. Decca Nos. 23060/1.

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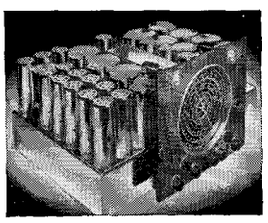

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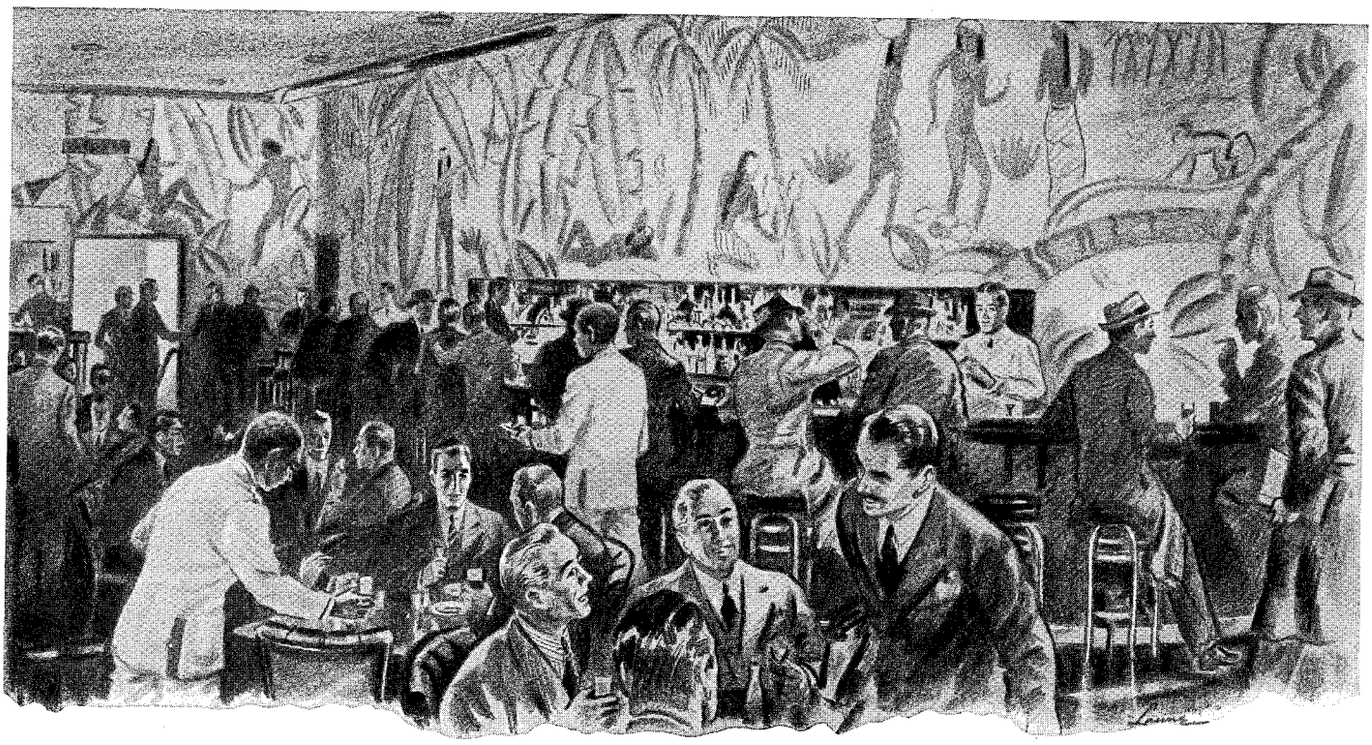

Main Bar, Palmer House, Chicago

Wines, Spirits, and Good Living

G. SELMER FOUGNER

SHORTLY after repeal there was a bottle of rum widely advertised as "the one-bottle bar," the idea being that from the contents of that particular bottle almost any type of drink could be made, be it cocktail, highball, or punch.

Not to be outdone by this multiplicity of functions, we present this month a perfect counterpart in the drink that can be made out of almost any bottle. Known generally as the "Gin Sling" and more particularly as the "Singapore Gin Sling," this mixture is particularly timely now, with spring right around the corner and summer not far behind.

The drink has a history of its own, and so many versions of its origin exist that this writer has experienced considerable trouble in attempting to unravel the truth. As to the correct recipe, all attempts to locate it must be abandoned, for every printed formula has invariably brought forth protests from the people who have spent their lives at Singapore as well as from the travelers who have stopped there just long enough to sample the famous drink.

Be it Singapore or not, the Gin Sling is delightful, and all of the recipes which follow make a good collection of drinks, every one of which would be worthy of a trial under a different name.

That the drink originated in the Orient and is best served there no one questions. Although it is possibly better made in Singapore, bartenders in many parts of the Far East are familiar with it. Travelers in the Orient generally agree that when well-made, the Singapore Gin Sling is one of the world's most justly famous drinks. Most bartenders will, it seems, mix a commonplace Gin Sling, but not a Singapore Gin Sling. The usual recipe calls for gin, a wine glass of cherry brandy, and the juice of a lemon, sugared to taste and well-shaken in a tumbler half-filled with ice. But the shaking, it appears, is a mistake.

Of the collection in our possession, the best recipe, to our way of thinking, is the following:

For a party of six, use twice as much gin as cherry brandy and one-half a teaspoonful of red or white curaçao. A cocktail glass of lemon juice is essential, but add it grudgingly to taste. Then pour in one bottle of ginger beer—real old-fashioned English ginger beer, not ginger ale. Mix in a jug with plenty of shaved ice. Never shake. Serve in a champagne glass.

The foregoing recipe has been taken from one of a series of letters written by George A. Hough during a recent round-the-world trip aboard a freighter and printed in the *Vineyard Gazette*, published at Martha's Vineyard, Mass.

"The Singapore Gin Sling," writes Mr. Hough, "is a distant relative of the Mint Julep of Kentucky and the Planter's Punch of Jamaica. A Mint Julep to be at its best must be prepared by the loving hands of a Southern gentleman or gentlewoman. A Planter's Punch is only worthy of its name when nurtured by a native of Jamaica. A Singapore Gin Sling cannot be slung together by any bartender. It must be fondled and delicately adjusted. With careful study and constant practice a real Singapore Gin Sling may be created by following the foregoing directions."

Mr. Hough's recipe is a delightful drink even without the old-fashioned English ginger beer. This experimenter has mixed it repeatedly with plain American ginger ale and it makes a per-

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BRANDY SOUR

A jigger of Three-Star Hennessy
Juice of ½ lemon
½ tablespoon of sugar
Shake well and strain into medium size glass
One squirt of soda water
Add one slice of orange and a cherry

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fectly splendid mixture. So much for the Singapore Gin Sling as we like it.

The appearance of Mr. Hough's recipe in the *Vineyard Gazette,* however, brought to this writer a series of protests from other Far East travelers, all claiming that they alone were in possession of the original recipe.

"I would count for naught—in so far as the Singapore Gin Sling is concerned—my own travels throughout Asia over the past fifteen years if the recipe submitted by Mr. Hough is the one and only way to compound this excellent drink," wrote one of these dissenters. "And as it has never been served to me according to his formula I am constrained to take issue with him.

"While I do not question that Mr. Hough has had a Singapore Gin Sling exactly as described, I doubt if it was obtained in any of the hotels, cafés, and restaurants of the Orient; rather in some club or private home, especially the latter. It is frequently the case in the Far East that a particular drink or dish is prepared according to special formula in the home. Obviously such recipes are not regarded throughout the Orient generally as the correct method of preparation. Those who know their Asia are well aware of this.

"In conclusion may I submit the following:

"1. As in all things, common practice dictates the correct procedure. In other words the Singapore Gin Sling described by Mr. Hough, obtainable in a limited number of places, can hardly be construed to be the correct way of preparing it generally.

"2. If the Singapore Gin Sling must be fondled and delicately adjusted as claimed, it is doubtful if it could be widely obtained in the Far East, since in that part of the world native bartenders—few of whom are experts—mix drinks in nearly all the hotels, cafés, and restaurants, as well as in the clubs.

"3. To my knowledge the Singapore Gin Sling is seldom served in a champagne glass. It is definitely a long drink.

"4. If ginger beer is recognized generally as an ingredient, it is strange that the Singapore Gin Sling has never been served to me containing it.

"5. While I do not pretend to be an expert, I do question that a trip around the world aboard a freighter qualifies one as an authority on the Singapore Gin Sling."

Here is the formula submitted by this dissenter. It varies, as a matter of fact, only slightly and makes, in the proportions indicated, a most excellent drink.

Prepare a highball glass with pieces of ice enough to make it cold and mix the following:

One-quarter glass of lemon juice
Teaspoonful of sugar
Three drops of angostura bitters
One-quarter liqueur glass of cherry brandy.
Two-thirds straight glass of gin
Piece of lemon peel (In some places a cherry is included)
Add club soda and serve.

There is still another claimant to the title of the original Singapore recipe in the person of a world traveler who brought his formula to this writer directly from the Raffles Hotel in Singapore, where he says it was given to him as follows by the No. 1 Chinese barkeep. Our friend adds that, to be certain, he went behind the bar to watch the ritual. He furthermore asserts that the barman on one of the P. & O. ships broke down and confided to him that benedictine—which appears not at all in the Hough recipe—is the secret ingredient for the authentic Singapore Gin Sling. And here is the formula:

One-half gin
One-eighth cherry brandy
One-eighth benedictine
One-eighth maraschino
One-eighth lemon juice
Dash of angostura bitters
One barspoonful of sugar

Add water, charged or plain, mix with a (bamboo) swizzle stick, and place in an eight-ounce glass with cracked ice.

Still another recipe has been obtained from an old Singaporean whose qualifications to speak are five years' residence in Singapore and a thorough acquaintance with the Malay Peninsula and surrounding islands:

One-half jigger lemon juice
One jigger Old Tom Gin
One jigger Danish cherry brandy
One-half teaspoonful sugar
Cracked ice to chill
Dash of angostura bitters
Fill with soda.

But we are not through yet, for here is a recipe obtained from the House of Robinson, Raffles Place, Singapore, with a branch on Java Street:

One drink gin
One-half liqueur glass cherry brandy.
Three drops each, bitters, curaçao, and benedictine.
Juice of one lemon
One and a half teaspoons of sugar

Add water to bring up total beverage to half a pint and mix well. Crushed ice as a substitute for water is preferable.

"Won't you sit down and join us?"

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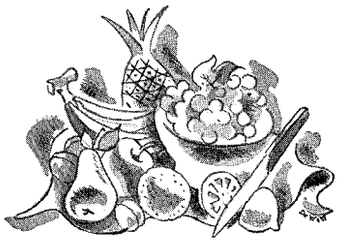
Mr. Fougner Recommends:



Cocktail Canapés

MONTE CRISTO TOAST

Thin slices of toast covered with ham purée and mustard. Cover with Old English cheese and glaze under broiler.

OLIVES AND BACON

Olive stuffed with pimiento—roll in slice of bacon, skewer with a toothpick, and bake in hot oven.

OYSTERS BAKED IN MUSHROOMS

Select large mushrooms. Peel and remove the stalks. Dip in oil or butter and grill under broiler, top side up, for five minutes. Dust with pepper and salt. Remove mushrooms and place a raw bearded oyster in each. Cover with thin julienne of bacon, and grill for another four or five minutes.

OYSTERS SECURSKY

Wrap a half-slice of bacon around a raw oyster and skewer with a toothpick. Dust with paprika, salt, and pepper and grill until bacon is well-browned. Serve on small rounds of buttered brown bread.

PATTIES NIMOISE

Five ounces of finely diced bacon partially fried, then add eight ounces of finely diced lamb filet and five ounces of diced chicken livers. Sauté all ingredients lightly over a quick fire. Remove from fire and pound in mortar. Add seasoning. Fill small pattie shells with same and bake in moderate oven for about ten minutes. Any other combination may be used. For example: Curry chicken hash, chutney, Bombay duck mixed with curry sauce, veal force meat with finely diced corned beef, smoked beef, tongue, etc.

PIGS IN BLANKET

Cocktail sausages rolled in puff paste and baked.

RAMEQUINS

Line the inside of small tartlet molds with special pie dough rolled out thin and bake in hot oven. In order to keep tartlet from losing shape, fill up to top with uncooked white beans and bake. When shells are baked, take out beans and fill with cheese custard made as follows:

Four ounces Swiss cheese cut in very small dice, two egg yolks, one-fourth pint cream. Season with salt, paprika, nutmeg.

TARTLET OF LOBSTER AMERICAINE

Dice the boiled lobster and fresh mushrooms very fine and finish the preparation as you would for Lobster Americaine. Fill the tartlets. Same can be prepared with shrimps, oysters, or any kind of fish. You can also fill the tartlets with any kind of hashes.

TARTLET OF SOFT CLAMS TYROLIENNE

Remove belly part of the soft steamed clams. Wash them very carefully in clam broth, making sure that all foreign matter is removed. Now for the sauce: Take some chopped shallots and fry them lightly in butter. Add chili sauce and let reduce. Mix this with a thick Hollandaise. Pour a small amount of sauce into the bottom of the tartlet, place three or four clam bellies in the center and cover with another layer of sauce. Glacé them under broiler. This also makes a very excellent entree dish served on toast.

And finally here is the drink as it is served at Sloppy Joe's in Havana:

One-third cherry brandy
One-third benedictine
One-third dry gin
Piece of lemon peel
Ten-ounce glass full of cracked ice, and fill up with mineral water.

And now that we have had that much ado about the authentic Singapore Gin Sling, here is the formula for the remote brother of this fine drink:

One-third gin
One-third apricot brandy
One-third lemon juice
Two dashes of grenadine
Sugar to taste

Shake, pour into an eight-ounce glass, fill with finely cracked ice—add more water or seltzer, and then consume reverently.

Before leaving this subject, it may

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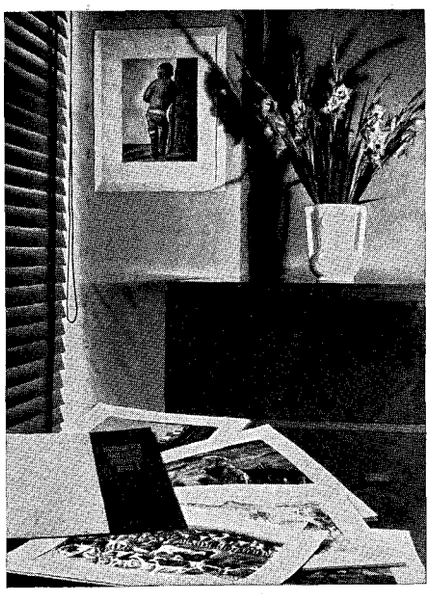

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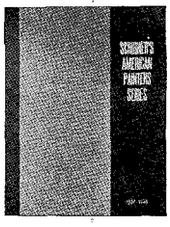

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be well to publish our reply to two readers who have sought the views of this writer regarding the advisability of mixing drinks. The question is an old one and is concerned with the implication that a given quantity of alcohol in a variety of drinks is more intoxicating than the same quantity in successive drinks of the same kind.

Although the objection to mixing drinks is due more to fancy than to fact, it is nevertheless a good rule to follow in regard to drinks taken at the bar. This is mainly, of course, a question of the individual stomach, inasmuch as certain combinations which work to perfection in some cases, create havoc in others.

Thus some drinkers are able to mix whiskey and gin cocktails, although that particular form of mixture has always been a subject of utter amazement to this writer.

Again I have heard it said that all beverages of high alcoholic content should be taken by themselves, and never mixed with other drinks. One of my correspondents even warned me to warn my readers against drinking beer after sampling stronger intoxicants.

Much of this is, of course, absurd. In the Baltic countries where I have traveled extensively, vodka, one of the most potent of all alcoholic drinks, is consumed freely alongside of beer, one being taken directly on top of the other.

If the quantity of alcohol consumed is excessive, it will be harmful whatever the form in which it is taken, whether it be in a variety of drinks or in successive drinks of the same kind. But if your drinking is tempered with moderation, there can be no general rule against the "mixing of drinks." The rule which applies to food may be said to hold good in regard to liquors. Some combinations go well together, others not.

An exception may be made in behalf of whiskey, for it has been my personal experience that the mixing of Scotch and rye is not only distasteful but likely to produce unpleasant results.

*

To mark his appointment as Advisory Councilor on wines and spirits to the membership of the American Hotel Association, Mr. Fougner presents herewith the favorite recipe of Mr. Thomas D. Green, nationally known hotel figure and president of that association.

"MY MINTIE"

In an Old-fashioned whiskey glass put a teaspoonful of syrup made from granulated sugar and not too thick. Add a regular drink of good blended rye whiskey. Drop in two small sprigs of fresh mint. Mash with pestle only enough to crush. Put in enough flaked ice to fill the glass. Stir slightly with small spoon, which should be left in the glass. Fill glass with more ice after stirring. Decorate with one small sprig of mint. Serve after glass frosts.

[NOTE (Important):—Flaked Ice—Flaked ice is just that—flaked ice. A flaker is an instrument having five or six prongs running out in rake shape, though horizontal with handle. Ice must be flaked from a large cake and not shaved.

Sweetening—If mixture is too sweet cut down the amount of syrup.

Blended Rye—Only blended rye of good quality must be used.

Be sure and put in at one time enough ice to fill the glass. In other words, literally a handful.]

*

Three readers in far removed parts of the country have requested a recipe for "Lobster Newburg." Mr. Fougner's collection includes two recipes which should fill the bill. Both call, of course, for lobster which has already been cooked.

LOBSTER RECIPE NO. 1

Take a generous piece of butter and melt it in the pan—then add a thickening made of a tablespoonful of flour mixed with water. Put this in the pan and stir till it becomes a batter, then pour in three-quarters of a quart of heavy cream and boil on a very hot fire, stirring briskly for ten minutes. Take it off and pour in sherry to taste. (I use dry Amontillado.) Then add a generous quantity of paprika, and salt to taste. Now put in the lobster, cut in fairly large-size pieces, then place the vessel on the fire again, turning over the contents till it boils, and then serve immediately.

LOBSTER RECIPE NO. 2

X. M. Boulestin, the most famous of all London chefs, is responsible for the following recipe which calls for a glass of Madeira instead of sherry.

Having cut your lobster into even slices about half an inch thick, put these flat in a well-buttered sauté pan, season with salt, pepper, and paprika, and cook them one minute only, turning them once. Put in Madeira almost level with the slices flat in the pan, and reduce this to almost nothing.

Just before serving, put in a binding of one glass of cream and two yolks of eggs. Cook, shaking the pan on a very slow fire to make a smooth sauce, the final consistency that of thickish cream.

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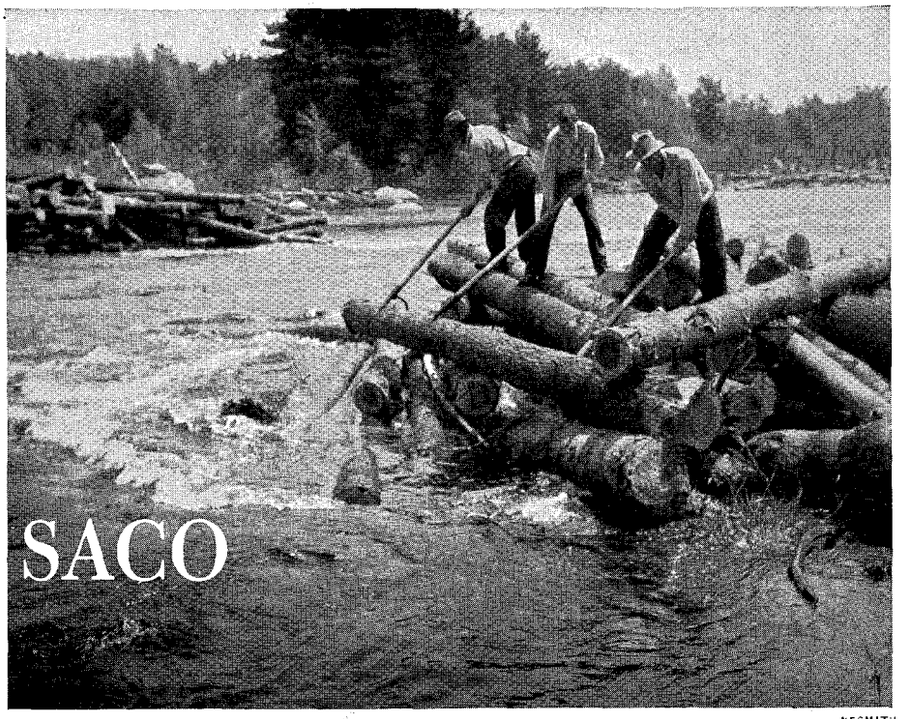
BY CHARLES MORROW WILSON

DRIVING DOWN THE SACO



NESMITH

We were driving logs down the Saco in the morning. Already spring thaws had broken up the ice, and the creeks were roaring down the hillsides to the swollen yellow river.

"Skipper" Willie Byron, who knows the big woods of Maine as a Scotch preacher knows his Bible, had scouted all the driving channels. He spat judiciously and said, "She'll carry logs."

Willie ought to know—he'd been driving logs down the Saco for twenty-five years. As for me, though I've lived in Maine off and on, it was my first working acquaintance with that three-day melee of logs, men, boots, black coffee, yellow water, and dynamite which is a drive down the Saco. Maine in summer is pleasant, but Maine in April is really *stimulating*.

Paul Bunyan still has his place in the north woods at driving time; there is the same demand for brute strength and courage that there always was. But a new type of lumberjack rules the woods—a Paul Bunyan with a college degree. Tommy Kelley, for instance, is the superintendent of nine logging camps, including our own Number 32. At forty-one Tommy is representative of a new generation of woodsmen—a college man. He is a graduate of a forestry school, and underneath his blue mackinaw you may occasionally glimpse a faded woolen sweater with a big blue Y and Phi Beta Kappa key. There are more and more like him in the woods, and they have brought new notions with them—including far better living conditions for the men.

When we sat down to eat, we propped our elbows upon a table of fine food—rare sirloin steak, hash-brown potatoes, white bread, cornbread and butter rolls, cabbage salad and fruit sauce, spiced ham, green vegetables and apple tarts, double-story chocolate pies, enormous doughnuts, and giant schooners of black coffee. In the old days, brown bread, beans, salt pork, and sorghum were the mess-shack standbys. Cooks were bad and quarters worse. No running water, laundry, baths, or mirrors.

Nowadays most of the logging camps have improved in order to recruit young men. There is hot and cold running water, laundries—even recreation halls in some camps. To the disgust of old-timers, bare board bunks are being replaced with spring cots and comfortable mattresses—so comfortable that it was all I could do to get up next morning when someone lifted the covers off my feet.

A strip of salmon-pink light marked the east. Big boots were gallumping down the aisle, and lanterns were swinging in the bunkhouse. The air outside was wet and ringing cold. But the mess hall was warm and crowded with good smells and hungry men. Overalled cookees were slinging out a colossal breakfast of thick ham steak, eggs scrambled in cream, thick toast mopping with butter, master flapjacks with crisp sausage, and real maple syrup.

Tommy Kelley stood at the doorway and raised a wool-mittened hand. "Attention, men! I've lined up the cant hooks in the shed. We'll carry extra hooks and axes in the boats. Also a set of poles." He paused impressively. "Driving is only dangerous for a damn fool. You take orders from Pete Dahl. He's boss of this drive. But first we've got to skid down the logs on Toole Hill. Then we'll open out one pondful of the pulp. It'll be a mixed drive. Long logs and pulp."

The grizzled, husky lumberjack named "Skipper" Willie Byron appeared in orthodox boots, corduroy, and mackinaw. But to my surprise, he wore an officer's cap with a broken strand of gold braid. He bowed to deafening cheers.

We filed out into the soggy morning, each man shouldering a cant hook, a six-foot, hickory-handled pole with a loose-set steel catch at the end. We tramped single-file up the hill and came to piles of long pines. The skidway was already cleared of brush and surface boulders, and the way was open to the river.

Pete Dahl, the Swedish-American boss of the drive, led the attack on the long logs. "Fid from the front, men, and lay 'em straight!" He set his hook to the far end of a three-foot log. Skipper Willie took the other end, and two pairs of broad shoulders swung into a quick lift.

The big log eased forward, began to take the steep incline at a fast roll, smacking hard against the snow-soggy earth. Its course showed a darkening haze of splashing mud and flying bark before it smacked into the river. Tongues of dirty water shot high, and the big splash echoed down the channelway.

Timber in water, and the drive was on. The crew showed enthusiasm. Skip-

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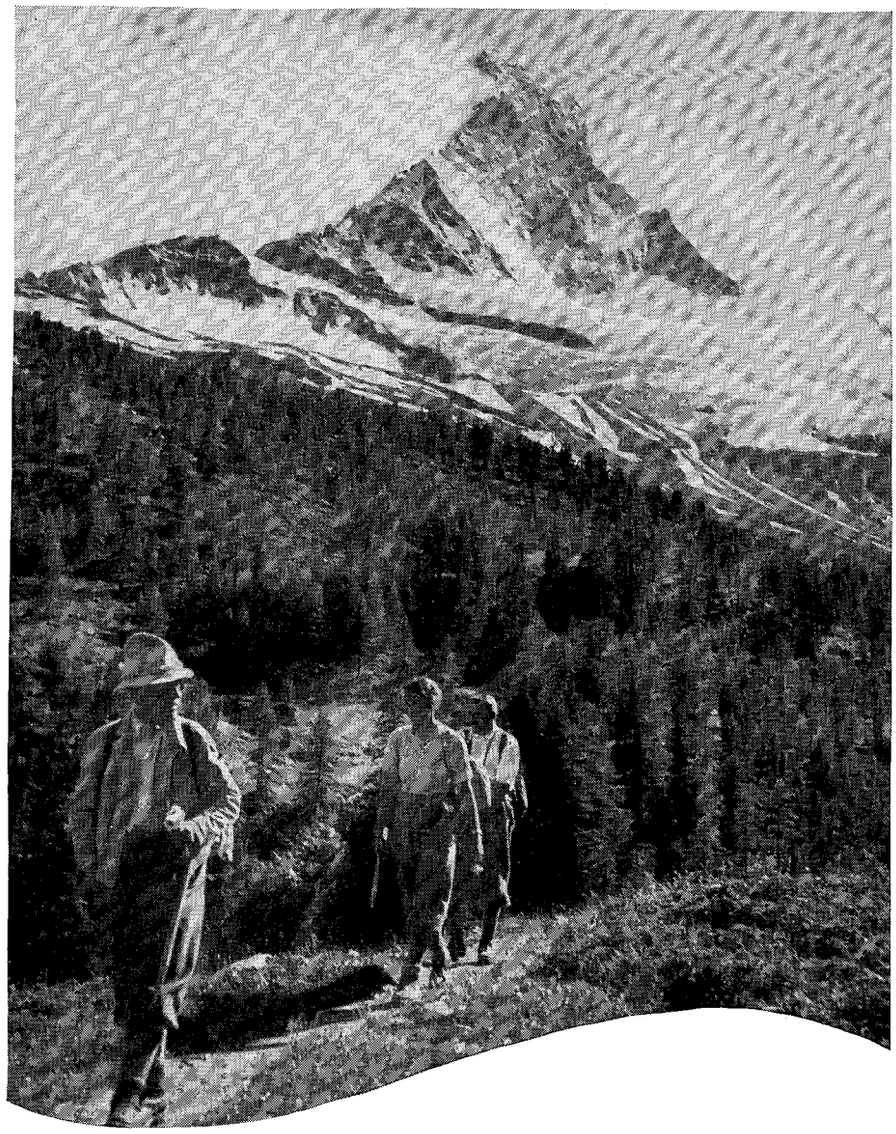

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SWITZERLAND

per Willie started up a driving ditty which has graced big-woods rivers for many a generation:

And when we get 'em on the stream,
Drink around ole boys, drink around,
So-o, when we get 'em on the stream
We'll knock out the fids and roll 'em in . . .

The chant ended in a belligerent roar directed toward the spillway gate. The nearest back pond, dirty brown with its crowding schools of four-foot pulp logs, was beginning to empty its burden into the main river channel. Somebody had swung the spill gate wide open.

The sight changed Willie's song to a blue sluice of profanity. There was nothing to do but roll down the rest of the long logs as fast as arms and hooks could move them. When we had done this, Pete Dahl swung his cant hook over his left shoulder and tore down the hillside toward the smudge of a dock where the bateaux were tied—eleven boats for nineteen men.

A bateau is a log driver's own boat, a stout wood hand craft which is sharp-beaked like a canoe, though broad centered and taller of waterside. You navigate with a long pole, which is also handy for prodding and steering floating logs. We piled into the bateaux, deposited cant hooks, and reached for poles. Pete Dahl let me into his boat. He was already rigging out a blue rowboat with a precious assortment of blasting powder, dynamite, caps, and fuses.

We watched the line of bateaux swing into action. The start was easy. I suggested that we would be caught up with the cookees long before supper-time. But Pete merely smiled. "Before we get there she'll jam—tighter'n the devil's tail's stuck on. Or maybe she'll clog at the next shallow. Usually both. . . . Anyway, we got three long days before we get to boom."

"Boom?" It was an open admission of ignorance. Pete grinned. "Yeah, just boom. There we got a dam wall. There we drive all timber into the lake and raft it across with a tug into the main channel again. That tug is why ole Willie gets the name 'Skipper.' That's when ole Willie gets to strut his blue sailor cap with yellow trimmin's."

The pace grew faster as the channel narrowed. Then after a couple of miles, the riverway broadened into a yellowish squash-shaped lake. The bateaux swung close to shore, pushing long logs to center and cudgeling the eddies of pulp. The drift was slowing. We could see a jam starting—down to the right front. Only one boat was near it.

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Pete Dahl charged our bateau ahead, weaving among the long logs and fighting through the little ones. Skipper Willie manned the bateau nearest the jam. He had traded his pole for a long-handled ax and now waited, ready to jump. Pete halted him. "You push ahead when she breaks!"

The Skipper cupped his hands to his mouth and shouted, "It's a pin-up! One log's got to be chopped. . . ."

Pete Dahl was making spluttering noises. "I ain't blind, nor deaf either!" He handed me the pole and reached for the ax. "Hold 'er!"

He jumped free of the bateau and began running across the sodden surface of logs, ax close to his side. His feet and legs were spry and sure, and his big body assumed an incongruous grace. He loped to the front snout of the jam and there began to swing his long ax. The blade sparkled in misty sunlight, and big chips flew high.

There was a popping and snarling rasp of breaking timber. Pete recovered his ax and began to trot away—just in time, for the pin-up was open now and logs were shooting forward like bullets. I fought to keep the bateau with the current. Pete landed two-footed on a turning log and leaped in beside me.

As we skidded away from the stampede, Willie poked Pete playfully. "Not such a bad chop-out—fer a ham!"

We drowsed down about six miles of smooth channel, the log herds behaving well by natural law. But far down the fat yellow ribbon of riverway we could see a bleak U-shaped fortress of hills. These hills, with their wet granite bluffs, mark the site of the big horseshoe where logs invariably jam.

After another mile we drew up the bateaux to the decrepit remains of an ancient log-loading wharf. There Pete Dahl, the Skipper, and the Super held a war parley, after which Tommy Kelley rowed ahead with his blanketed cargo of high explosives—enough to sink a battleship. Pete ordered all bateaux pulled to a rock ledge about a mile farther down stream.

"Jam will be waitin' for us. . . . So we better walk the bank." Pete spoke with a fatalism of experience. He has driven the channel every spring for more than a quarter-century. And the drive has never failed to jam at the horseshoe. Shallow water, swirling rapids, and plenty of outcropping boulders. If placed early enough, one big juicy charge of dynamite can open the way. Otherwise there's apt to be a real smasher.

When all boats were set to shore,

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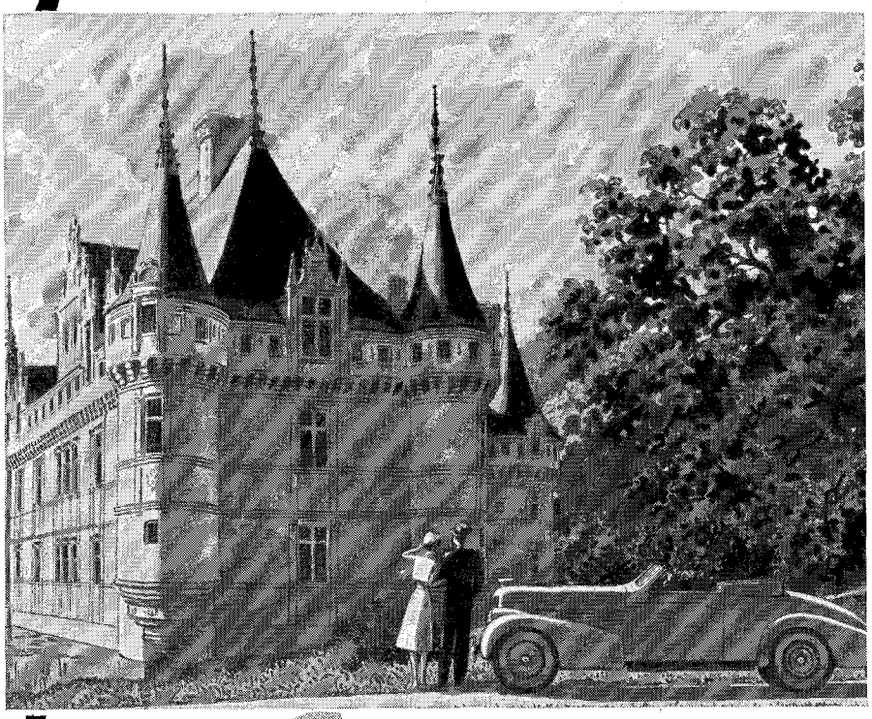

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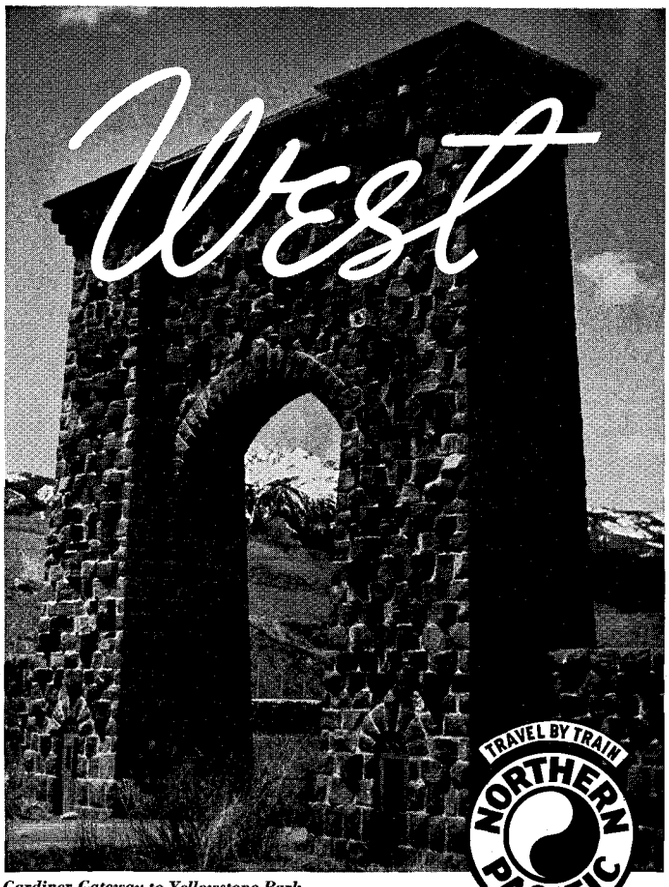

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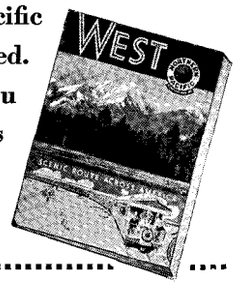

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we started out for a mile tramp down the slippery bank, each man armed with a cant hook. The jam had begun. Bend waters bulged with low-swimming logs. The Super pushed his rowboat to within a hundred yards of the channel point. Pete and the Skipper hurried ahead to help load the blast. The rest of us lined the bank.

The blast was hard to set. We saw Pete Dahl poking gray-wrapped sticks into a rubber bag. He tamped the cap between his teeth and tied up the cord. The Super was laying a long white fuse. We saw him reaching for his match kit. "Step out and roll them saplin's!"

The crew hoisted hooks and went into action. When a blast blows, it's best to be ready set and among the logs, ready for fast punching.

Dahl lit the fuse. The blasters were now backing out fast. The whole crew was watching—tense as banjo strings. If a man stumbles or falls within a hundred feet of a blast, it's apt to mean good-by. But the blasters were sure-footed.

The congregation of logs seemed to surge forward. Then the dynamite struck with a dull, jolting boom. A frantic mix-up of logs rose straight into the air, a giant crow's nest of black, wet timber.

Then a great dirty-brown funnel of water shot skyward, and in an instant seemed to change to a mountain of whitish buff foam. An acre of low-swimming, closely packed logs reeled and swayed aimlessly. The great splash sank down like a fountain with its spigot turned off. A faint tumble of waves played through the congestion of timber and slapped against a muddy shore.

Was she open? Nobody waited to ask. The whole crew was heading toward the snout of the jam, hopping logs and prodding logs. A hatless redhead charged his hook into the butt of a big one that was set crossways to the current.

The move worked like magic. The big snout was breaking up. Back drifts began surging forward. Timber was piling through—too fast for safety, swashing and smacking against protruding rocks.

Drivers were scattering over the great floating stage—hook jugglers superlative, punching logs and skipping logs . . . a grand ballet of big boots that were scarcely wet. Long logs were straightening and short pulp timber was rolling ahead.

Night was settling before the last of the drive rounded the bend. We backtracked to the bateaux and poled out for the last lap, to chuck. Down at the

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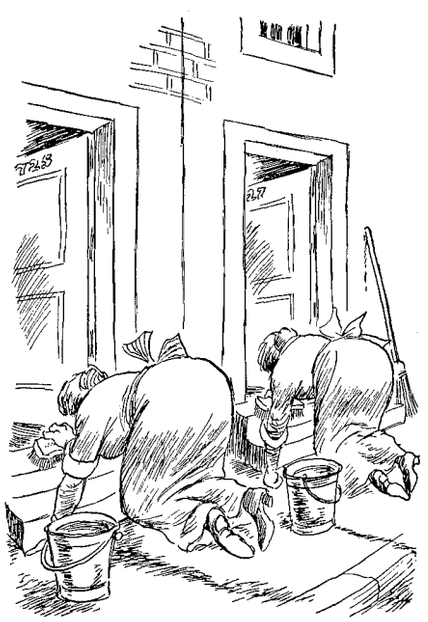
point, cooking fires and mildewed canvas marked the outdoor kitchens. We tied up the boats again and got ready to eat. It was cold enough by then to start hands and feet to aching. But there was welcoming fire and a dry table. Two fat cookees were ladling out hot moppers of stew, clean savory beef swimming in agreeable pools of noodles. The third cookee was passing around paper cartons of rolls, hot and well-buttered. After that came hot, black coffee.

We voted to push on in the dark to Plower's Hotel, where a man could sleep in a bed and be ready for a day's work in the morning. The first day of a three-day drive had brought us nineteen miles, with twenty-five left to go before we'd reach the boom pond. After that, we'd come back to where we started and drive the same channel over again —perhaps nine or ten times before the winter's cut was out. Backs would bend and ache, but the river would always hold.

Before starting for the hotel, Pete Dahl and Skipper Willie stood around the fire talking of logging. Back in their young days, drivers didn't care much about being ready for the next day's work. They "ruled the roost" hereabout and they had plenty of energy left on occasion to wreck lodging houses, buy enough liquor to get a whole town crazy drunk, defy the constabularies, and baptize luckless preachers in barrels of rum. Nobody could make them work if they didn't want to.

"Wild, damn-fool days them was," Pete reflected, "but they is gone now. A driver is just a driver."

Skipper Willie nodded, blew his nose with a loud clarion snort, and we all started the long walk to Plower's Hotel —and bed.



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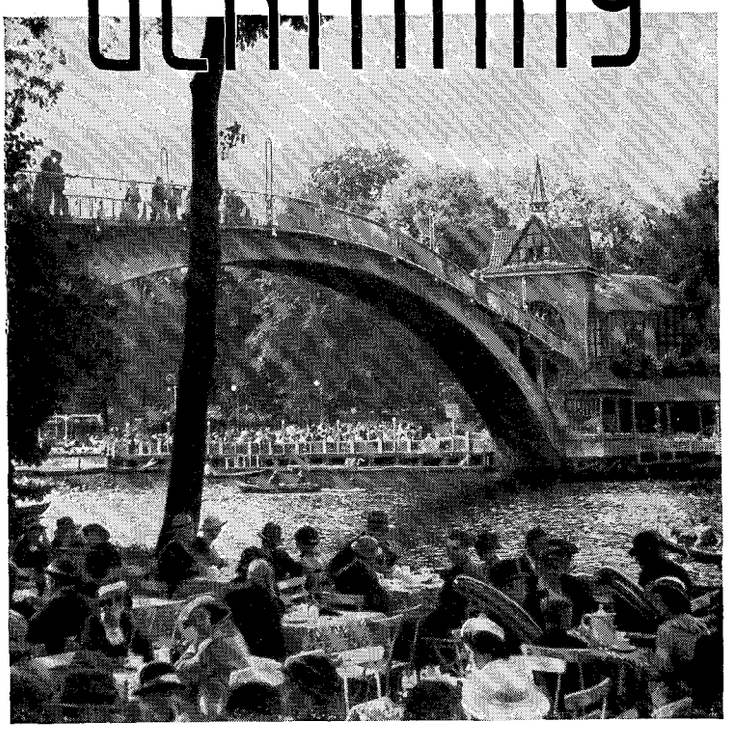

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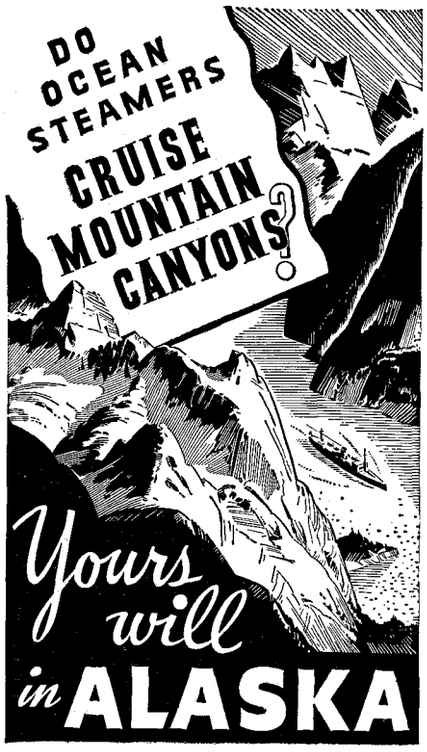

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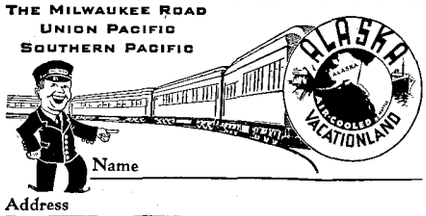

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Seven Waves Away

(*continued from page 22*)

lurched down into the trough. Mr. Holmes shouted, "John Merritt!"

"Oh, God, sir," said the cabin boy. "Let me stay, sir. I'll do my trick at the oars; I'll row till my hands break, but give me a chance, sir, I'm young——"

"You're too little," said Mr. Holmes. "You haven't the strength to pull an oar. It's the row, lad, it's the row I'm thinking of. Will you have a life belt?"

"I don't want to go!" cried the cabin boy shrilly.

"Men," said Mr. Holmes.

They threw the cabin boy overboard. He struggled, but the lifeboat could afford a struggle now. It responded to the tiller. "Cookie," said Mr. Holmes, "Cookie, can you slide the old man off?"

"I think so," said the cook. "You're orderin' me, sir?"

"Is he conscious?" Mr. Holmes asked, out of pure curiosity.

"No, he ain't that, sir."

"Slide him," said Mr. Holmes.

The inert captain splashed, then sank like a stone.

"Now, then," said Mr. Holmes, "keep the oars going. Give her steerageway, and she'll ride. She's got what she wants now and she'll hold to!"

"She rides beautiful," said the cook. "Ye could sail this bug clear to China now."

"She works well with the wind," Mr. Holmes said. "If this wind blows itself out, we'll be able to lay a course for the mainland. We might even jury-rig the boat with a makeshift sail; there's rope and clothes enough to fashion one. I did right, Cookie, the saving of twenty-two through the loss of ten. I did right, didn't I, Cookie?"

"She rides beautiful," the cook said guardedly. "She bites in like a Banks fisherman, she does. She'll float, sir."

Mr. Holmes said, "I did right, didn't I, Cookie?"

"I ain't the one to say, sir," replied the cook, staring off.

Mr. Holmes ignored the evasiveness. He could afford to. The boat handled dexterously, had life in its hull once more, and the crew took on that life, too, fear leaving their eyes, a few smiles on the cold lips. Above the whining wind and pounding sea, Mr. Holmes felt a vague but tangible air—the tacit approval of the men at the oars; they were with him, they were his crew, and he had saved their lives. It made him forget that he was weary, and he rode his second-night trick at the tiller, still without sleep, yet not sleepy at all, his eyes sometimes resting themselves from the sight of the heaving sea by watching the gyrations of the portable compass upon its gimbals.

IV

THE LOW DAWN brought a gray sky and a red sun. Mr. Holmes observed the signs with satisfaction. They indicated good weather, and with the seas dropping and the wind falling off, they might get underweigh that afternoon toward the east, where—with good luck—they might make a landfall.

But while the sun was rising steadily and turning yellow from its dawn redness, the day brought a ship, too.

The men on the thwarts saw it first, for it came from astern, out of the south. They rose from their thwarts and gaped at the lines of her with respect akin to awe. And, at last, when she was definitely a reality, they broke out in a hoarse and ragged cheering which quickly faded, leaving them breathless and exhausted. They sank back, letting their oars hang in the sea. Mr. Holmes turned, had a look at her. She was there without a doubt; she had seen them without a doubt; it was all over. Twenty thousand tons of her, all trim, white, and clean against the sea. She was a passenger ship.

"From the south," someone said. "They mighta picked up Miguel. He floated south that way. They mighta picked him up."

Mr. Holmes began to feel cold again. He tried to smile as if to show gratitude at rescue, but his face felt as though it were cracking, as though the wind and water had worn his skin into leather. The hearty communion, the indefinable bond he had felt with his men suddenly dissipated. They were staring at him. All those eyes again, all retreating from him, regarding him as though he were a freak. He felt confused. Rescue had come a trifle too soon to justify his actions, and yet he had been right. These men had admitted him right.

But now he didn't know what to think. He felt alone. They sat on their thwarts without talking, sometimes whispering to each other and staring at him.

He turned to the cook beside him in the stern and he gripped the cook's shoulder hard and said, like a beggar, "I did right. Tell me I did right, Cookie!"

The cook, watching the ship, turned back. He met the mate's eyes and quick-

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ly looked away. His own eyes were stony; he was afraid. He had sat too close to Mr. Holmes and had talked with him too much. That was a thought, that was a thought. He slowly left the stern and crept forward until he could take a place astride a thwart among the other men. There he folded his hands in his lap and sat very still.

Mr. Holmes said sharply, "I did right. Damn you all, you know I did right! We'd never have weathered last night with that super-cargo aboard."

"It's not for us to say, sir," the cook replied, wetting his lips and tasting salt on them. "We had no hand in it. It was your responsibility. Ye said so yourself, sir. We obeyed orders, that's all, under threat o' death, we did. It's not for us to say. It's for the law."

The cook shivered as he sat there. He thought—while Mr. Holmes held the lifeboat off toward the lee of the approaching steamship—that the mate at the tiller looked as alone and solitary as anything in heaven or earth, and he shivered for Mr. Holmes again. They all kept staring at the man; they could not take their eyes off him as he slumped in the stern, his right arm hooked around the tiller, his gaunt and terrible face hollowed as if he had fasted for a year and lived to tell the tale, his sea-shrunken hands trembling quite openly, his stern gray eyes troubled and dismayed, still fixed upon the movement of the sea while he held them off the wind and waited patiently.

We'd Rather Be Selfish

(*continued from page 32*)

the reverse situation. There is, for instance, the devoted mother of the devoted son. She dedicated her life to her boy, apparently on the theory that the biological process of bringing him forth justified the dedication. The silver-cord mother has taken quite a beating in recent years—an expert and devastating one, for instance, at the hands of Sidney Howard in his play, *The Silver Cord*. She is doubtless getting more rare with the years, but she still exists. She is, of course, a product of frustration. Often a woman of talent and nearly always one of great energy and force, she hasn't enough to occupy her time and so she fastens upon her son. This wouldn't matter particularly except for the fact that it ruins the son. He is waited on hand and foot through his adolescence

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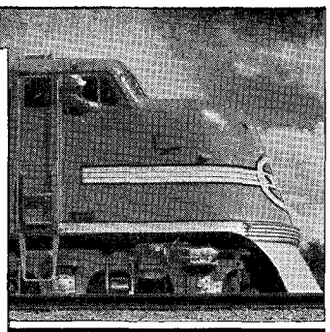

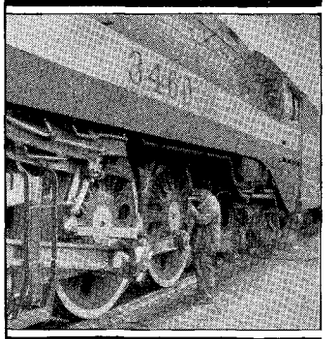

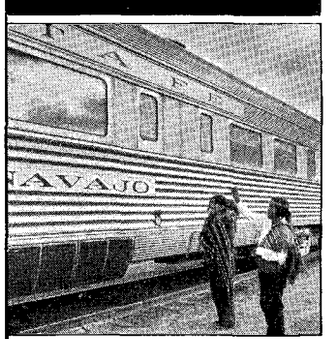

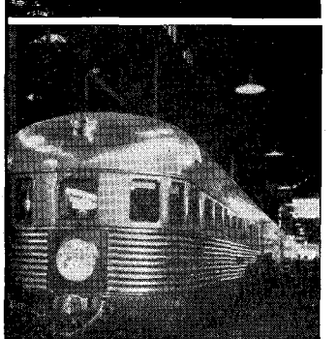

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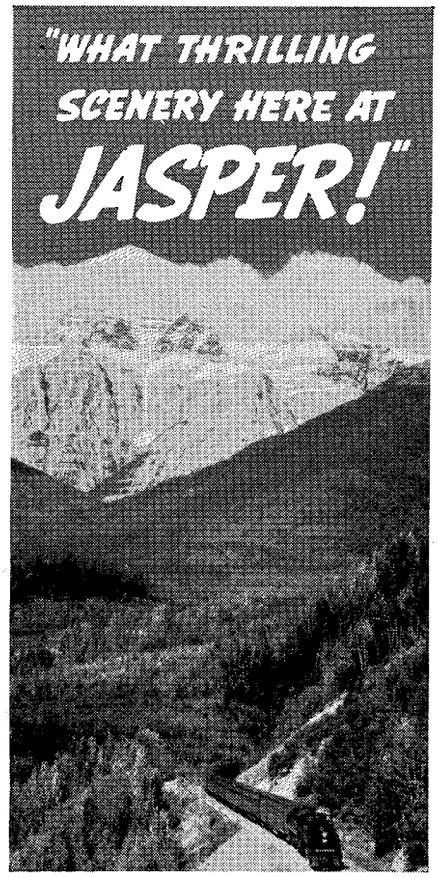

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and is in grave danger of being helpless when he grows older. Marriage is appallingly difficult, for no woman can quite meet these standards of attention. Her cooking won't measure up to Mother's. Neither will any detail of the way she runs her home. And so, as the years pass, our devoted son becomes a silly, neurotic man doomed to bachelorhood and fussy, futile existence in a men's club.

Far more common is the daughter who is slowly being devoured by her mother and father. The boys can nearly always break away, on the ground of making a living at least. But even in these days of feminism and women-who-work it is far more difficult for a girl to escape. If one parent dies, it is her solemn duty to take care of the other. Even when both are alive she is sometimes reproached when she flutters toward freedom. "We took care of you," her mother and father say. "Both your brothers have left home and we are alone. Stay with us a little longer. Next year will be time enough to live your own life." More often, these days, the reproach is unspoken but nonetheless real. So the daughter stays at home, and next year never arrives. But the bloom of her youth and her desirability fade all too swiftly. The alternatives which face her are not alluring. She may marry some man at home whom she does not love. Or she may not marry at all.

When we are very young, all of us, we need our parents desperately. But the need grows less as we try our wings. Rather, it is a different need. We need advice and guidance. We need a friendly port during the frequent storms of youth. Most of all, we need to be friends with our parents. The keynote of friendship is that it is based on free will. It must not be demanding.

It is a major item in our personal credo that most children are pathetically anxious to be on friendly, trusting, intimate terms with their parents. We think, also, that where friendship fades it is the fault of the older rather than younger generation. The elders demand and specify and ask too much. So we shall persist, until proved wrong, in our determination to be selfish parents. For selfishness—we admit the apparent paradox—actually is not demanding. It is our hope that we shall continue, as their adolescence fades, to be friends with our children.

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2. Movies

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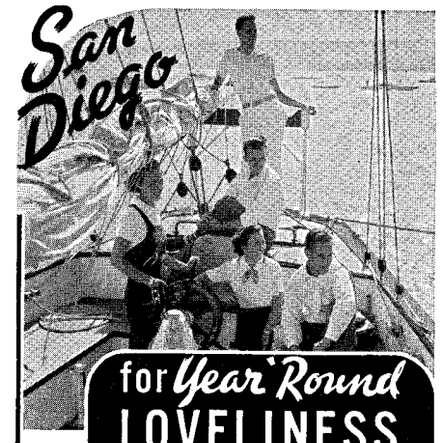

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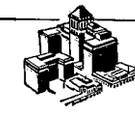

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ELSPETH BRAGDON

Her voice over the telephone was well-bred, soft, and mildly anxious. "My dear," she said, "we're afraid you're turning into a vegetable." Today I reply warmly, *"All right. I'm a vegetable."*

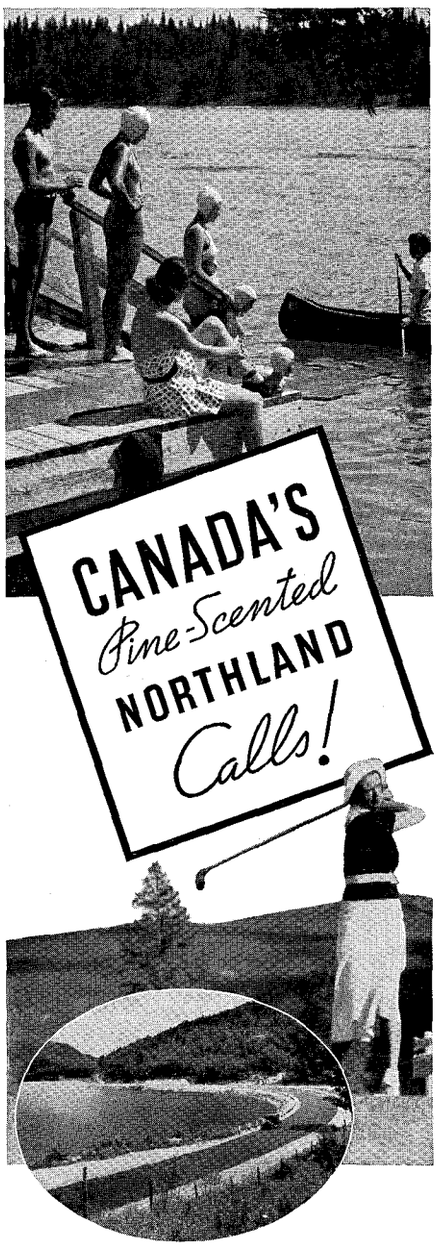
I'm a vegetable because I like to live in a one-room cabin where the plumbing is neither mother-of-pearl nor glistening white; in fact, it consists of a handsome and forceful red hand-pump, and what our architect euphoniously calls "an earth-closet." In my blindly prejudiced way, I think it's the queen of cabins, with its built-in bunk over deep drawers for blankets and clothes, its tiny cupboard, its ship's galley and potbellied Franklin stove. That we have electricity and a telephone, that groceries, laundry, and milk appear regularly at our doors is pleasant, but not impressive. That we actually own a wooded piece of land, a strip of beach and a house is simply overpowering. And, overpowered, we vegetate.

No lovely, lovely shops filled with fascinating clothes. Nothing new to read. No cocktail hour. No neighborhood movies. How can I Keep Up? What do I DO? And *what* do I do when I want to take a bath?

I take a bath. In warm weather, I swim on and off all day and way into the night. The lake is there, right in my front yard, where I ought to crave a bus stop. In early spring and late fall, there's the pump and an old-fashioned wash basin and an oil stove to heat water, when I want to strike the Bourbon note. And after that incredibly quaint bath, I wrap myself in a bathrobe and sit in front of the Franklin stove.

I carry bags of compost to line a trench where a hemlock hedge will be planted. By dusk the hemlocks are pushing their roots into the grateful moisture, and I am tired, dead tired. But there's tomorrow, with a night of starry stillness between and the sun in my dooryard when I wake. Then row up the lake for firewood, paddle to the cove for moss to bind our bank. Work, Work. Not a moment for living, is there? And how do we exist without a car?

You can't have everything, I answered sententiously. When your assets add up to five hundred dollars you don't have a car and a house. So we have a house, and my husband, the incorrigible romantic, commutes by canoe and trol-



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AND MARIPOSA BIG TREES

ley. It takes about forty-five minutes to get to what is prettily known as "the heart of the city," and, as our garage boasts of both a canoe and a rowboat, I could take the pulse of the metropolis whenever the spirit moves me. It doesn't move me. I stay home and vegetate.

Tell me about the movies. I haven't seen 'em. But have you seen a romance more ardent than falling in love at first sight with the blueprints for your own house; more breath-taking than seeing one's own rooftree set in place? Where is a hero or heroine more intrepid than my husband and his wife, wiping out a tiny bank account, borrowing on their insurance . . . just to acquire Property, that predestined liability of capitalists? Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, here we are!

Rabbit Fever

(*continued from page 44*)

days. Of all the screeching and shrieking and running around over each other and trompling the baby rabbits and knocking down the lady rabbits—why you'd of thought you was at a fire or something amongst a bunch of humans, instead of just a lot of rabbits. And the old black boy was standing in the middle of 'em a-bellering at the top of his voice and some of the young bucks was a-ganging up around him—danged if I could make head or tail of the business till I happened to look up—and there just sort of hanging in the air right up above 'em, I'll be hung for a liar if there warn't old Sievers' mule!

Yessir, it was him to the life, as sure as you're borned, and just exactly like Mr. Sievers had described him. Nothing but neck and head, and him a-rolling his eyes and his ears laid back a-twitching and a-flicking in a mean sort of way and a-gnashing his teeth in a devilish wicked grin. And the first thing you knowed, he ducked down and snapped one of them rabbits by the leg and hoisted him right up offn the ground, a-squalling like a pig in a slaughter pen. And right then all hell seemed to bust loose. The big buck rabbits went to leaping and jumping and bounding up in the air a-kicking at that mule for all they was worth, and they was making it count, too, I want you to know. Ever time one of 'em would land on that mule it sounded like somebody had dropped a sack of oats on the ground from the top of a high wagon. And all the time Mr. Sievers' mule was a-snapping out at rabbit legs as fast as a nigger stealing corn.

For a while, it was touch and go betwixt 'em, whether the rabbits would

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finally get the mule or the mule would get the rabbits. But after while it begun to look like the mule was a-going to have the best of it. Because the rabbits begun to weaken from all that high jumping, and even though they'd battered up the mule pretty bad and had shut one of his eyes and swole the other and busted out two or three of his teeth, he was still a-going strong, chomping on legs about as fast as ever. And I guess he seen how things was coming, because he begun to get a nasty gleam in his one eye, like he'd finished the preliminaries now and would pretty soon settle right down to brass tacks.

Well, I taken a look around at all them rabbits laying there on the ground a-puffing and a-blowing and some of 'em practically blue in the face from so much jumping and kicking, and I begun to feel downright sorry for 'em. Or I guess I just begun to despise that mule more, seemed like he was such a dadblamed hateful cuss, and then too it looked to me like it was kind of taking advantage of the rabbits, with him not having no legs nor belly but only a neck and head for 'em to work on.

Anyway, I was a-swearing and a-cussing and a-rooting for the rabbits generally and pretty sore that they'd about got the worst of it, when all of a sudden my eye lit on my gun leaning agin the tree where the rabbit had put it. And a course none of 'em was a-paying no mind to me then, so I run over and grabbed it up and waited my chance till there warn't no rabbit in my way, and then I let fly both barrels at wunst, right smack at that mule's head.

I guess I must not of been balanced very good, because when she went off the gun kicked me head over heels; but as I went down I seen that mule's head just kind of pop and go all to pieces like a big bubble. And that was the end of him.

And it was the end of my rabbit hunting, too. I ain't never pulled a trigger on one again from that day to this.

What did the rabbits do? Why, just what you'd expect 'em to do. As soon as they'd sort of got theirselves together agin and took care of their wounded and quieted the little ones, and so forth, they stood me up in front of 'em and the big feller made another speech, with everybody paying close attention to what he said. He never talked very long, but pretty soon had 'em bring him my gun and a couple of shells that they taken from my pocket, and he reloaded the gun and turned to me and everybody set up a great cheer and then he hauled off and shot me dead.

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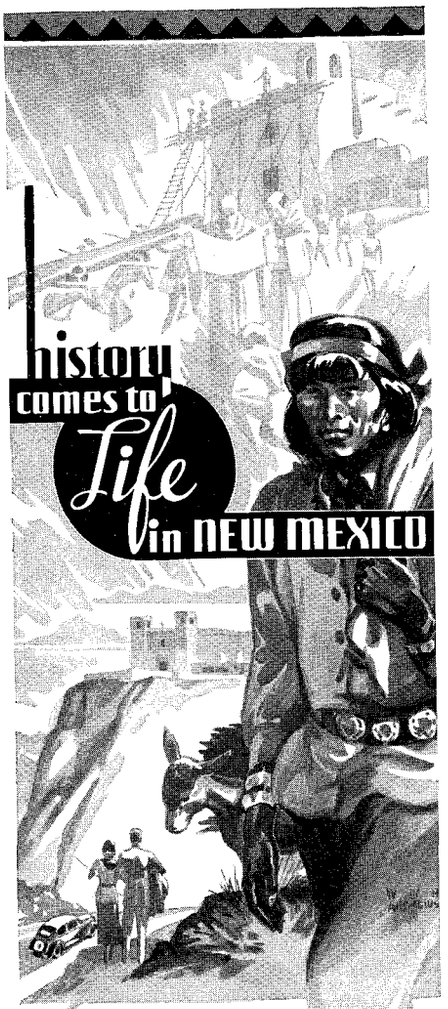

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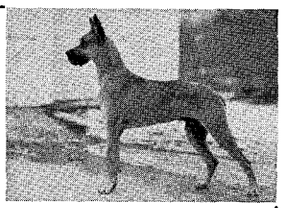

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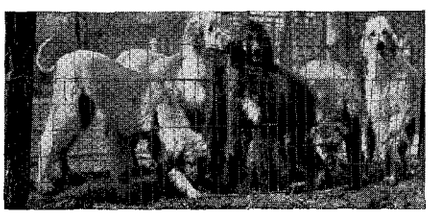

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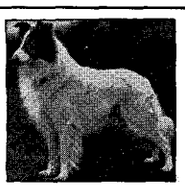

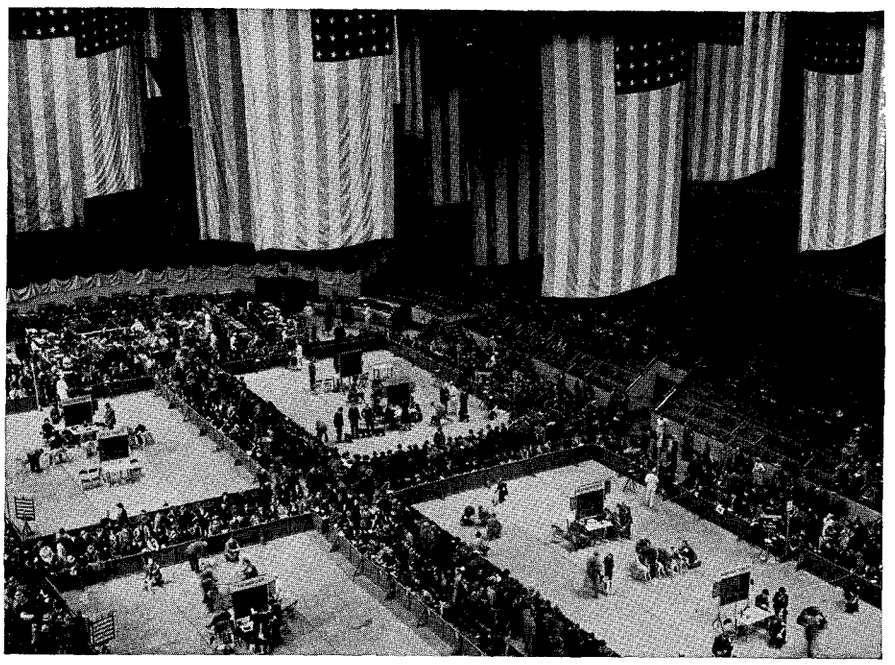

The Westminster Show, Madison Square Garden, 1938

85,000 Puppies a Year

ARTHUR E. PATTERSON

THE dog game has become a major industry as well as a headline sport. The canning of dog foods, to mention one point, is a greater business than the canning of milks and soups. More than $500,000 in cash prizes is given away during 300 shows in which more than 80,000 entries are catalogued for various classes. More than 85,000 puppies or imported dogs are registered annually with the American Kennel Club, governing body of the show game. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are paid for advertising space by kennels which sell dogs.

Your correspondent was talking about these facts during Westminster with George Foley, the Napoleonic superintendent of most of this country's shows —a man who is largely responsible for the success of these events as public spectacles. Borrowing a bromide from baseball, he remarked, "But I tell you the game is only in its infancy."

His story alone should convince one Foley knows whereof he speaks.

Few attending dog shows today can visualize conditions as they were thirty years ago when Foley's career as a show superintendent began. Sawdust, inches deep in the ring (It was not uncommon for a handler to kick up enough to cover a splayed foot), no exercising rings, no catalogue, no definite program of judging, much bickering, ofttimes rowdyism, unsanitary benching with straw as an added fire hazard—all these faults Foley has mended, and with the general improvement of shows has come a like improvement of the dogs until today the competition is far keener, breed by breed, and there are more good dogs—true to type—than ever before.

"It was James Watson who gave me my start," Foley related. "I shall always consider him one of the greatest experts and biggest figures the world of dogs has ever known. As sports editor of the old *Philadelphia Press* he was one of the founders of the A. K. C. He wrote the first constitution and bylaws governing dogs. He was an able judge and a fine writer. It was as superintendent of the Keystone K. C. show, at which I was secretary, that I met him. Before that my interest in dogs had been my bull terriers and my Boston terrier kennel, which was the largest in the country at the time.

"During the Keystone, Watson received a telegram requesting he stage a show at West Chester nearby. A conflict of dates caused him to ask me to handle the assignment for him. I did. I shall never forget the night before

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that show when I sat up and wrote—by hand, mind you—the first dog catalogue. At that show, too, I inaugurated a time schedule. The show was a grand success, comparatively speaking, and when I received a request to superintend a show in New Jersey, I saw a future in this game. I've been in it ever since."

One of the first things Foley did when he went into this side of the dog game as a business was to improve the sanitation of the shows. He outlawed straw benches and sawdust-covered rings and instituted wooden kennels and mat rings. Today there are all varieties of the latter, from rubber to the green "crex" used at Madison Square Garden during the Westminster. Of course this includes only the indoor shows.

The time schedule was another innovation lauded by the exhibitors. In the old days they would enter the armory or hall and sit in front of their dog (or have a handler do so) for one, two, or three days until their class was called. Today they are given an exhibitor's ticket and a list of classes showing exactly what hour they will be called into the ring. This is published and mailed days before the show.

The greatest change of all, however, was the awarding of cash prizes in the ring. In the old days it was not uncommon to see the "Pay-off Line" stretch halfway across an armory after the show—impatient winners and more impatient dogs. Today, envelopes including all money won are given to the handler together with the ribbons. It is an added thrill. Today, also, all the silver and plate awards in special classes are exhibited on prize tables at the show.

The efficiency of the Foley Dog Show Organization (for such it is today, a staff of fifty men where in 1908 it was George Foley, alone) reached its height at the recent Westminster. There the spectators did not have to wait between classes. A telephone system from the arena on the main floor to the benching hall in the basement kept new dogs moving to the show rings the moment the judge was ready for them. Stewards had their assignments weeks in advance and although thousands of dog lovers rubbed elbows in the aisles or sat in top hats and ermine in the boxes, 3093 entrants were shown in three busy—but, behind the scenes, three businesslike—days.

So if anyone ever mourns "the good old days of the dog game," treat his soliloquy with the air of indifference. These are the good days of the dog game—better shows and bigger crowds, better dogs and more of them.

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Holding Back the Sun

KATHERINE KENT

With the first green leaves poking lazily out, up-north householders at least can breathe quiet relief. No more fingering the thermostat; no more anxious peering at oil levels and dwindling coal supplies. A respite indeed, but only a respite that is prelude to problems which are winter's in reverse.

The hard-to-heat house becomes the house that is hard-to-keep-cool. The summer cottage, so pleasant in prospect, turns into a firebox at night. The mountain lodge, a leafy bower by day, becomes toward dark a veritable igloo of ice. No justice anywhere—at least, if nature is left to her own course.

*

Now those who are tricked out with air conditioning through the entire house may just as well close this page now. But for the rest, let us see what can be done.

Blinds and awnings hint one approach. Grandmother used them because she knew no other way to impose barriers between her room and the sun. But she never figured out how to stretch them across the roof. Her only hope lay in the trees close to the walls which she prayed would grow fast and tangle long arms across the house top. Her rule was a simple one: Close the windows, shake out the awnings, and pull down the blinds. Never mind if the house is dank and dark.

But today we have far more efficient barriers to sun and pitch-hot air. Like the Arab who wraps himself in endless layers of wool against the pitiless desert sun, so houses may now be bundled against the discomforts of summer months. The word for it, of course, is —insulation.

The idea is an old one and its early history contains methods that now seem humorously quaint. It was only ten years ago that a satisfactory material and an efficient method of using it were hit upon. Rock wool, or more accurately *mineral* wool, is the answer. Properly laid between walls and in attics, mineral wool with its high thermal efficiency is often found to make as much as fifteen degrees' difference. The benefits of sleeping at 70°, instead of tossing about in fitful half-wakedness at 85°, needs no comment. But why this difference?

On a hot morning in July, the interior of the house is usually much cooler than the out-of-doors. And the reason is that, during the night, cool air removes the large quantities of heat stored up in the house walls and ceilings throughout the long, hot day before. But with sunup, the heating process begins once more. Up, up goes the mercury until the rooms within match in heat the broiling outdoors. To many of us, however, this is not a serious problem until evening, for with the woods or the sea or a good swift car, summer life by day is lived outdoors.

Night, however, is another story. By this time the outside heat has fully penetrated walls, roof, and rooms. The inside thermometer now stands higher than the one on the porch, and there is no sleeping. The walls which offered some protection against the blaze of day are now themselves torrid. Of course the rooms will not cool down until the radiator-like walls have had a chance to cool. And that is a night-long job.

With mineral wool within the walls, the sun's heat can penetrate little. They are barriers against the lifting heat of day. The thermometer inside the house rises little through the day, so that when night comes with its freshening breath, the mercury has not so far to drop. In other words, the heating-up process is greatly slowed in an insulated house.

In mountain regions where night falls, not with comforting relief, but with

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bitter chill, insulation offers a further comfort. The same walls which give protection against heat now guard against cold and wind. Insulation, then, offers double protection, and this to the summer cottage that becomes a week-end retreat through fall and winter is an inestimable investment in comfort.

Now all insulation is not equally effective. In the first place, only an engineer thoroughly familiar with the problems of insulation can tell you how much your particular house can be improved in heat and in cold by the process. Really good companies know it is bad business to oversell their wares, and their engineers can be relied upon to give you adequate counsel. Sometimes, for summer purposes, it is advisable to insulate only the roof, but here again an expert alone can tell you how much protection you are buying.

Then there is the question of the material itself. Rock wools vary in quality. Every batch blown must be examined minutely, not only for flaws, but for chemical composition. Unfortunately, one cannot judge by simply looking at the wool. Often the softest and whitest proves the least effective. Only a laboratory test can determine its real value. To be safe one must deal with a thoroughly reputable company whose chemists and physicists are constantly on the job to test each batch as it comes through. But even a good grade of insulating material can be botched in the installation. Again, trust only a tried expert on the job.

A series of tests, checked by disinterested engineers, was made of almost a hundred homes insulated by Johns-Mansville. Some of the jobs dated back ten years. The results were interesting not only in proving the high efficiency of insulation with rock wool, but in demonstrating that the material did not decay within the walls, nor shift, leaving bare areas vulnerable to heat and cold. Furthermore, these tests showed that this wool took up any moisture whatsoever, even in those difficult cases where the wool was laid during winter plastering when slow drying frequently leaves studding rot-damp. This wool was dry and the studs were clean after years of service.

*

Another approach to house comfort in summer is the fan—electric, of course. But not the little fan that buzzes distractingly in the room with you. This time, it is a great big affair, twenty-four inches or so in diameter, that is put up in the attic. No engineer is needed to demonstrate that even when the outside temperature is decent enough for summer, the attic thermometer all but bursts its shell. What *that* does to the rooms below is no bedtime story.

The job of the fan is to cool by circulating air. It is not a refrigerating device. Now to see it work:

Let us say it is 100° in the sun. The attic thermometer in the average house then reads 120°. Now close off the attic from the floor below and start the fan. Soon the attic thermometer drops ten to fifteen degrees. Unbearable still, but the point is not to make the attic safe for occupancy. The crucial question lies in what is happening in the rooms below. With the attic now cooled down some ten to fifteen degrees by the fan, we find that the mercury drops from 88° to 82° on the second floor, while on the first, it has gone down to 78°. An improvement, though not yet an overwhelming one. But let us remember that this is daytime and night is our essential summer problem.

Now let's see what happens in the average house at about eight in the evening, before a fan is set in motion. The thermometer outside stands at 80° instead of 100°. The mercury in the attic has dropped from 120° to 90°. But inside the house, it is getting warmer all the time, for both attic and walls—which are storehouses of heat from the afternoon sun—are cooling off at the expense of the rooms they surround. By eleven o'clock the walls and attic have cooled down still more and at last the rooms begin to benefit by the dropping temperature outdoors. But even at that, the house within is still warmer than the porch.

But let us see what a fan in the attic can do in the same house, under the same weather conditions. First of all, at nightfall, the door between the attic and the house below is opened along with all room windows. At eight o'clock the second floor registers 83°; the first floor, 81°. But by eleven o'clock, there is a drop of five degrees throughout the house. The second floor is now nine degrees cooler than in the fanless house; the first floor, six degrees. In sleep-bringing comfort, that difference is enormous.

Fans of this type need no special installation. They are simply plugged into an ordinary light or floor socket using 110 volts. The cost is moderate, and the fan need run only a short time each day. General Electric, for example, markets a fan, capable of taking care of an eight- to ten-room house, for about sixty dollars.

Answers to "The Scribner Quiz"

(*see page* 45)

1. Dr. Lyon's
2. Clarinet
3. The King of Egypt is married
4. Left Field, Minn.
5. Skiing
6. Thomas Jefferson
7. 16 lbs.
8. With no shoulder straps at all
9. *The Prodigal Parents*
10. Washington
11. Milwaukee
12. "Which is Amos and which is Andy?"
13. Hudson
14. The Hoover term
15. In the gutter he found a $10 bill
16. Marr-a-SKEE-no
17. "It's the smartest dog I ever owned!"
18. Has an abnormal fondness for his mother
19. Its helium gas has much less lifting power
20. War Department
21. Ovaltine
22. Railroading
23. Whale
24. Guilty
25. Solicitor General of Department of Justice
26. Westclox
27. Italy
28. The two houses of government
29. Boston
30. President of Smith College
31. The invention of baseball
32. Their weight
33. Oklahoma
34. Copper
35. 1860–1861
36. Newcomb Carlton and General Foods [Western Union]
37. Mayflower
38. Maine [Poland Spring Spa]
39. Amsterdam
40. Rises higher than the aisles flanking it
41. *The N. Y. Times*
42. Douglas [airplane]
43. *U. S. A.*
44. One has a short beard, the other long
45. It has very long legs and a long neck
46. Leaping to earth in a parachute
47. Colon [Panama]
48. John McCrae
49. 56th birthday
50. Offer free rides to wives with husbands

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During the winter months the average boy gets plenty of routine and regulation. At camp in summer, whether in the mountains or on the shore, he should be led by his interest. Informality and responsibility should be confined, but he should not be pushed. By making room for choice and initiative there is a far better chance of fitting the program to his particular needs. And in this the small group has perhaps a better chance of being effective than the large one.

There are several sailing camps, particularly in New England, where the bulk of the time is spent afloat. The boys race and sail in boats large enough to have a real feel and in bays large enough to provide a wide variety of courses. Two or three times during the season a boy has a chance for a six-day cruise on a large vessel. He may get fifty or a hundred miles from the home port.

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Free Rein

Parents generally hate to see their children grow up. Mothers, especially, have always tried to put off each minor crisis that marks the growth of the child into the man. The first short haircut, the first long pants, the first day of school—each little event is something a mother would like to postpone for a day or a week or a year.

This opposition, however benevolent and understandable, sets up a real obstacle in the path of a child's development. The transition of adolescence is at best a difficult process. And the longer it is delayed, the more abrupt and painful it will be.

Independence and self-reliance should be fostered from a child's earliest years. He must be encouraged to play with groups of children, he must learn to cooperate and to look out for himself.

The earlier this communal adaptation can be started, the better. A young child is flexible, well able to adjust himself to a given situation. Later, as character patterns are set, this adaptability is more difficult.

How dangerous it is to keep a boy close at home all through pre-school and high-school days, and then send him away to college. The sudden relaxation of restraint, the abrupt and complete freedom may, understandably, be too much for him. The adjustment may be too severe. And even if he is capable of making this adjustment, it is unfair to

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him—unfair to raise a child and then, at a given point, expect him to be a man. This is particularly true in these days of small families.

All of this does not mean that a child's mental growth should be unnaturally forced. As a matter of fact, it will need no forcing. A youngster pushes ahead normally and swiftly. He is eager to accept as much responsibility as a parent is willing to give. So don't hold the child back. Give him a chance to grow up.

Sports on Sitdown

Americans interested in athletics are divided into two classes—those who play and those who only sit and watch. For every twenty-two players there are probably 22,000 onlookers. No one would doubt that this is an unhealthy situation.

That America—reputedly a sporting country—should degenerate into a nation of sitdown sportsmen is unfortunate. Yet we seem to grow worse. Last year the athletic goods sold amounted to less than half the amount marketed in 1929. We seem to take our sports as we do our movies—comfortably seated in the tenth row.

Our larger universities have been at fault, too. They have turned sports into circuses, with a few star performers and a tremendous gallery. This trend—merely unfortunate in older circles—is an actual danger when it moves into the schools.

The real benefits of sports—their development of health, co-operativeness, and fair play—cannot be felt from the grandstand. A boy must get into the game if the game is to mean anything to him.

Some schools have introduced systems of intramural sports which allow any able-bodied boy to play to his heart's content. These intramural games are played between classes, clubs, or any other groups that feel like playing. There is plenty of room for even the least proficient amateurs. And the emphasis is not on winning, but on the real fun of playing. It's probably more fun to beat a rival club in a game of softball than it is to sit in the bleachers while the Giants take the Yankees. And it's certainly healthier.

The smaller schools, with their varied and supervised sports, have always seen to it that every boy gets his share of athletics.

If the big schools will follow this plan and forget about intersectional supergames, we will take a long step in the right direction. For if we mean to justify our reputation as a sporting nation, we've got to climb down from the grandstand and get into the game.

—R. B.

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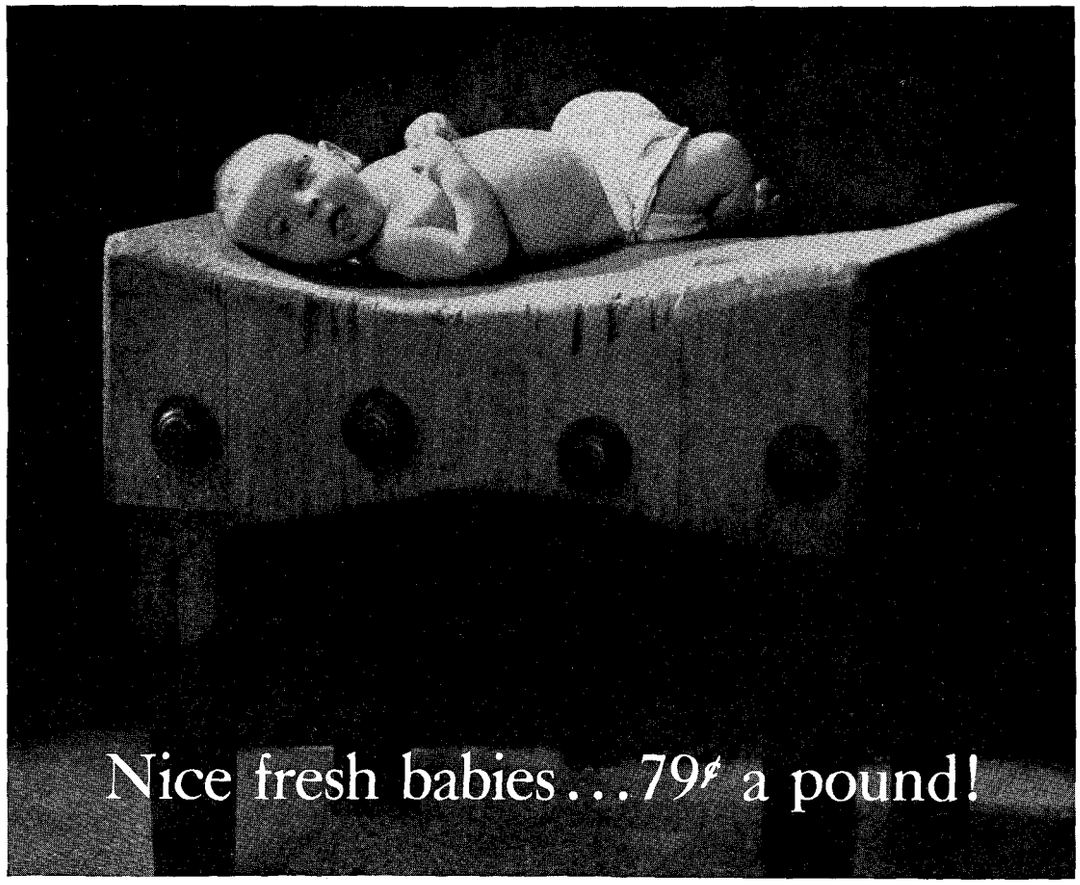

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They are not hypocritical or evasive about the reason behind this golden impetus to breeding. They want more babies now for bigger armies later . . . babies to be fattened up for sixteen or seventeen years, then delivered on the hoof for slaughter!

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• • •

This baby-bounty business is one of the more revolting indications of the war insanity that afflicts the world today. We may consider ourselves here in America as removed from it all . . . as determined to stay out . . . as wanting only peace.

But war insanity is a horribly infectious disease. And if war breaks out *any place in the world*, we'll find it terribly difficult to stay out — despite all our present high-sounding talk of neutrality.

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We have made it our job to keep people who want peace as fervently as we do, enlightened on what's going on in world politics. We foster, in every way we know how, the cause of peace. We have plans we hope may help keep us out of war.

But it's a monumental job, that needs the help of all decent people. We'd like your support. We *need* your support. Write to World Peaceways, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.

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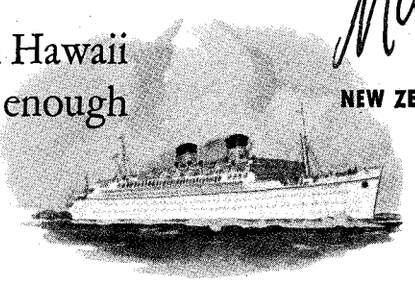

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